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CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATIONS, VOLUME 32

Proceedings for the Years 1946-48

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TABLE OF CONTENTS

OFFICERS 5

EDITOR'S NOTE 6

PAPERS

Maria Denny Fay's Letters from England 7
Read by Lois Lilley Howe

The Romance of Street Names in Cambridge 25
By Frances H. Eliot

Memories of the Berkeley Street School 30
Compiled by Elizabeth B. Piper

Cambridge, the Focal Point of Puritan Life 49
By Henry Hallam Saunderson

Some Musical Memories of Cambridge 79
By Samuel A. Eliot

The History of Coolidge Hill 96
By Rosamond Coolidge

A Significant Cambridge Anniversary 104
By Samuel A. Eliot

A Tribute to Frank Gaylord Cook 115
By Robert Walcott

ANNUAL REPORTS 117

MEMBERS 129

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEARS 1946–48

LIST OF OFFICERS FOR THESE THREE YEARS

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Vice-Presidents: Miss Lois Lilley Howe
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The foregoing and the following:

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Miss Penelope B. Noyes
Miss Elizabeth B. Piper (1946)
Miss Katharine F. Crothers (1947–48)
Mr. Roger Gilman
Mr. Allyn B. Forbes (1946)
Mr. Edward Ingraham

EDITOR'S NOTE

On January 22, 1946 Mr. H. W. L. Dana read a paper on "Mr. and Mrs. Simon Greenleaf" and on November 5, 1946 he gave an illustrated lecture on "The Dana-Palmer House." On October 30, 1947 he entertained the Society at the Longfellow House with a program in observance of the one-hundredth anniversary of the publication of Longfellow's "Evangeline"; and on April 27, 1948 he had charge of the reading of several letters of George and Martha Washington connected with the General's residence in Cambridge. It is planned to publish accounts of all these evenings in a later number.

PAPERS READ DURING THE YEARS 1946–48

MARIA DENNY FAY'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND
1851–1852

Read by Lois Lilley Howe
April 23, 1946

Maria Denny Fay, the sixth of the seven children of Judge Samuel Prescott Phillips Fay, was born in Cambridge, June 6th, 1820 in the house now known as Fay House at Radcliffe.

In those days Cambridge was still a country town. It became a city in 1846, but in 1851 the "Old Village," as the Harvard Square region was called, had not felt the urban touch.

On Garden Street at the end of Mason Street, still a country road and the direct way to Watertown, stood the Washington Elm, a spreading tree of great beauty. On the corner opposite the Fay house was the picturesque old Jennison house; at the other end of the street, where the Deanery now stands, was the Aaron Hill house. Between the two was a more recently built house, now an apartment house. Here lived Maria's cousin, Mrs. Estes Howe, with her husband, "The Doctor," and her two unmarried sisters, Mary and Agnes White.

Mary was very intimate with Maria and it was to her that Maria wrote constantly. She had many admirers and there was one whom Maria always called "The Earlie's Son" because, though Mary, like Nora in Sir Walter Scott's "Nora's Vow," consistently said "The Earlie's Son I will not wed," she always expected it to end as did the poem, "Nora's heart is lost and won, She's wedded to the Earlie's Son."

Maria's brother, Richard Sullivan Fay, with his wife and children had taken a country seat called Moor Park near Ludlow, in Shropshire, England. He had invited Maria and their niece Anna Maria, daughter of their oldest brother, Samuel Howard Fay, to make him a visit. A. M., as Maria often calls her, was only six years younger than her aunt. She also wrote copious letters home. These have been published and I shall take the liberty of quoting from them occasionally.

In 1936 I read to this Society Maria's letters describing their voyage to Liverpool in a sailing-vessel, their arrival and their journey as far as Shrewsbury, which they reached on a Saturday evening.

To-night I will read their further adventures in English Country Life.

Tuesday evening, Nov. 4th [1851]

My dear Mary:

Here we are at Moor Park which looks exactly as I had imagined only more cheerful, more beautiful. Imagine a country for miles and miles as fresh and green and highly cultivated as Mr. Cushing's place only more picturesque and you have Shropshire. I really do not know where to begin with the account of new impressions accumulated now for three days. I shall have to begin with daybreak on Sunday morning which first revealed to us this lovely country as we flew along the "pike" driven by Mr. Weller himself, leaving postbags now at a pretty lodge, now at the "White Raven" now at the "Greyhound Inn" and finally bringing up at the "Angel" in Ludlow. We saw the Castle and the fine old Church in the distance and as we drove through the streets were continually exclaiming at the quaintness of the houses. At the Angel we took a fly which brought us over an ancient stone bridge, past a lovely village church overgrown with ivy, another building that looked like a castle, some cottages with roses and nasturtiums in full bloom on the walls, then two or three gateways and lodges and at last those of the Moor. What magnificent Oaks and Beeches, Laurels, Holly, the leaves of the former not yet turned so that we see everything still in beauty. Soon comes the lawn in view, now the house. It is a venerable brick mansion with nine windows in front — we find them all at the door to meet us, we enter this immense hall wainscotted to the ceiling in oak, the portraits of the ancestors gazing down upon the strangers, we pass through the library into the dining room also lined with oak and seat ourselves at the breakfast table, as if we had just driven over from Cambridge. The children are all grown a good deal, speak rather imperfect English, but are at heart as Yankee as if they had never left home, very affectionate, very fond of fun and perfectly free from affectation of any sort. We relate our adventures nowise daunted by the presence of the butler who looks like Bishop Eastburn. After breakfast the children take us a flying tour of the house. On the other side of the hall are two drawing rooms and a conservatory. We then go up

the oaken staircase very broad and massive and come into the gallery out of which the chambers open — this is all wainscotted with oak and the floor is polished oak, more by token that I tumbled down flat it was so slippery. Our room and dressing room are Chinese; furniture, drapery, everything Chinese. One of the rooms is lined with Arras; they are all different but all have those immensely high posted bedsteads which are now the fashion. In a wing are the nursery, nursery maids, governess and school rooms. The children dine and tea with the governess. We dine at six o'clock. A bell rings at half past seven, at half past eight we have prayers then breakfast — then I play on the piano with Kitty who is almost equal to me for an hour — at twelve we drive out, at two we lunch, at four or five we see the children for the first time since breakfast and take a walk or ride on the ponies, at half past five the bell rings to dress for dinner, so that the days seem extremely short. After we had made the tour of the house we got ready for church. There are pews belonging to the Salwey family who own this place, in the large church at Ludlow, and at the parish church at Richard's Castle — to the former we went and everything was as ancient and queer as possible. The three wardens robed in black silk and bearing the silver insignia of office appeared to precede us and our rear was closed by the beadle in his gold laced coat, stockings and breeches, with a bottle nose and great cheeks and chin lost in his yellow neckerchief the very image of Mr. Bumble. We dined early and after dinner I took a walk with my brother over a part of the grounds accompanied by a setter, a pointer and three spaniels, and met Miss Landon and four brothers coming to see us. Her papa is rector of Richard's Castle which is in the gift of this Salwey family and their place Batchcott is quite near us. Monday morning we drove into Ludlow. That is market day and all the country people and farmers come in to buy and sell, and the gentry to meet each other. The whole thing was like a scene on the stage at home, the farmers with their smock frocks handsomely embroidered or stitched, driving odd little wagons and donkeys. About the market which is at the top of a high street in the centre of the town were groups listening to a ballad singer shouting Lord Bateman's history or admiring some juvenile ballet dancers dancing in the mud and all draped in white muslin and spangles. In the evening we went to Mr. Betton's, another neighbor, to take tea — it is about a mile from here, but not so fine a place as this. . . . Tuesday we drove over to Ashford the name of the estates where the Russells, J. R. L.'s [James Russell Lowell, who had married Maria's cousin, Maria White] cousins, live in and about that neighborhood. I cannot give you an idea of the beauty of the cottages many of them completely overgrown with ivy, others with roses which are still in bloom, there are no fences anywhere, but hawthorn hedges instead. The cottage gardens are full of fuchsias, hollyhocks and laurestinus. There is a beautiful garden here but I have not been in it. I see the walk that leads to it from my dressing room all bordered with laurestinus and myrtle in full bloom. We have grapes every day from the greenhouses. In the afternoon I walked across to Batchcott with Kitty on a pony. I rode a little way but Kitty led him and Lillie held me on as she supposed. They have two ponies so that A. M. and the children expect to ride a great deal. Today

Katherine and myself drove over to Henleigh House to call upon Lady Cuyler. A. M. could not go with us as she is suffering from a terrible cold. The ladies were not at home but I could see that the hall was like ours with a billiard table in the centre, only on the walls were the heads of deer with immense antlers. The front of the house is entirely covered with ivy — it is Elizabethan, has five gables in front and thirteen or fourteen windows in width and being three stories high you can imagine the effect of the vast green mass — it is of course kept trimmed round the windows which have old-fashioned casements. The space in front is oval and is surrounded by a wall of laurel, the leaves of which are as shining and green as japonica, but four times as large. I am of course in the process of comprehending that I am in England, but how I got here is the marvel. Our wardrobe is quite admired by the children and Fischer [Katherine's German maid] who have practised eyes — but Katherine's seems to us so far beyond — she having basques and basquines and caracos — the two latter are very pretty and desirable.

The Moor,
Nov. 20th [1851]

My dear Mary,

Though I have no letter to answer yet from the busy world of Cambridge, I will be true to my promise and keep you au courant with what is going on at the Moor. My last was written a fortnight ago since when we have all been going through the most persevering of influenzas. Annie took hers on board the ship, it came to me the day we drove over to Henley, a few days later Katherine took it and all the children in the order of their age have been sneezing, blowing and coughing until the present moment. I am well at last but have a monument of my sufferings in or rather on my nose which I only hope may not become of that permanent red which distinguishes our gracious Queen's and most of her loyal female subjects. I believe I fully described to you the dimensions of this house; the hall is as large as the whole floor of the Doctor's [Dr. Estes Howe, Mary's brother-in-law] house, not to speak of the corridors above, so that you may conceive of the difficulty of warming it where there is only a fireplace and no furnace. The rooms are all large and lofty and a fire in the grate makes no impression till the middle of the day. Since I got over my cold I am not so susceptible and feel less sympathy than I did with the shivering ancestors on the walls and the existing generations upon British soil. It gives us great appetites, on the other hand we enjoy the delicious dinners of a first rate cook and feel uniformly bright and well — it may however be a remote cause of red noses. The weather since we came has been uniformly still and cold. The sun is shining as brightly as on a December day at home. Your hands out of doors are numb with cold and yet the roses and ivy and myrtle are blooming. — The leaves on the trees however are beginning to turn and the distant landscape from our windows looks as bright with autumnal hues as if we were in America.

Since I wrote we have been so occupied with nursing our colds that we have

made very few excursions. We took one delightful walk to Maryknoll whence we had a fine view. The walk was through a series of woods and fields and we were accompanied by Miss Janet Landon, daughter of the rector at Richard's Castle, a young lady of seventeen, her younger sister, Kitty, her brother Edward, a very lively youth of sixteen devoted to Annie, her cousin Charles Landon about twenty two, and his tutor Mr. Ogle a fellow of Christ's College, Oxford. These all live at the rectory which is called Batchcott and live within a quarter of a mile, being our nearest neighbors. Batchcott is lovely, there is a terraced garden made of the closest shaven turf, the flower beds being cut out of it in the form of baskets or horns — fine shrubberies, old yew trees, ivy covered walls as everywhere contribute to its beauty, there are green houses, graperies, forcing houses and everything to make a winter residence comfortable, (except, of course, double windows and furnaces.) The living is five thousand dollars a year which, as in this country the clergy are among the fashionable people, is not more than enough.

A day or two after we went to the Haye Park which is the old residence of the Salweys to see a Fox hunt. We did not see the fox but the hounds went by us followed by the gentlemen in their red coats and top boots to draw another part of the ground; it is a very pretty sight.

We passed another evening at Mrs. Betton's to meet Miss Beale; though there was only our party she was en grande toilette, blue silk, low neck and short sleeves. She sings quite well and has a very good opinion of herself. She is almost six feet high, in fact I felt like a pigmy beside her. She lives about seven miles from here and is coming here at Christmas when Richard returns. On Sunday we all went to Church at Ludlow where a Charity sermon was preached by the Archdeacon of Salop [Shropshire] upon the occasion of a new Mayor according to custom. Katherine held one plate and Miss Roche of Clungunford Hall the other (the Mayor in his blue silk robe trimmed with fur supported K!) at each side of the porch as the people went out. They received about 170 dollars. Miss Clive was at church and sat in the next pew to us. She is not at all pretty or distingué but looks very intelligent. None of the young ladies are very pretty — there are two or three Misses Clive, ditto Cuyler and Bridges. We went after church by previous invitation to Mrs. Myricke's the wife of the Curate to lunch — Everything was very elegant — there was first an almond soup, then cold roast beef, turkey, pheasants, ham and calf's head pie, jellies, tarts, grapes and other nice things — there were only our party, a Marquise de Clomat, two beaux, Mr. and Mrs. M. and their two daughters. Mme de Clomat is the daughter of a Lady Sayre and married to a French Marquis — is about as tall as — oh, I don't know; anybody so little is neither pretty nor interesting. Yesterday evening we had two gentlemen to dine, so I appeared for the first time a l'Anglaise. Edward Landon who happened to be here when I came down professed himself satisfied except he would have preferred a white to a black silk bertha. Very often when they are here and the dressing bell rings, they get up to go and we tell them we are dressed — they can't believe it because we have on high necked dresses — the silks and open fronts and lace collar and under sleeves go for nothing in their eyes. Katherine's dresses are

very handsome. They are chiefly what she had in Paris. She regrets whatever new ones she had made for this winter as she is far beyond the ladies here, though on the whole I am agreeably disappointed in the appearance of English ladies. Mrs. Jones the milliner in Ludlow brings down the latest fashions from London which are very like those ours bring from New York. Charles Landon told me the other day when the neighborhood heard that an American family had taken Moor Park they were on the tiptoe of expectation. Bloomers, and Indian blankets, at the very least; they were quite disappointed that we were like all other well-bred people and he could hardly suppress his surprise when he found we took the same step in Polka. Kitty says in Paris the children used to ask her if the Americans were not black. You have no idea how full the papers here are of the Bloomer Costume, one would think it had been universally adopted in America so much do they make of it. Bloomer balls, Bloomer lectures, Bloomer polkas, Bloomer comic songs, etc. without end. I suppose by the time you get this letter the Kossuth fuss will have got upon the Atlantic Coast. He was made a great deal of here by the Alton Locke sort and the papers were filled with his speeches. A committee from the "Emancipation of Women Society" waited upon Mme. Kossuth with a speech to which she very properly replied that she was very happy in her own subjection to the best and greatest of men and had no wish at present to better her condition. When you see Mr. Child tell him that Fischer was ecstatic upon him and his German and thinks he might justly have been appointed Professor of the Rhetoric of every language. I go up to her [Fischer's] room every day for half an hour to talk German with her or rather to hear her talk for as yet I can better listen than speak. She is a very nice person quite intelligent and well informed.

* * *

I find all my winter things very comfortable. I think of sleeping in the red flannel dressing gown over the other. The climate is so damp that the cold is more penetrating.

The Moor
Dec. 11th '51

My dear Mary,

Very welcome was your pleasant letter telling me everything I wanted to know. . . . You have had trials which I hope will not diminish the chance of the Earlies' son. Since I wrote the Earlies' son and daughter of these parts have come to one of their three Seats, Oakley Park, and a day or two after came in state which means with four horses to their visiting equipage to call upon Mr. and Mrs. F. Unfortunately we were not at home so that we found only the cards of Mr. Clive, Lady Harriet Clive, Miss Clive and Miss Mary Clive. We returned the visit the following week but went after lunch when they are not at home so did not see them but only their fine oaks, the fine cattle in the park and their great pile of a house twice as large as Moor Park. Lady Harriet is the Monarch of all

she surveys in these parts; and the neighboring gentry, to our wonderment who were born where all are free and equal, stand quite in awe of her. She is very rich as she inherited three fine estates from her brother the Earl of Plymouth. Oakley Park belongs to Mr. Clive who is son to the Earl of Powis and they only live here three months as Lady Harriet holds the other two estates on condition of living on them part of every year. She usually gives a ball at Oakley Park when she comes down here and is Lady Patroness of a Subscription ball at Ludlow which usually comes off after New Year. There were balls given by everybody last year so that it will not be gay this season . . . The Earl of Powis . . . is Viscount Ludlow and Baron Herbert of Chérbury. The grandfather gave the organ to St. Lawrence Church in Ludlow as you see by an inscription thereon and the shape though twice as large and the tone and date made me almost sure it was built by the same man who built our old one. When I went to play upon it sure enough there was John Suetzler's name — it had been repaired twenty years ago just about the time that ours should have been. As I have begun with an account of the Clives I may as well finish with an account of all the people we are likely to know — Sir Charles and Lady Cuyler and five daughters next engage our attention. Richard has dined there two or three times after shooting with Sir Charles. [A. M. says "Somebody told Sir Charles that in his shooting dress he looked just like Cock Robin with his tail pulled out and you cannot imagine a better picture of him."] He has his "morning suit" as he calls it sent over in the carriage so he changes his shooting costume for a suitable dress to meet the five white robed ladies in. (You get quite to like the custom of dressing for dinner even when there is no company — the gentlemen never wear a dress coat except then, with a black cravat and black or white waistcoat they look very nicely. White cravats are not worn here by gentlemen because the butlers wear them). (Mr. and Mrs. Kevill Davies who have a fine estate called Croft Castle then Sir Wm. Boughton of Downton Castle, the Russells, Bettons, Beales, Landons and Brydges I have already mentioned.)

Last week Richard had a shooting party consisting of Mr. Charlton, a bachelor of ancient family and fallen fortunes — fallen or lost on the turf — his hair and whiskers are fast growing gray but he is still an elegant looking and very agreeable person; Sir Charles Cuyler, Mr. Betton and Mr. Landon — they dined here and we had a chance to judge of their powers of conversation. I am sorry to say their chief topic was sporting and poachers — there was a short diversion upon charades and conundrums — an enquiry what had become of Cardinal Wiseman and a few other odds and ends of talk but little or no anecdotes. Mr. Betton whispered to me that one of the few wise things Mrs. Russell ever said was, that this neighborhood was not an intellectual one. Anne Maria sat between Mr. Charlton and Mr. Landon — the former was deaf in his right ear and sat on her left and Mr. L. deaf in his left ear and sat on her right. I was more fortunate or more cunning for I took good care to get on the right side of Mr. Betton who is similarly afflicted. I wore my green striped silk with the high waist. A.M. wore a blue silk and Madame a beautiful French dress — a changeable lilac and green silk with three

deep flounces trimmed with three rows of green velvet ribbon of different widths, as were the sleeves and basques

* * *

Anne Maria has attained the principal end she had in view in coming abroad. She is gaining flesh very fast. I do not imagine she will go beyond a certain point but her arms and neck will not be so painfully thin as they were. She contemplates the daily improvement with the utmost satisfaction in the glass. She cannot give a furtive glance as other women can but on account of her nearsight must put her face entirely *in* the glass. As there are two dinners every day, the children's at which we lunch and our own at which we dine, and as water is not the principal ingredient in any one of them but rather ale, port and sherry, those persons with whom they agree grow fat thereon. A.M. says she has hardly drunk a glass of water since she has been here.

Since I last wrote the weather is milder and more like what I imagined the climate of England to be. One inconvenience I have forgotten to mention — the English language as we speak it we are obliged to dispense with entirely and learn a new one. One must say drawing room instead of parlour — hall or corridor or passage rather than entry; there is no such thing as a waiter in the sense of servant or in the sense of tray. In speaking to a servant you must not say Mr. or Mrs. Fay but your master, your mistress — you *may* say that your father is a rum old chap, and call your best friend a *muff* if he hesitates to take a hedge with a double ditch in hunting. Slang is fashionable and you must not put on an h to anything but may take it off — thus — *an* hotel. You must say Mare-y not Ma-ry, etc., etc.

Give my best love to the Fosters. As we see the Advertiser every week, I shall see the weddings announced very soon. Do you imagine I am bereft of feeling by the ocean between, that you announce the defeat of the Whigs in such a triumphant tone? While I write you are profoundly ignorant of the crisis in Paris — reading foreign politics in some degree takes off the edge of my mortification in regard to my own. I am quite overcome with the news of Miss Hoyt. Do tell Mrs. Hoppin she must write me all the church gossip in return for mine.

In my next I shall probably have an account to give of an assembly to be at Ludlow of which Lady Harriet Clive is Patroness and the Earl of Powis Steward. Miss Beale has returned from a visit she has been making in Wales. I don't know whether I shall like her or not. She has an unmarried brother with whom she lives. He is a clergyman of course. No younger sons of gentlemen are ever anything else unless they go into the army or navy.

Give my love to everybody in Cambridge. At this distance they all seem so dear that I cannot distinguish; the halo from the best beloved covers the least loved. Have I told you that to be pale and slender here is the fashion — color and size are considered appropriate to maidens of low degree. You would become celebrated I do not doubt and be sent for to Court. Adieu with particular love,

Ever yours,

M. D. F.

The Moor, Dec. 28th [1851]

My dear Mary:

I write in the midst of the Christmas holidays hoping that you have had as merry ones as we have. Richard came home from Bonn the Monday before Xmas bringing with him Frank Peabody from Paris who proved a valuable addition to our party as he had a fund of inexhaustible spirits and is a capital dancer. We began immediately after lunch to show him the country and introduced him to Batchcott and Richard's Castle and the four Messrs and two Misses Landon. In the evening we had a game of whist which was played in so new and offhand a style that we nearly died from laughing. The next day commenced with the breaking of the carriage which took the governess to the mail coach and put us quite in despair at the idea of going upon foot until it can be repaired. The young men were out shooting all day and the Landons came over after dinner to dance. They were dressed as usual, one with a double tarlatan and the other with a muslin flounced to the waist. Their Mama also in her common dinner dress — a low necked, short sleeved crimson satin. We danced Polka, Redowa, Schottisch and Valse a deuxtemps. Think of me breaking my principles under the tuition of young men educating for the Church. I feel however that I could not do it in better company. On Wednesday evening George Landon, the Oxford Don and future Rector, came down to practise a charade for Xmas evening. He and Frank Peabody act capitally and we were very much amused. At a late hour we went up to fill the children's stockings. F. Peabody brought over some beautiful bonbons from Paris. We all hung our stockings on our door handles and it was a long time before we grown people could get each other to bed in order to fill each other's stockings. I don't know what the butler thought as he walked through the corridor the next morning to see them brimfull in every direction for this is not an English custom. Christmas morning coming down to prayers we heard the Christmas Carols before the house. These are very quaint and ancient versifications of the Nativity sung by boys. It was very beautiful and touching. One impressive custom we were too far to hear — the chimes are rung on Xmas Eve from midnight until two in the morning. Annie and I walked to church at Richard's Castle and found when we came home the drawing room all dressed with holly and ivy and a superb mistletoe hanging up between the folding doors which the Gardener had brought. We dined at five o'clock and had the children all at table. We had in addition to the regular Christmas boiled turkey canvass back ducks and partridges from America, a present from some gentlemen who made a visit here in the Autumn. After dinner came the Landons and we had charades and dancing. The English do not generally dance on Xmas evening, but Mr. Landon said his father the Dean of Exeter always had dancing then, so we danced. Frank danced a great deal with Miss Janet and made an appointment to walk with her the next day. This we turned into a general excursion to Ludlow, whither we all walked except Richard, Annie and Willie who went on horseback. Katherine could not go because her carriage was not yet ready. When we got to Ludford which is this side of the river from Ludlow and is Mr. Charlton's property we resolved to

go in and see it. It was an old monastery but has been long the domicile of the Charltons the last of whom is the bachelor I described in my last. We sent in our names, Miss Fay and party, and the housekeeper shewed us all over it, poor Mr. C. having had a bad fall in hunting and awaiting a surgeon could not do the honors himself. I wish you could see the hall which was once a refectory, the very books in black letter lie on the reading desks as they did five hundred years ago. Then the drawing room so cheerful — windows upon a lawn so beautifully shaven as to look like moss, ancient yew trees sweeping the ground. . . no end to the curious rambling chambers, in one of which you are informed King James I. slept when he visited Ludford. The house is in perfect order — a billiard table, etc. as they have in all the fine houses here. When we want to change the scene if you do not accept the Earlie's son we will hire Ludford which may be had, completely furnished for £ 150 (seven hundred dollars a year) with the privilege of shooting over 2000 acres, which we can invite particular friends to stay with us for. But I am out of my road, which we soon continued, for we thought the riding party must be tired of waiting for us. We were very soon in Ludlow and took our way at once to the castle where they were waiting for us. Here we roused Echo and the Guide and followed him through all that remained of banqueting apartments, towers, chapels, dungeons and kitchens with an oven where twentyfour bushels of flour were baked at once. Leaving the castle we went to a pastry cook's where we reposed our wearied limbs and comforted our inner men. Thence we went to the church in which one is always finding out some new chapel, thence to the Feather's Inn, remarkable for its carvings in oak without and within, probably once the abode of some gentleman when Ludlow was fashionable. Lastly to the Ball room where we are to dance the night after New Year's, and so home, where Frank Peabody had to dress for dinner at the Russell's! We sat up until he came home, as we were anxious to know how the beautiful Miss Florence struck him. He came home enthusiastic to such a degree that he sat down and wrote to his father to come over from Paris to see Ludford, hoping he would take it until they are ready to go home in August. Saturday morning he went out shooting and lost an hour's visit from Miss Florence and Miss Harriet Russell and their brother Capt. Russell. The latter is astonishingly like James. Hair, eyes and nose in shape and expression but different in color. As they are in deep mourning this is their first visit. Miss R. is very handsome, in fact they are the first striking beauties I have seen. In the evening Mr. Charlton dined with us and as usual was very elegant and agreeable. He is quite old but his excessive thinness and his artificial teeth make him quite young in appearance. Sunday F. Peabody walked to Ashford hoping to see the Russells at Church but inquiring at the lodge if the ladies had gone, found Miss Florence had not passed the gate, so went up to the house and had the felicity of passing the morning with her and Capt. Russell.

Yesterday we had a visit from Mr. Clive, the great man of these parts. He is the son of an Earl is an M. P. and has 200,000 dollars a year income, when he came in he was so plain in his appearance and manners and so bespattered with mud that I thought he must be a farmer. He came on the part of Lady Harriet to know

if it were really true that Mr. Fay declined all invitations to dine out. K. told him that such was the case, but that now her son had come home she could have him to accompany her, so we shall probably be invited very soon. Sir William Boughton and his daughters also called the other day to ask Madame to fix a day for dining at Downton Castle so that we have a prospect of something new to write about.

Yesterday in the afternoon Frank asked me to accompany him in a walk to Ashford in the hope of catching a glimpse of his fair enchanter. As he had but an hour to spare before the fly should come to take him away, we very boldly went to the house after finding she was out on the pony. He consoled himself by carving Adieu! on the last stile that separates their grounds from ours, with a promise on my part that I would find out if she saw it, . . . [he] is looking very well and is very agreeable and amiable. He plays and sings very nicely on the guitar. When we go to Downton to dine we intend to display all our accomplishments for the people about us have the greatest curiosity about us as Americans. They seem to think we ought to be half savage. Mr. Clive who knows Mr. Everett very well is not so ill informed, but Sir William Boughton though a great traveler evidently expected us to be smoking the calumet of peace when he entered the drawing room.

The Moor
Jan. 25, '52

My dear Mary,

* * * Our latest dinner was at Mrs. Meyricke's in Ludlow. Mr. M. is Curate of St. Lawrence Church and there were four rectors with their wives invited to meet us, the Count de Croymier being the only person of the Laity beside ourselves. It was not very brilliant. We had music after dinner performed by all the ladies in turn and left early at eleven. [A. M. says: "It is customary, when you go to dine, to take your own butler, or footman, and offer his services to wait."] . . . The following week we were all invited to Sir Charles Cuyler's to dine. After a drive of five miles we reached Henley Hall at seven o'clock, were ushered into one of the quaintest drawing rooms I have yet seen. It was entirely paneled with oak and the ceiling was covered with the very richest mouldings a style which is I believe just being revived. It is very handsome. The room was hung with family portraits. . . . The dinner was very handsome, but of course not equal to the Clives' who had no end of plate and the Duke of Northumberland's cook. My neighbor Mr. Church could talk about anything. I advanced and we got on very nicely. The ladies left the table a little before nine when the Landons and Meyrickes who were invited for the evening arrived. When the gentlemen came in Sir Charles got up a dance in which the rector and everybody else joined. To this succeeded polka, valse a deux temps, and quadrille in quick succession. In one of the latter I was opposite to our host with whom I vied in the agility with which I took my steps and we flourished away adding much to the hilarity of the

moment. Of course, I did my share of playing, but at an English party everybody can and will take their turn of it. We had supper at about half past one and we got home a little before four!! It was a very merry party and reminded me of family parties at home.

I forgot to say that in the week between these two occasions we were agreeably surprised by the return of Frank Peabody from Paris accompanied by a common friend of his and R., Mr. Hunt. As they chose to take up their abode in the Feathers' Inn, Ludlow, we did not see quite so much of them but they dined and passed the evening every day. I think the fair Florence was the attraction and we sent for them to come over one evening intending to surprise her, but she and her brother had just returned from Shrewsbury to take care of the rest of the family who were all ill with measles so they were obliged to decline. She came over in a day or two, but unfortunately after Frank had left, and spent the afternoon. She is very handsome and quite accomplished, but has a little affectation of manner of being very lively and enthusiastic. After you have seen her frequently you get it over as you see that it arises from a desire to give the greatest possible amount of pleasure. Capt. Russell is a perfect beauty very like James but without any of his wit or conversation. Indeed he may think himself and perhaps is, handsome enough to do without exerting himself to talk.

A week ago last Friday arrived Joseph Gardner [son of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Gardner] direct from Boston. He stayed as we did at Shrewsbury all night on the way from Liverpool. It was the night of the great Shropshire Hunt Ball to which I mentioned our being invited. When he got up very early in the morning to take the four o'clock mail coach he saw a great many of the gentlemen in the smoking room for the ball room was in the White Lion, and among others one in a red coat whom he took to be a footman but, as he said, a very elegant fellow. It was one of the members of the hunt who on this occasion always appear in a red coat.

Mr. G. reached the Moor in time for breakfast, but had hardly eaten it before he had to get ready to accompany us to Downton Hall. Sir William Boughton had appointed the day for us to come and lunch, thence to make an excursion to see Downton Castle a fine place which the second son inherits from his mother so Mr. G. was quite in luck for the day was lovely too. After you pass the Lodge gate a very gradual ascent of two miles brings you to the door of Downton Hall, an immense house covered with ivy, surrounded by pleasure grounds and commanding a fine view. After walking about a little while, lunch was announced and we entered a dining room larger and more elegant than any we have seen yet. It is perfectly useless to describe it for the ceiling was so high that I could not, while at table venture to lean my head far enough back to admire the superb mouldings with which it as well as the walls were covered and which on the latter formed the settings of very beautiful full length portraits of some of the former Baronets and Ladies. We had hot roast fowl and vegetables, cold pressed beef that I could have wished Father was sitting before, and brawn with a second course of tarts jellies and fruit. After lunch the carriages came up and with an episode of stopping at a mine of Sir Williams's "the most expensive toy of his" as

his daughter remarked . . . we went to Downton Castle about four miles farther. To describe this would only be reiterating. It is built in castellated style, of gray stone, has suites of apartments, fine pictures, fine library, dining room, with a dome as large as the Exchange in Boston. Then the walks and views without are extremely picturesque and wild. There were large wood fires in all the rooms to make it comfortable for us, but no one but the housekeeper and steward lives there. It was built by the great Greek Scholar Payne Knight Eyre and comes to the Boughtons through Lady Boughton. Since Lady B's death the Miss B's have this Mrs. Eichbaum as dame de compagnie. She is a charming person and they treat her with the most delightful deference and kindness. The next day we all went to Ludford to lunch by Mr. Charlton's invitation. Here we saw more ancestors, more old furniture, more fine pictures. Mr. C. returned the visit very soon for he came to dine the same evening. The next morning being Sunday some of us went to Ludford Church. This stands only a few feet from the Hall. Mr. C's pew is in the Transept which contains the effigy of Sir Job Charlton the great man of the family. It is exactly like the portrait in the house and the marble Chief Justice's cloak and ermine are all painted red, white and black. Less famous Charltons pave the floor. It is the custom here for clergymen to wear black gloves always in the reading desk and sometimes in the pulpit. This parson, however, instead of wearing kid gloves, encased his hands in plush ones, which as they hung over the pulpit looked like bear's paws, much to the disgust of Mr. Charlton. This man was a perfect coxcomb and puts Mr. C. entirely out of patience, but his brother sold the living so he has no help for it till the incumbent dies, who is on his travels and has left the Curate to perform his duty.

This week we have been returning visits. We went to Oakley Park but Lady Harriet was not at home. She was down at her school. The next day came a very kind note regretting her absence and inviting us to come there and lunch next week, offering to shew us the School, etc., etc. She does a great deal of good among her tenantry and dependants. The day after we went to Croft Castle the seat formerly of Sir C. Cuyler's brother in law who was obliged to sell it to pay for an electioneering contest. It is now owned by Mr. Kevill Davies. You will be tired of my superlatives. I ought hitherto to have used only comparatives, for this place demands my utmost. Imagine yourself entering an ascending avenue three quarters of a mile long lined on each side with ancient Beeches whose lofty branches meet overhead, then passing a stone gateway which was formerly the entrance to the Castle you come in view of the Castle which has been long since converted into a stately abode. The Kevill Davies were at Cheltenham so we got out of the carriage and walked upon the terrace which runs along the South side of the house and where Marygolds, Polyanthus and some flowers I did not know were in bloom and which commands a very extensive and beautiful view of the Park sloping downwards ad infinitum to the belt of hills on the horizon. Thence we walked into the park where I did not know which to look at — the view or the trees or the running streams or the pools or the velvet carpet beneath my feet. The history of Mr. Davies is like what one reads in novels. He went to Chelten-

ham rich, young and unmarried. There an Irish beauty, poor and ten years older than himself managed to captivate him and in spite of the entreaties of his mother and the remonstrances of his guardian (for he was not quite of age) he made a runaway match of it for there was a make-believe opposition on the part of her mother. We were not at home when she called but I saw her at the ball and though the mother of half a dozen children is still very handsome. Miss Mary Clive thought she was too showy which I found afterwards meant that she had not a high-bred air. Certainly she had not, compared with Lady Harriet and Lady Powis.

February 25th, 1852.

We have just received an invitation from Sir W. Boughton which I will partly copy to give you an idea of the extent of it. My dear Sir, It will make all my party very happy, if you and Mrs. Fay, Mr. and the two Miss Fays will give us the pleasure of your company on Tuesday & Wednesday next the 2 and 3 of March at 1/4 before 7 — and I shall consider myself fortunate if I find that you happen to be disengaged for both days. You will meet Mrs. Walpole sister of Mrs. Acton whom you met here on the last occasion and some little party.

Is not this an idea driving seven miles two successive evenings to dinner? The avenue is two miles long and bordered by a precipice all the way.

March 11th [1852]

I suppose we shall make no move until my brother returns. Then I could get to Paris, get a wardrobe and see the sights, come back to London and see a little of the great world, I should be quite satisfied to come home, return to the back woods and reflect forever after on the vanity of human life. A further experience of the same by going down the Rhine to Switzerland would come no ways amiss, but unless we fall in with somebody who can take me I think it is quite doubtful if I get so far. A and K having so large a family to leave behind or to take I can hardly expect to go on my account over ground they have already traversed. Perhaps when R. comes back we may be able to take R. Jr. as an escort to Paris and then trust to find some Americans "on a tour in search of the picturesque" whom we could attach ourselves to. Cannot you find somebody who is coming out in June and write me word that you and they will meet me in London or Paris on such a day? If we go up to London as we probably shall in June or May we shall be presented at a Drawing Room as one way of seeing a fine collection of women and diamonds.

May 26th [1852]
The Moor

My dear Mary:

You will have heard ere this that Richard was safely restored to us after a very short passage in the Asia. I was extremely obliged by your letter and the books. You anticipated my wishes. We were very much interested in Uncle Tom's his-

tory and think some of the characters very well drawn. Miss Ophelia was particularly good and well contrasted with her Southern cousins. The negroes too were made very interesting, but I hesitate to show such a terrible picture of slavery to anybody here. I hope the book may do good. And now to congratulate you upon the new house. [The house on the corner of Oxford and Kirkland Streets]. If you had had your choice of all Cambridge you could not have done better. I only fear you will never want a house of your own, if you are made so comfortable. I rely upon your being so good a walker to see you often and since I have been in England I have learned to call a person a neighbor who lives fifteen miles off so the distance shall not separate us.

* * *

We are not yet in London you perceive, but my next letter to Father will be from thence. R. wanted us very much to go up yesterday so as to go to the Derby today but Annie and I did not care enough about it for it is a four and twenty miles drive to and from London and the greatest rush of people upon any known occasion and not half so attractive for ladies as the Ascot races which take place later in June to which her Majesty goes in great style. Among other important steps we have taken was my commencing a correspondence with Mrs. Lawrence on the subject of K. and me being presented at the next Drawing Room which takes place on the 3d of June. A note from her this morning in answer said she should be happy to present us — encloses the address of Miss L's court dressmaker one Mme Fusey and speaks of having met Lady Harriet Clive at Bridgewater House who spoke very kindly of us, etc., particulars about the presentation she reserves till we meet. We have written to engage Mme F. and seem fairly in for it. As it is not my destiny to wear the bridal veil, I am going to induge in wearing the court train and instead of orange flowers to be adorned with feathers and a lappet.

R. proposes I should commence walking backwards with a table cloth attached to my dress but I shall invoke the genius of American Independence and remember my country — and do as I see other people!

I suppose you got the morning Post. It is the fashionable paper the novels always allude to. I thought you would be amused with the long lists of fashionables headed always by the American Minister and Mrs. Abbott Lawrence to whom courtesy assigns the earliest mention. Did you recognize Mr. Bancroft Davis? It is distingué here to have a double surname — it indicates that a female ancestor the last of her name brought a great fortune therewith to her husband who unites her name to his to preserve the one and acknowledge the other.

* * *

I told Annie I should write you a description of the wardrobe with which we go up to London. She selects the least ragged of six silk dresses to wear in the train, we each have a new ball dress ruined by Doble whose name rhymes with trouble. [The dressmaker at Ludlow]. I have taken mine all to pieces and may contrive to wear it once while my court dress is being made which will serve

afterwards for a ball dress in case we are invited! My striped green I trimmed the body of after one of K's French ones and it is very stylish and becoming for a dinner dress — the other green will do to go see the lions in the Tower with but Annie has neither of these so that I have written to Mrs. R. Sturgis to ask her to engage a dressmaker for us immediately. I sent the organdie to the Gardener's wife to do up instead of giving it to the laundry maid, and she sent it back apparently boiled to death; I cannot have even the melancholy satisfaction of giving it away to a servant, for nobody can wear it. You may imagine Annie's state of mind — she who has always two new silk dresses early every Spring. We are invited tomorrow to go to a luncheon-dinner at Mr. Longworth's the bachelor rector of Bromfield. It is the Clive property and his house, a very handsome stone one, is close by Oakley Park. The idea is to see the May (hawthorn) in blossom in the park and to walk about the grounds after the luncheon-dinner until dark when we come back to coffee at the rectory. The Cuylers and some gentlemen are to be asked to visit us — there is nobody else to ask as the Bridges' are in mourning and everybody else is in town.

* * *

Richard came back delighted with you — had no idea you were so handsome — "splendid girl and no nonsense about her" by which last he means you are not one of the flirting sort of whom he has the greatest horror.

May 27th — We have just had a kind note from Lady H. Clive telling us of various hairdressers and dressmakers to serve our occasions so that we begin to see our way clear in the maze of things to do. Annie is not going to be presented, as we thought two Miss Fays would be dreadful, and my not being shortsighted makes me likely to see more than she would.

Adieu with much love to Lois, Agnes and the Fosters, believe me

As ever,

M. D. F.

[May, 1852]

* * *

You will see what a pleasant day we had at Walcot. Lord Powis is charming as are his mamma and sisters — lively, unaffected and agreeable as well as highly cultivated and highbred. I only wish there was a Duke in the neighborhood for if Earls and Honorables are so nice what would his Grace be. It would be a climax like the red rhubarb. Seriously, they are precisely like our best bred people at home. The only difference is in the prestige of their titles and the vast estates and great style in which they live.

(Private) The Colonel Forester has passed two days here — a most elegant, highbred, but not handsome man, very anxious to fall in love with a woman about thirty and he did *not* fall in love with me. Was it not mortifying? After this I think I may consider myself irremediably single. It is so long since I heard from

you that I feel as if you had got into mischief and were enjoying it too much to leave off long enough to write.

Henry Landon told K. yesterday that he was told as a great secret that I was going to marry Mr. Charlton who has just got home from a two months' absence in Worcestershire. The poor man is certainly generally in love with the Moor, but K. is his great attraction (Katherine I mean). He is too old and his estate too much encumbered to think of matrimony.

July 8th [1852]
Maria's birthday

My dear Mary:

I should think Mrs. Sturgis' position would be a pleasant one. Her house is the only one [in London] where Americans have any chance of meeting each other and she thus seems rather more the Representative of her Country than Mrs. Lawrence. Mrs. L. is always at home before two P.M. while Mrs. S. is at home every Sunday evening and has dinner parties beside. She says however that just as she begins to get acquainted or attached to a person he or she goes away and the thing has to be done all over again. She is very handsome and a great favorite with all the Americans — her children are very pretty and so exquisitely dressed as boys in England always are.

We could not have seen London under better auspices than we did with the exception of Katherine not being well. What with Lady H. Clive and Mrs. Lawrence we saw specimens of everything in the fashionable world from the Queen down to an Honorable — likewise their houses and equipages. In town they appear like the wealthy and fashionable elsewhere, it is in the country only that one gets the true effect of rank and station in England so that I appreciate my good fortune in having had so good an opportunity as during the last winter. When I return to my native obscurity, I shall miss for a little the comfort of a well-appointed equipage, numerous and good servants and the ease with which everything goes on in its appointed way here; but as I do not think happiness depends altogether upon such things, I shall only let them influence me as to pleasant remembrance and an example so far as it can be imitated.

* * *

Ever yours,
M. D. F.

From A. M.'s Letters

In Rotten Row most fortunately we saw the Queen. Two outriders in red appeared, which was the signal for the carriages to form in a line on each side, and she passed between them in an open barouche drawn by four horses, two footmen in the rumble and two outriders behind. The Queen wore a pink bonnet, and her

face and nose particularly were very red. Prince Albert looked very handsome. The Prince of Wales is a nice looking boy; the Princess Royal I could not catch a glimpse of.

Aunt C's dress [for the Drawing Room] had corsage and train of pink taffeta and petticoat of white silk or satin, trimmed en tablier with Brussels lace, the train to be trimmed with ruching, tulle and roses. Maria's will be blue glace, train and corsage and white petticoat trimmed with white lilacs, etc. On one side of the head are three or four ostrich feathers which are curled under and hang low on it. There are flowers, and from behind hangs a blonde barb called lappets. Both Maria and Aunt C looked uncommonly well, Maria better than I ever saw her.

They entered the throne room with the general circle, that is, after the diplomats and people belonging to the Government. Maria said she thought of Bunker Hill and went on.

Before entering the throne room their trains were spread out by pages. They curtsied twice to the Queen, once after their names were announced and the other time after the Queen had bowed. They curtsied also to Prince Albert and to the Royal family, and then pages took their trains and placed them on their arms and they were at the door.

St. James's Palace was shabby.

THE ROMANCE OF STREET NAMES IN CAMBRIDGE

By Frances H. Eliot

Read April 23, 1946

I realize I live in a city teeming with romantic, historical street names. How sorry I feel for those people who have to tramp on numbered streets, or alphabet, or even on tree and flower streets — so I invite you to walk with me on some of the streets of my native City of Cambridge. Shall we walk down Brattle Street first — noticing the beauty of the curves of that old highway as it follows the banks of the Charles River, the street laid out by the first dwellers in Cambridge as the easiest path toward Watertown? Brattle Street was named for General William Brattle — a Tory, who lived in one of the lovely old houses known as Tory Row, many of which still lend graciousness to the street. In our imagination we can see the scarlet-coated, rapiered figures walking up and down on red-heeled shoes offering the hospitality of their snuff boxes to the friends they meet, or with their ladies, gowned in hoop skirts and wigs, driving in coaches to take tea with one another, before they were forced to flee the country in the Revolution.

Then we might turn up Sparks Street, named for a former President of Harvard, and dwell on the idiosyncrasies of the President's wife, whose form of punishment for her daughter was, with each misdemeanor, to take a tuck in her skirt, and, as in those days the mere sight of an ankle caused consternation, you can realize, that as the errors accumulated, and the skirts of the unfortunate culprit rose higher and higher to the knees, what a confining life the young damsel must have led. From Sparks Street to the next street is a short distance and I remember how a stranger, riding in the horse car, inquired of the driver what the name of the street was at which she wished to alight, describing it as a street bearing a noble name, and how he immediately replied "You mean Buckingham, Ma'am."

Down Concord Avenue we now turn to the Turnpike over which on that hot April day the Red Coats fled, and into Garden Street, named for the Botanical Garden, off of which runs a street named Linnaean

after the great Botanist Linnaeus. There used to be many students studying botany when I was young and I remember sitting on top of one of the high gate-posts in front of the Storers' walk (on Garden Street) with Helen Storer on the other and how skilfully we used to switch off the hats of those botany students. Yes, the students wore hats in those bygone days. What we did it for was evidently to test human reactions — and we certainly got them. So to Craigie Street, which was once part of a large tract of land, on which stood "Craigie House," oftener spoken of as the Longfellow House. Its history dates back to Revolutionary days — and as is well known, it was in Craigie House that Washington took up his headquarters in 1775. Later it was inhabited by the Craigies — a strange and wondrous couple. Many are the tales told about them; one of which I like particularly is that of Madam Craigie, sitting by her open window on a warm spring day, seemingly entirely unperturbed by, and oblivious of the fact that swarms of small canker worms (which infested the elm trees of Cambridge), were festooning themselves over her dress and turban, and when her polite young boarder, Mr. Longfellow, offered to remove them — how she turned upon him and said in a stern tone, "Young man, have not our fellow worms as good a right to live as we?" Probably that is one reason why I can remember the canker worms in the eighteen eighties. Mr. Craigie is said to have fallen on evil days and had great debts, so that he never left his house for seven years for fear of arrest — except on Sundays, for according to the laws of that time all criminals were secure on the Sabbath Day from every arrest but Death.

We can also boast of a short, insignificant street, which, however small, had so impressed the young son of our minister, Dr. Crothers, that when the family were living in Rome, Italy, he rushed into the house one morning exclaiming "Mother, they have a street named Appian Way here, too!"

Of the many streets named for our Revolutionary heroes, I will mention a few of the outstanding ones — Washington, Green, Prescott, and Putnam — recalling the time when these patriot soldiers commanded the Revolutionary Army, here at the Siege of Boston. Also of that period Hancock, Ellery and Gerry Streets bear the names of signers of the Declaration of Independence, and while we are considering Revolutionary Days, let me mention another street named, not for a patriot, but for

a Revolutionary foe — Baron Riedesel, who surrendered to our Army at Saratoga in 1777 and walked with his Hessians all the way to Cambridge, where his men were billeted in the College buildings, and where the hooks for their hammocks still hung in Old Massachusetts Hall, in James Russell Lowell's day. The Baron and his wife were housed, as prisoners of war, in one of the old Tory houses on the Corner of Sparks and Brattle Streets, left deserted by the fleeing Tories. They lived there in comfort for a year before being "exchanged," and I am told that the name of the Baroness Riedesel, written with a diamond on one of the window panes, can still be seen.

And how *many* streets are named for the Harvard Presidents and Professors. We can ponder on some of the eccentricities which seem inevitably to become part of great thinkers and scholars. Dunster, Chauncy, Holyoke, Willard, Langdon, Kirkland, Quincy, Sparks, Everett and Walker Streets were all named for Harvard Presidents. As we walk down Kirkland Street we can think of the President of that name as "a jolly little man, who when asked for his advice about a Church quarrel over the dogma of the Perseverance of the Saints" replied — "What troubles me is the Perseverance of the sinners!" Quincy Street was named for a President who found great difficulty in remembering names, and would say abruptly to a student, "What's your name?" Sometimes he would ask, "Brown, what's your name?" Once he could not recollect his own name, and when asking for his mail at the Post Office, parried the clerk who asked, "What name, Sir?" with, "Why, *surely* you know my name" and was rescued just in time by an acquaintance who inquired, "and how is your health this morning, Mr. Quincy?" "Oh," said Mr. Quincy to the clerk, "any letters for Mr. Quincy?" Dunster Street was named for Harvard's first President, who was "fired" for some heresy or other. He was married to the widow of the first printer, who published the New England Primer and John Eliot's Bible. Langdon Street bears the name of the President who gave the prayer to the assembled soldiers on their departure for Bunker Hill.

Then, how about the streets named for Harvard Professors? They were certainly remarkable men and deserved to have our highways commemorate them. Longfellow tells us of a talk he had with his friend Richard Henry Dana, who exclaimed proudly "What a set of men we have here — take Agassiz, he counts for three." And of that same pro-

fessor, John Fiske, the historian, writes: "Such a human presence was Louis Agassiz, can we forget his beaming face as he used to come strolling across the College Yard with lighted cigar, in serene obliviousness of the University's statutes?" John Fiske goes on to say, "Scarcely as one passed him, one might exchange a pleasant word with Asa Gray, or turning up Brattle Street encounter with a thrill of pleasure Longfellow and Lowell walking side by side. It is a precious thing to walk on streets where such men have walked before." Speaking again of streets named for Harvard Professors, there is one named for the Reverend Henry Ware, a Professor of Divinity at Harvard, about whom grew many legends, the best known being the one in which the students in his classes declared he was a liar, for he often began his lectures with "I am not aware, etc." Another street is named for a most interesting character – a Professor of German named Follen – who came to this country in 1824 and through the good offices of his friend, General Lafayette, who was in America at this time, obtained a professorship at Harvard. He it was who first introduced athletics to the American college. To be sure, when he had gathered some willing students out onto a vacant college lot, calisthenics was all that was offered them – a far cry from the football of these years, but he was the originator. He met a tragic death on the Steamer Lexington when the ship took fire and he, among a large number of passengers, perished.

Manners were of great moment in those days, and James Russell Lowell in his essay on Cambridge tells how Chief Justice Dana (for whom a street is named) once caused a butcher to be arrested for appearing in court without a coat, and of a friend whom Mr. Lowell calls "R.M." saying to him, "My children say 'yes, sir, no, sir' – my grandchildren 'yes and no' and I am every day expecting to hear 'Damn your eyes' for an answer from my great grandchildren."

Two of our great physicians have streets named for them – Waterhouse and Wyman. Waterhouse Street is named for the first doctor who practised inoculation for smallpox in America. He is described thus – "His queue slender and tapering like the tail of a crab, held out horizontally by the high collar of his shepherd's grey overcoat, whose style was of the latest when he studied in Leyden in his hot youth." I think he must have been an aggressive and egotistic sort of man, as well as a clever one. When some malicious people doubted his claim to fame in regard

to inoculation for smallpox, he published this advertisement: "Lost, a gold snuff box with the inscription on it 'The Jenner of the Old World to the Jenner of the New,' whoever shall return it to Dr. Waterhouse will be amply rewarded." The other great physician was Dr. Wyman and a large part of his greatness was due to his extraordinary quality of "common sense." An amusing story is told of an old lady patient coming to see him and telling him that each time she drew an extra long breath she suffered pain. Dr. Wyman, gazing at her over his spectacles, solemnly urged her, "Don't take it, Madam, don't take it."

We have a Lowell Street and a Holmes Place named for our poets. Lowell loved his Cambridge, exclaiming "There is no place like it, no, not even for taxes," and when temporarily exiled to the Court of St. James as our Minister, and being asked by a fellow countryman, "Do you not wish to visit Egypt and see the Works of Rameses?" Mr. Lowell replied "I would much rather see Ramsay's in Harvard Square" (Ramsay being the Apothecary of Cambridge) — and he also wrote, "Rome, Venice, Cambridge, I take it for an ascending scale, Rome being the first stop, and Cambridge the glowing Apex!"

Shepard Street was named for the second minister of the First Church, and Appleton Street for Nathaniel Appleton, Pastor of the Parish for sixty-seven years. Agassiz, Gray, and Bond Streets commemorate our scientists, and in passing let me tell the tale of Mrs. Agassiz going one morning to take her bath and finding three large snakes in the bathtub, and when she called excitedly to her husband, "Come quickly, there are three snakes in my tub," he called back "Where is the fourth?"

Reservoir Street, on which I live, used to border the reservoir that fed the thirsty Cantabrigians through my childhood, and was a popular trysting place for lovers on June evenings. The walls stood several years after the water had been drained out of it, and one day an investigating small daughter of three years rolled down its steep side and only the Fire Department could rescue her. With pride afterwards she would display her small leg, calling attention to "My reservoir sore!"

The streets named Oxford, Cambridge, Bowdoin, Vassar, and Wellesley bear witness to the academic quality of the City Fathers' tastes, as *they* were responsible for the naming.

So, as we walk the streets of our loved town, the Famous and the Great come to our minds, and Romance and Charm live again.

MEMORIES OF THE BERKELEY STREET SCHOOL

Compiled by Elizabeth B. Piper

Read January 28, 1947

Mrs. Sylvio M. de Gozzaldi, a former First Vice-President of the Historical Society, has read many scholarly and interesting papers at your meetings. Her last one (in 1934, "Extracts from the Diary of Isabella Batchelder James") was presented only a few months before her death in April, 1935. Miss Fanny Elizabeth Corne, long an intimate friend, writes in her Memoir: "The eldest child of gifted parents, Mary Isabella James, intimately called "Ella," was born in Burlington, N. J. Her mother was Isabella Batchelder, of this city, and her father was Professor Thomas Potts James, a botanist of note. Ella James spent many summers of her girlhood in Cambridge with her grandparents who lived in the historic old Vassal House on Brattle Street. . . . While here she attended the Berkeley Street School. . . . After a while, the grandparents having died, the family came to Cambridge to live in the Vassal House. Later Professor James built a new home on the opposite side of Hawthorn Street, which by this time had been cut through the garden." I will refer you to Miss Corne's Memoir for a fuller account of Mrs. de Gozzaldi's life. The important sentence to us tonight is: "While here she attended the Berkeley Street School."

Doubtless all her friends knew of her happy school days and of her appreciation of the education and training given her by the various teachers. But only those connected with the Berkeley Street School Association can have any idea of the hours and hours of time and thought Mrs. de Gozzaldi gave, in memory of the early school years, to the Association of which she was President for twenty-three years. Recently Amy Browne Townsend and I had occasion to go through the papers of the Association and begged of everyone connected with it any items concerned with the early days. Our Secretary, Isabella Linley, pulled out from the darkest corner of what she said was a "very dark closet" a large box and found therein the "History of the Berkeley Street

School." With eagerness we read the papers collected and added to by Mrs. de Gozzaldi, describing the different stages in the fifty years of the existence of the school. The material is of course of primary interest to former pupils. Mrs. de Gozzaldi probably thought these papers of too informal a nature and of too recent a period to be suitable for the Historical Society. But since it is now nearly eighty-five years since the first pupil entered its doors, a few of us thought that others might be interested to hear of a school which had given education and happiness to many girls in Cambridge. And so with the permission of the Advisory Board of the Berkeley Street School Association these papers were offered to the Executive Committee of the Cambridge Historical Society. It seems an appropriate meeting at which to read them, since two of our hostesses, Miss Batchelder and Miss Jones, were former pupils at the Berkeley Street School.

And now just a few words about the Berkeley Street School Association. Mrs. de Gozzaldi writes, "The Association is largely indebted for its existence to Ethel Quincy Bumstead. She, with her friend Miss Bertha M. Howland, perhaps at the suggestion of Miss Constance Williston, conceived the idea of banding us together. Ethel came to me in full enthusiasm and asked my help. Untiringly she worked at all the preliminary arrangements, typing the Constitution and Lists of Pupils, seeing and writing to old scholars, and doing everything to make the plan a success. For many years she kept our album, collecting photographs of the girls and programs of events that happened in the school."

At a large meeting on February 24, 1912, at which former students adopted the Constitution and elected Officers and Advisory Board, it was suggested that the June meeting be in the form of a reception in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the School. It was for this great occasion that most of the papers which form the basis of our "History" were read.

And now let us jump back to June 4, 1912, the day of this large reception.

Frances Kittredge Wesselhoeft describes it: "The fiftieth anniversary party was held in the schoolhouse, 17 Berkeley Street, downstairs in the two large schoolrooms which were beautifully decorated with spring flowers. The President of the Association, Mrs. de Gozzaldi, with Mrs. Williston and Miss Constance Williston received in the front schoolroom,

while the other officers and members of the Advisory Board greeted the Seniors in the adjoining room, and initiated them into the Association by placing wreaths of syringa and fern upon their heads. Afterwards sprays of syringa were presented to all the other pupils. Mrs. de Gozzaldi left the reception room long enough to be present at this ceremony, while Mrs. Henry M. Wheeler, the Vice-President, took her place.

"At the close of the exercises Mrs. William G. Farlow presented Mrs. Williston with two rhododendron bushes (Mr. Williston's favorite plant) as a token of affectionate regard from the pupils of the School. There were nearly 200 present, and many teachers were among the number.

"Promptly at five o'clock Mrs. de Gozzaldi had made an address to all the assembled guests:

Members of the Berkeley Street School Association and friends, fellow schoolmates, girls, for we are all girls once more when we have passed through that door, we are here today to celebrate an event that is rare in this country. Few private schools for girls round out the half century. Dame Fashion and the changes and chances of this mortal life see to that. Here, however, in the midst of this community is a private school that has not only existed for fifty years but has maintained all that time a high standard of scholarship. It seems to us to make fitting the commemoration of to-day. . . .

We do not propose to have dry dull speeches on the history of the school, we shall not comment on the curriculum, nor even give the titles of all the textbooks studied here. We propose to make this a time of congratulation to the teachers, to ourselves and to the people of Cambridge.

When the school was established, and for many years thereafter it was unusual for a Cambridge girl to go to school in Boston. The subway, that marvellous, magical contrivance, that like Aladdin's wonderful carpet deposits us so quickly in the heart of the city, had not even been dreamed of. Plodding horses drew shaky cars, in which we sat for forty minutes or more with our feet in malodorous straw in winter, and our noses blue with cold. When the extra horse had laboriously drawn us up the hill we were set down in Bowdoin Square and left to walk to our destinations through a part of the city that even then was not considered desirable for schoolgirls. It was therefore a great boon to our mothers to have such an excellent school at their doors.

We are going to try now to perform a gymnastic feat. As we go on in years our joints stiffen and we become less agile at jumping, but our wits grow more nimble, and the older we grow the easier it seems to be to leap into the past and recall the memories of the early years of our lives. To help in the accomplishment of our purpose we have collected some portraits of ourselves as we looked in our schooldays. Photography was in its infancy in the early days of the school and

kodaks had not made much progress in the years that followed, so these pictures are not high art. We smile at the strange fashions of our clothes which we had almost forgotten, but the loving eyes, the earnest young faces recall as nothing else does "the vision splendid" of those days.

Mrs. de Gozzaldi then regrets that the founder and his two successors as principal could not be present and adds:

> One there is, the Mother of the school whose presence we enjoy, Mrs. Williston; she feels that she cannot stand up and speak to so many of her girls but she will take you each one by the hand. She has written some memories of early days that I know you will be pleased to hear.

Since you are not all members of the school, before reading Mrs. Williston's letter, a few words of explanation may be necessary.

Lyman Richards Williston, the founder of the School, was born November 7, 1830, in the Island of Maui, in the Sandwich Islands, where his parents William Richards and Clarissa Lyman Richards, were among the early missionaries from Massachusetts. Mr. Richards wished his children to have a New England education, and accordingly his son Lyman was sent in 1836 to Massachusetts, where he was received into the home of Samuel Williston, a manufacturer of Easthampton, Massachusetts, and the founder of Williston Seminary. His own father dying when he was still a boy, young Richards, at Mr. Williston's request, took the name of Williston and thereafter was known as Lyman Richards Williston.

He was educated at Williston Seminary during the years 1841 to 1846, and during the next four years at Amherst College, from which he was graduated in the Class of 1850. For two or three years thereafter he taught in Williston Seminary. He then received an appointment as Professor of Latin in Amherst College, with leave to go abroad and study. Accordingly he went to Europe and remained there nearly two years, 1853–1855, most of the time in Germany. During this stay abroad he became unable to continue full belief in the severe Calvinistic doctrines then prevailing at Amherst College, and though his revolt would to-day be considered extremely moderate, it was not so considered at the time, and necessitated the surrender of his professorship at Amherst.

On returning home he spent a year at the Andover Theological School with a view to settling his religious convictions. At the end of the year

he married Miss Annie E. Gale and accepted an appointment as head of the Cambridge High School, beginning his work there in the autumn of 1857. Here he remained until the summer of 1862. He was highly successful in this work as the reports of the Cambridge School Committee at that time show, but he saw an opportunity to establish a private school for girls. Mrs. Louis Agassiz had for some years maintained such a school and was about to discontinue it. Accordingly in the autumn of 1862 Mr. Williston opened a school for girls in one side of a double house on Irving Street.

And now we read from the letter written for the 50th Anniversary by Mrs. Williston:

> I remember so well the first opening of the school in Irving St., with how much interest we looked for the coming of those who were to be members of the school. First of all I saw Mr. Longfellow leading by the hand his daughter, Alice, — then Professor Pierce with his daughter Helen, — Mr. Dixwell with his daughter Sue, — and so on, with Hastings, Parsons, Storer, Allyn, Page, Gorham, Wyer, Deane, Towle, and many others.

Besides those mentioned there were Professor Lovering, Professor Peabody, and the two principal ministers of the town, Rev. William Newell and Rev. Nicholas Hoppin. Also among the first scholars was Cordelia Howard. Her father George Howard produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Once as he was considering who could be little Eva, Cordelia said, "Why not try your own child?" He did — Cordelia proved a great success, acting in England as well as in the United States until she grew too old for the part. In all there were 38 girls, in ages varying from 12 to 18, with one only 11. Many of these pupils remained for six years. Miss Hubbard was the assistant teacher and one of the girls who spent the winter in Boston remembers how she used to come out in the horse-cars and as they sat for half an hour with their cold feet in the straw, she felt that she ought to entertain her teacher with stories that she thought up in the night.

It was the time of the Civil War, and all the girls were knitting and working most industriously for the boys at the front. Mrs. Williston remembers that Sue Dixwell in particular used to knit stockings for the soldiers, keeping her hands busy while studying from the book before her on her desk. Miss Eliza M. Hoppin, daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Hoppin, writes, "The principal incident which I remember in the old school

was Charlie Mills being brought home wounded from the war. The ambulance was driven up to the next door (his mother lived in the other half of the house) during school hours. Here was the visible evidence of that war which only came into the background of our girlish thoughts but of which we were hearing daily and for the heroes of which we were knitting stockings and pulling lint.

A number of the schoolmates formed themselves into the "Banks Brigade" and Sue Dixwell was chosen Colonel. (After the War this became the first Bee. For further explanation let me refer you to a paper "The Bees of Cambridge," written by Mrs. Frederic Palmer and printed in the Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society. Mrs. Palmer was Mary Towle, one of the early pupils of the School).

The last reference to the War is on 10 April 1865 when Mary Freeman Prentiss (Mrs. James Murray Kay) wrote in her Diary: "Went up to School but Mr. Williston made a speech and dismissed us. Lee has surrendered! I have been singing patriotic songs until my throat is almost cracked. We cheered Mr. Williston and went home."

To return to 1862. Later in the year Mr. James Russell Lowell brought his daughter Mabel, and Grace Hopkinson followed in 1863, so that with the increasing numbers it was seen that larger accommodations were necessary.

In the summer of 1863 Mr. Williston built a house, #15 Berkeley Street, with a large ell on the north side especially constructed for the school. The ell of only one story, the roof surrounded by a balustrade, can be seen in several snapshots in our album. A flight of steps led up to a pleasant porch with railings covered with woodbine. The large door opened into a hall lined with hooks for hats and coats and with little boxes below for rubbers and rubber boots. Two doors led into the two large schoolrooms where the pupils were seated. There were two smaller recitation rooms and a large basement.

An aisle in the room on the west led to a door which opened into the Willistons' hall. Mrs. Williston writes: "I can see now my sister, Mary Gale, and her friend Grace Hopkinson (now Mrs. Charles William Eliot) poring over their books as they studied together in the library window."

This building remained substantially unchanged for the next 35 years. In the early 1900's the ell was moved away from the main house, and

enlarged into a two and a half story building where the school was held in later years. When the school was discontinued the schoolhouse was altered into the present dwelling house at 17 Berkeley Street.

Of the two large rooms one was Mr. Williston's with his desk against the north partition, with recitation benches around and in front of him, and the blackboard behind him. The other was Miss Hubbard's room. Miss Hoppin writes: "First of all let me call attention to the fact that this school was made and this building built for US. Some of you may remember a famous citizen of Cambridge named Lee Powers. He dealt in old furniture and bric-a-brac on Boylston St. His mother put down carpets. When he had amassed sufficient money he took a trip to Europe and afterwards wrote a book, which began in this way — 'On June 4th of a certain year the good ship Pavonia steamed down Boston Harbour with US on board,' US being spelt with capitals.

"In Miss Hubbard's room were among others, Lilian Horsford, Alice Jones, Cora Spelman, Alice Longfellow, Carrie Peabody, Louise Kelsey, Julia Gorham, Effie Lovering, Julia Whitney, Clara and Katie Howe. In Mr. Williston's room were Cora Lovering, Emma Whitman, Helen Peirce, Hattie Spelman, Mamie Goodrich, Mabel Lowell, Mollie Buttrick, Marnie Storer, Sue Dixwell, Mary Deane, Grace Hopkinson, Mary Prentiss, Katie Toffey, Emily Atkinson, Carrie Parsons, and later Mattie Walker and Grace Ward, Mary Towle, Sara Wyer, Clara Thies, Isabella Batchelder, Nannie Rotch and Anna Shaw, — about 25 in each room. (Now don't you think we ought to spell US with capitals?)"

Miss Hoppin continues: "How many memories these names bring up, and how many memories of schoolgirl pranks and foolishness. There was Sarah Copenhagen who when seen walking with a young man, and asked if she were engaged, always replied, "not yet." There was Lulie Newell who, when Miss Hubbard objected to water being kept in our desks, to be upset by books and by collapsible cups, and told us the water was downstairs and we must go there to drink it, brought up a tumbler of water in *her pocket* which she drank behind the cover of her desk, directly in front of Miss Hubbard, screened from her, yet visible to the entire schoolroom. That at least is a prank that cannot be repeated in these days of pocketless and hobble skirts. (Miss Hoppin wrote this in 1912.)

"The memory of what we learned seems more faint. But I know that

Mr. Williston inspired in us dim glimmers of what English literature might mean and that compositions were a favorite form of torture, and that once when my compositon was read aloud I heard it all through as having a strangely familiar sound, and yet never realizing that I had written it. We used to recite poetry and even went so far as to learn Latin verse."

The girl who was longest at the school during Mr. Williston's time, Miss Margaret Curry Wyman, familiarly known as "Mardie," daughter of Mr. Edward Wyman, writes: "I first went to school, a fat little girl of ten, when all the scholars were at least twelve, and there I studied eight years, staying even one year after my class had graduated simply because I loved the school and the girls.

"All who went to the the school will remember the little book with the brown cover, in which Mr. Williston had compiled in so small a space everything necessary for us to know in grammar, if only we had taken the trouble to study it; but in fact the only thing that we learned absolutely well was a short paragraph on slang, which we were told need not be committed to memory. I will quote it — 'Avoid slang words and phrases; they are undignified and unlovely, show poverty of expression and cast suspicion upon the character of the society to which you are accustomed.' I have a vivid memory of Mr. Williston teaching spelling. A few minutes before school closed for the day all books were put away and we each had a thin strip of writing paper on the desk before us and a pencil in hand. Mr. Williston then read out fifteen or more words, I think from the Manual, which we wrote down one below the other; these were collected and we got them back the next day with great black crosses against the misspelled ones which we had to correct and learn. This was the nearest approach to an examination in the school.

"Miss Hubbard, the Assistant Teacher, was a fine woman, her dignified and courteous manner was a revelation to us all. She had penetration and a way of making us all feel ashamed when lessons were unprepared. She was rather prim, always well dressed, with hair arranged in two funny little rolls, like the pictures of the Empress Eugenie, then the model for the world. She was succeeded by Miss Warren, who was young and rather afraid of the girls. Madame Bessan came in to teach French, she was another woman of great charm. Mr. Fettee taught drawing; his flat copies on tinted paper were touched up with white

chalk with great effect. There was a gentleman who came on certain days and transformed Mr. Williston's table into a chemical laboratory. He poured various liquids into glasses making a change in color, showed us a concave and convex mirror and a Leyden jar from which the bravest among us received shocks."

I regret that there is no mention of this gentleman's name. At a later day Mr. Theodore W. Richards (after a few years to be the distinguished Professor at Harvard College) was the teacher of Chemistry. His picture will be found in our album.

"Miss Warren was succeeded by Miss Huntington, with the pretty curls, and after her came Miss Maria Whitney as Assistant Teacher. She was the sister of Professor Whitney of Harvard and Yale; later she was Professor at Smith College and also taught at the Brearley School in New York. She was a fine teacher appreciated by all who studied under her."

Mrs. de Gozzaldi elsewhere states that Grace M. Hopkinson (later Mrs. Charles W. Eliot) was a special teacher in Latin in 1867–1868, coming several days in the week. "She was the daughter of Judge Hopkinson and had lived for some years with her widowed mother just around the corner on Phillips Place (in the house now known as "International House"). When she came to teach she knew well most of the girls in her classes, which must have made the position difficult for her.

"She was very handsome, oval face, dark hair and eyes, but more than that she had an inexpressible charm." She had a beautiful singing voice. Mrs. de Gozzaldi remembers her leading the members of the Association in "Auld Lang Syne" at a reunion at Mrs. Farlow's house.

Miss Wyman continues: "There were two entrances to the school grounds, one from Berkeley Street through an archway in an arbor-vitae hedge, the other by means of a paling gate from Concord Avenue; the hedge suggested to Minnie Haskins, a second year scholar, the name Evergreen Nunnery by which name the girls liked to call the school. Perhaps you all do not know that the school grounds went from Berkeley Street to Concord Avenue taking in what is now Professor White's house – today we should say Dr. Cogswell's. Baseball was then the prevailing fashion at the College. We played it on the grassy plot between the house and Concord Avenue. At one time we used old Latin Grammars for bases; some girls had left lots of them, but Mr. Williston seriously objected and we had to stuff bags of sailcloth to take their

place. As time went on we found that some dreadful men, whether young or old I don't know, used to watch us through the hedge, and we, being very proper young ladies, decided to move our quarters to the Longfellows' back garden where we were quite safe from all outside observation. The pitcher stood in a round grass hollow, called by one of our class the *bowl for the Pitcher*. . . .

"Baseball was all very well in spring and summer but in winter some other entertainment was necessary and it was then that we started the Nunnery Gazette. I can't say that it was a literary success, but we enjoyed it all the same, and I don't doubt it was excellent practice for us. I remember what hard work the poetry was and how we ground out the rhymes. We were just sixteen and we were enjoying that time of life in a college town, and the pieces in the Gazette ran on College subjects. We had in it our School Song, written of course to the tune of Fair Harvard and beginning with quite a swing: 'Fair nuns to the Evergreen Nunnery throng,' and really the poetry is not much worse than the original.

"As I was looking over the paper I found some verses which I remember were considered quite poetical, because we described the Charles River as 'Silver ribbon winding into the bay,' but this high vein could not last and the end was a sort of ode to the freshman crew, — remember that we were just sixteen."

Miss Hoppin agrees that the Gazette contained "much poetry, a good deal of satire, not much news, but fake advertisements, and puns carefully explained." There were many allusions to "Sever and Francis," booksellers to Evergreen Nunnery.

"The girls who had entered the school the first year on Irving Street were now 18 and 19 years old and had gone to the Assemblies in Lyceum Hall and knew many Harvard students. Their accounts of dances, student concerts, and Junior Exhibitions were eagerly listened to by the younger girls, who on rainy days would gather around them at recess. One of my earliest recollections is so queer that you will hardly believe it. When I was ten you can imagine that the first class was my wonder and admiration, and romance was always added when two or three of the girls would come to school with their nets (we all wore them then) lined with brown alpaca to conceal the curl papers underneath, and when the following day they appeared with showers of lovely curls, which they

had worn to the party the night before, my excitement knew no bounds. In June 1868 the last of these girls graduated; this left a great gap for they were the leaders.

"We had no festivities on the last day of school. Mr. Williston gave a talk to those who were leaving, we called it our Baccalaureate sermon, of which I remember only the concluding advice, 'Do not be either a household drudge or a social butterfly.' "

Mr. Williston continued as head of the school until the summer of 1870. It was highly successful, but at that time the City of Cambridge offered him a large increase in salary to return as head of the Cambridge High School. He therefore placed his brother-in-law, Mr. Gale, in charge of the private school. Mr. Williston remained at the Cambridge High School until 1882, when after a brief interval he became Supervisor of the Boston Public Schools and later, until his retirement from educational work, Master in the Girls' Latin School in Boston. He died on March 7th, 1897.

The new head of the school, Justin Edwards Gale, was born in Rockport, Massachusetts, on November 10, 1843. He was the son of the Rev. Wakefield and Mary Louisa (Bigelow) Gale.

He graduated from Rockport High School in 1858, from the Westfield State Normal School in 1860, Phillips Exeter Academy in 1862, A.B. Harvard in 1866, A.M. Harvard 1867. He belonged to Phi Beta Kappa. He married, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 28, 1872, Emma M. Whitman. (She was one of the first pupils, entering when the school was on Irving Street.)

Mr. Gale taught Latin in a French School in New York City from 1866 to 1870 and succeeded Mr. Williston. Later he was master of the Lexington High School, taught again in Cambridge, and then was master of the Weston High School. In 1895 he gave up teaching and became treasurer and director of cotton mills in the South.

Miss Wyman writes: "Mr. Gale was (in 1870) a very young man. We older girls felt that we owned the school and I think his position was a difficult one. But he very soon won not only our respect, but our true regard, and showed himself quite equal to the situation.

"It is hard to give a list of the assistant teachers and I am not sure that they are in chronological order.

"Miss Crum had succeeded Miss Whitney and then came Miss Wall,

whom we all loved and who I think returned our affection. I fear we imposed on this mutual understanding; she probably never knew how many times our history lesson was unprepared. We used to agree to engage her in conversation upon some subject in which she had a special interest and keep her talking so long that the advance was never reached.

"One of the favorites was Miss Charlotte Hedge. She usually wore a shepherd's plaid dress and had dark curls, real ringlets gathered at the back of her head; the smooth locks above her brow were flecked with white; we felt a deep sympathy for her as someone whispered that she suffered from severe headaches and kept awake all night.

"Handsome Signor Torricelli struggled to teach us Italian and for drawing there were Miss Alcott, who talked much slang, and was adored as the 'May' of 'Little Women,' and Miss Bulfinch who I fear found few artists worthy of her teaching among our ranks.

"The French teachers came and went. There was M. Pierre Moran, an elderly and courtly gentleman, who tried his best to make the girls speak his language. One of his plans was to ask us to subscribe to a newspaper published in French in New York and at every lesson we were to relate some thing we had read in the journal.

"In the seventies the teacher was M. Jacquinot, familiarly called Jacquey, afterwards a Harvard Professor, and now buried in the strangers' lot in Mt. Auburn. He is described by one of the pupils as a typical Frenchman, with jet black hair and beard and gesticulating hands, rather a mystery to us. On one occasion he was radiant; we had been told to bring a puzzle, conundrum, or catch translated into French. One of the girls brought a charade. 'My first I hope you are; my second I know you are; the whole you always are.' This pleased him either as being Frenchified in its compliment in calling him 'a gentleman' or suited to translation."

Great interest was now shown in the drama. There is no date on the program for the play in which Miss Olive Swan, Miss Agnes Devens, Miss Alice Gray, and Miss Mabel Jones took part, "L'Hôtel de la Boule Noire." On June 15 and 16, 1882 Miss Steenstra, Miss Ward, Miss Woolson, Miss Dexter and others acted in "Charade," and Miss Jones, Miss Williston and Miss Ware took important parts in "An Episode in the Life of Marie Lesczinska." On the same day also Miss Jones and Miss Ware were in a German play, "Die Gouvernante." This is the

only trace we have of the influence of Miss Hellrigl, the German teacher announced in Mr. Gale's prospectus. It is hardly necessary to tell you that no man or boy ever appeared in any cast.

Miss Ingols had been assistant to Mr. Gale and when he gave up the school she succeeded him as head of the school, a position she held for about 25 years. Margaret Rae Ingols was born in Boston December 16, 1842; she died in Cambridge, December 14, 1904. She was the daughter of Levi and Emily Ingols, the youngest of seven children, five of whom were boys. She was educated in Boston, at the school of Mr. Seidhoff. She spent most of her life at the home of her sister, Mrs. Emily Norcross, the oldest in the family. Miss Ingols had had private classes at home and a private school near Quincy Square. She had a fine, strong, wise face, framed in water waves.

Mrs. Charles Fiske (May Thorndike) wrote a paper on the enusing period for the 50th Anniversary. Unfortunately it was not kept. However we do know that during the year 1885–1886 Mr. George Howard Parker taught biology and other science classes.

We also know that Miss Elizabeth Wentworth Green had charge of the large schoolroom for the younger girls. She was a great favorite. Miss Mary Deane Dexter remembers that she used small colored candies to show pupils how to add and subtract, an appealing device which made a lasting impression.

Fraulein von Seckendorf was the German teacher. Jane Sever writes: "She taught the German of that proudest of imperial divisions, Hanover. We felt the nobility that her 'von' implied." Miss Josephine Bumstead recalls enjoying so much being in a very small German class that she and her fellow student felt much aggrieved when a third girl entered the class. Fraulein von Seckendorf taught for many years and continued to be extremely popular. Katharine Livermore, a pupil at a much later date, exclaims, "She was such a dear that I cannot bring myself to call her a Bôche."

Miss A. E. Smith was the excellent teacher of history.

Miss Katharine Livermore must be our next narrator. Her paper was given on February 1, 1913 at a meeting held in Mrs. Williston's house. "It was in the year 1890 that Miss Clara Howe's school came to an end, and nearly all its pupils went to Miss Ingols'. These pupils were Clara Emerton, Clara Turner, Pauline and Lily Jones, Alice Sharples,

Molly Russell, Margaret Fish, Gertrude Fox, Rita Benson, Katharine and Lesley Livermore, and Sybil Gage. Margaret and Anna Gage were at Miss Ingols' already, and Miriam was to come two or three years later.

"The two large schoolrooms were now presided over by Miss Ingols and Miss Mabel Williston, with the little girls in Miss Williston's room. Most of us had been at Miss Clara's for several years and had grown to be the big girls there. But at Miss Ingols' we found ourselves the youngest, and the big girls went up to 18 and 19. I can't remember what sort of clothes these old creatures wore, but I remember very well what tiny waists they had. Sybil told us in confidence that her oldest sister Margaret's friend Charlotte had never been in Margaret's room, because Margaret's room was on the third floor, and Charlotte's waist was so small she *couldn't* go up more than *one* flight of stairs.

"When we first went to Miss Ingols', little girls of nine wore, not wash dresses as they do nowadays, but woolen frocks with white pinafores over them. When we were a few years older we wore serge skirts, generally blue, Eton jackets, and scarlet belts, of stiff belting, with silver buckles. Grown-up ladies of course had long skirts that touched the ground, and it was rather an odd thing that girls began wearing long skirts before they put their hair up; all through our next to the last year at school we used to walk up and down Berkeley Street at recess holding up our skirts and with pigtails down our backs."

By this time Professor White's house had been built on the land behind the school on Concord Avenue, and the Evergreen Hedge had been cut down, but there was still a vacant lot opposite the school, where Mr. George H. Parker's house now stands; "it seemed a great field to us then." "We often spent recess there playing games, generally Snap the Whip or Hill-dill. We also played baseball in the field."

"On rainy days we spent recess in the basement which, with pillars to dodge and a coalpile, was perfect for string tag. There was a piano there too, and Amy Beard and Pauline Jones used to play for us to dance.

"The school day began at nine o'clock. Miss Ingols rang a bell and then came and stood in the doorway between the two large rooms and read a few verses from the Bible. Later Miss Ingols took to calling the roll every morning in the hope of inspiring punctuality. The school lasted till two, five hours for the older girls, with twenty minutes for recess; the little ones were dismissed at twenty minutes past one. We

were often obliged to "spill over" into the Williston house where we sat in the sunny dining room, green with growing plants, or in Mr. Williston's severe library.

"The teachers were Miss Mabel Williston, Madame Harney, Mademoiselle Perrin, Fraulein von Seckendorf, Miss Norcross, and Miss Marcia E. Smith. Miss Steenstra, Miss Hewes, and Miss Newhall came later. Of Miss Ingols we saw nothing for a year or two; the first subject we studied with her was United States History. Miss Ingols used to be uncommonly vehement when discussing George III; one of her pupils told me that for years in succession she made a point of being in the room when the United States history class was reciting the lesson about the Revolution, in order to hear Miss Ingols on King George. Miss Ingols also gave a course in English literature for the girls who were not going to college, but really she gave it to all the girls in the room; it was so interesting that we all stopped whatever we were doing and listened.

"During our first few years at school Miss Mabel Williston was the teacher we saw most of, and none of her pupils will ever forget her. (Miss Mabel was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Williston.) The subjects she taught were English, Geography, Arithmetic, and Botany; the subjects she didn't teach are hardly worth mentioning. Every course she gave was a course in general information, and so interesting, and so stimulating, that every recitation was an agreeable amusement.

"It was she who engineered the yearly picnics which took place on a Saturday in May or June at Arlington, in the woods. It was almost the most delightful day of the year; almost, for there was one other and that was the day of Miss Williston's Christmas Party for the girls in her room. We played games of all kinds, much jollier than we played anywhere else, and there were always cakes with little dolls and little animals and little dishes baked in them.

"The last day of school was under Miss Williston's supervision. On the *next* to the *last* day we used to go with her to pick daisies for decorations; we went up Brattle Street in the horse-car to Fresh Pond Lane, and picked thousands and thousands of daisies and brought them back to the schoolhouse and arranged them in wire nettings with which the blackboard had been covered, so that on the next day the wall seemed papered with daisies. There was a program of reading and recitation by

girls of assorted ages, and then before the ice cream, a spelling match and Miss Williston gave out the words."

Sarah Thayer (Mrs. John W. Ames) in the Memorial Sketch read at the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration writes: "Miss Williston was somewhat shy and without any great liking for society in a formal sense. But she had a gift — almost a genius for friendship and those who knew her intimately found themselves attached to her by ties which knew no breaking.

"She was a remarkable teacher even in a family where the gift of teaching seems inborn to an extraordinary degree. I never thought of her as *patient* with our difficulties so much did she seem to make a pleasure of clearing them away. And she never made one feel ashamed by being sarcastic or irritable.

"I remember particularly her eagerness in the Botany classes. How many of us recall getting out into the yard to examine and analyze the flowers around the house — the rhododendron bush by the steps — the strawberry bush, the peculiar odor of those dark red flowers brings back those days in an instant — and the rockery which was Miss Williston's special delight. . . ."

Emily Sibley writes of Miss Marcia Smith (one of the five remarkable Miss Smiths who had a school on Phillips Place, later moving to Buckingham Street): "I shall remember her as, unconcerned with passing fashion, she sat at her desk in our Latin Class: dignified, without a trace of conceit, eager to develop our skill in the enjoyment of a great classic, and with her face frequently lighted from within."

Of Madame Harney a whole paper could be written. She taught at the school for 17 years. "She was what a foreigner seldom is, a good teacher. She managed to be thorough without being severe."

Jane Sever, later Mrs. Archer O'Reilly, adds: "Mme. Harney, daughter of Victor Hugo's life-long friend, radiated cheer for our French, and to a special student in the works of that poet how vivid she made the books and plays with her anecdotes of Hugo's life.

"For Miss Norcross, Miss Ingols' niece, we drew in crayon, and a few of us extended our studies and walked about Cambridge in the spring time, with campstools and sketch books, to draw pencil sketches of roof-trees, vines or river reaches.

"Last came Sarah Thayer, my cousin, absurdly young for one so

learned, who taught Greek, and fired me with her own enthusiasm and love of Troy, gods and heroes." As Katharine Livermore, who began Latin with Miss Thayer, writes: "Can anyone have been really as delightful as she seemed to us? She was a real personality and we looked forward to every recitation with her. She was strict too, stricter than most of our teachers at Miss Ingols' school.

"There was also Mademoiselle Colin who used to look around her class and point her long forefinger at all the girls whose knees were crossed, and exclaim, "Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle," in a tone of horror, and everybody's knees uncrossed before that forefinger, and some of them have never been crossed since.

"At the beginning of our last year in school most of us were seventeen. We had all begun to put our hair up which was a great labor. People wore detestable great pompadours then, sometimes even "rats" stuffed inside them. We all wore plaid woolen blouses with high collars; and if you went out to walk in a skirt that was three or four inches from the ground you called it a bicycle skirt. Our teachers during this last year were Miss Hyde, Miss Elizabeth Tetlow, and Miss Margaret Leonard. Miss Hyde taught us Physics and gave a course in Zoology also."

Reminiscences of Jane Sever, whose mother was for years an intimate friend of Miss Ingols, include a later period:

"Four years after I had graduated from school Miss Ingols called me back to teach in a newly enlarged building. My room was in the studio over the whole third floor, a lovely room with sloping roof, green-stained, and with an air of space and informality that suited me.

"The studio had its drawbacks. It was cold in winter. To remedy this, Miss Ingols had put in a gas radiator that could be pulled out into the centre of the room. The cock was unfortunately near the wall; before I could rush to light the radiator, gas accumulated in the connecting tube, and a fan of flame blew out through the holes at the top. One day I looked up from my task to see my class staring at me in fascinated stupefaction, before one girl gained enough breath to call, 'Oh Miss Sever, your head's on fire.'

"The most eagerly anticipated event of the winter was the Christmas fancy-dress party of 1904. Miss Ingols, knowing that I acted in many plays, had asked me to find her a costume, — that of Miss Mattie in Cran-

ford. Such a lovely one I was able to get; — and when she came up to the studio that afternoon last of all, after a hurried trip home to dress, she was the perfection of graciousness and dignity. She came to my end of the room where, gorgeous as a Princess of Spades, I was leading some children in a game; then she walked slowly to the other end to see all her school girls. There she fell. The children thought she had fainted; the rest of us knew soon that she had died. Dreadful as it was at the time, it has seemed ever since to me the finest climax of a life, — to fall in the midst of a duty that was her happiness." This is Clara Emerton's poem:

My Teacher

To Miss Margaret Ingols, who bore with me
patiently for six years, in love and gratitude —

"New England written on her brow.
Coldly austere — but yet how kind;
'Spare not the rod' — is in her mind
But in her smile — 'I teach by love.' "

Miss Munger and Miss Constance Williston at once took over the management of the School. Then Miss Williston alone carried the full responsibility. Miss Constance Williston was a younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Williston.

To write adequately of this period 1904–1912 would require another paper. There were the excellent teachers — Miss Rose Sherman, Miss Elizabeth Freeman, Miss Emily Adams, Miss Anna Grote among others. There were plays, pageants, basket ball, a school orchestra, all the procedures of a fine modern school.

In 1912 came the decision to join with the Cambridge School. Mrs. Williston wrote for the 50th Anniversary:

> With the changes that are contemplated we do not feel that the old "Berkeley Street School" loses its identity, but only enlarges its scope and possibilities for helping those who seek its help.

But times had changed. Electric cars now ran in a complete network throughout greater Boston and the "marvellous, magical contrivance," the subway was in existence, making it easy for Cambridge girls to go to school in Boston.

As their loyalties must be transferred, and as all of greater Boston schools were "at their doors," more and more pupils took advantage of the varied opportunities.

Finally Miss Williston herself fell in with the prevailing fashion and left Cambridge to teach at the Brimmer School in Boston. Many Cambridge pupils followed her.

The old school has lived on in the Berkeley Street School Association, which devoted its energies not only to memories of the past but also to an interest in the future.

After the death of Miss Ingols many friends and former pupils and associates had given to Radcliffe College the sum of $2150 to establish a fund, the interest of which was to be awarded each year to a student. Year by year the Berkeley Street School Association had added to this fund, until to its surprise and delight in the years of high interest rates there was sufficient to pay full tuition! The story of the Fund however parallels the exciting story of the stock market. There came the depression! Once more letters of appeal were sent out. In this work Mrs. de Gozzaldi was aided by another former pupil, Emily Webster, Mrs. George H. Browne, wife of one of the founders of Browne and Nichols School for Boys.

Mrs. Holmes Hinckley says of her: "A true product of New England, she was yet without the severe strain that marked the early Puritan." A great believer in equal rights, in consumer's coöperation, in the value of education, she was untiring in her efforts to make available to others what she herself valued. As chairman of the Scholarship Committee, she with Mrs. de Gozzaldi, continued to write the letters urging the members of the Association to bring the Scholarship fund to its full tuition goal.

And so, now, it is in tribute to their untiring efforts and in loyalty to their ideal, that the pupils of a later date gladly take upon themselves the task of finishing what was so ably begun. Amy Browne Townsend, daughter of Mrs. Browne, has now succeeded her mother as Chairman of our Scholarship Committee. Amy, by the way, was one of those who received a spray of syringa at the 50th Anniversary.

As we read the record of accomplishments of the young women to whom awards have been made, and as we look forward to the future recipients — all to be either descendants of pupils of the school or Cambridge girls of similar calibre — we may feel that here indeed the Berkeley Street School will always live.

CAMBRIDGE, THE FOCAL POINT OF PURITAN LIFE

By Henry Hallam Saunderson

Read April 22, 1947

THE common interpretation of Puritanism is a direct reversal of the historical reality. It is doubtful if any important movement in history has ever been more completely misrepresented. A progressive people have been described as conservative. A movement for breadth is spoken of as narrow. The endeavor to develop and apply kindly, merciful and humane principles has been misrepresented as a movement for inhumane ways of doing things. Puritanism in England should be compared with the environing life of the same period. The Puritans in New England should be compared with the people who had been opposed to them in the homeland. This will show that the Puritan has been most unjustly accused of faults that were not his. To him have been attributed purposes which he did not originate but which, indeed, he was endeavoring to remedy.

It is commonly said that Puritanism was destructive of art and literature; that it looked askance at all beauty and distrusted joyous living. Critics of Puritanism should remember that it produced Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

People who read the literature of early Puritan years in New England are likely to be impressed with the idea that laws were exceedingly harsh, and punishments degrading. Critics of the Puritans cite the ducking-stool, the stocks, and the cage. These common devices were not invented by the Puritans, but were copied temporarily from England, and appear in colonial legislation. One excellent source of information concerning the actual operation of laws, and the inflictions of punishments, is old diaries. Years ago a reward was offered, and has not yet been claimed, for proof that anybody in New England was ever put into a ducking-stool. Puritan methods of punishment were an endeavor to appeal to the force of public opinion in support of the observance of law. Archaic punishments were soon rejected.

Puritan law-making in New England shows a profound respect for human welfare and human rights. There were very few crimes for which capital punishment was inflicted. In England at that time there were two hundred crimes and misdemeanors which carried the death penalty. It seems hardly believable that little boys were taken out and hanged for such trifling offenses as taking apples from orchards. Long and hopeless imprisonments were inflicted for debt. "Time was when slaves were exported like cattle from the British coast, and exposed for sale in the Roman market. These men and women, who were thus sold, were supposed to be guilty of witchcraft, debt, blasphemy or theft" says William Pitt. Puritanism in England was endeavoring to cure such barbarities by the application of a higher sense of human worth. Puritanism in New England never copied such atrocities.

The New England Puritan, if rightly understood, emerges into a clearer light of appreciation. Too long has he stood in the sombre shadows of misunderstanding. Historical researches are bringing us to a fuller knowledge of the conditions of life in England, and in New England, and also in other lands, three centuries ago. We recall that from 1630 to 1640 took place that unique migration which brought more than twenty thousand Puritans from England to the new Colony of Massachusetts Bay. There is no justification for the fact that the life of these people, during the next half-century, is sometimes painted in dark colors. Their life does not justify the deep shadows which are sometimes cast upon it. It is much to be regretted that the word Puritanism has come to be synonymous with conservatism, narrow-mindedness, gloom and bigotry. Neither here nor in England did Puritanism deserve such condemnation.

The plain truth is that the Puritans of England, three centuries and more ago, were the progressive party in English politics. They were also the liberal party in the established Church of England. The Puritan in England, at that time, if we look at him with seeing eyes, appears not as a personification of darkness, but as a messenger of light. And the Puritans of the great migration to New England were the more adventurous and the more progressive element of this liberal and progressive party. Very often these people have been represented as fugitives from oppression; people who fled to the wilderness to escape the normal life of their country. Not at all; they came as the creators of a new era. Their com-

ing was not a gesture of despair but an expression of high courage and an assertion of hope.

One serious reason for the traditional misunderstanding of the life of the Puritans of New England is that their life is contrasted with the life of enlightened people of today. From this point of view their life may seem gloomy and their laws restrictive. But we have only to look at the life from which they emerged, and the laws which they left behind, to see that they began to build their civilization anew with a more humane spirit and a greater emphasis on the worth of life.

It is altogether admirable that their moral fibre was, indeed, toughened by their contest with the wilderness. They had a sternness which was necessarily coupled with their courage. Their methods of life were more serious, for they were very much in earnest about their ideals. They had, indeed, a glowing idealism, a spiritual ardor, and a stern joy which transformed their life and made it creative of the beauty and grace which came with the happier years that followed.

It is strange that critics of the Puritans take minor incidents of their life here, and magnify those incidents into grounds for wholesale condemnation of these pioneers. Let us look at one such incident. When certain dissolute people erected a Maypole in territory within the border of this colony, the Puritan authorities interfered with their intemperance. This has been cited as evidence that Puritanism was joy-less. But the feet that danced around the Maypole were not the feet

> Whose stern impassioned stress
> A thoroughfare for freedom beat
> Across the wilderness.

The Puritans were moral athletes who were glad to adopt strenuous disciplines as do some of their descendants who are on athletic teams in our colleges today.

Some people today, reading old diaries, express themselves as shocked that our Puritan ancestors worshipped in winter in unheated churches. But these critics overlook the fact that at that time nowhere in the world was a large room provided with an adequate heating system; means for such heating had not yet been invented.

Again people read of old remedies for sickness used by our Puritan ancestors and say that the people of those times inflicted unnecessary

misery on themselves. But people forget that the simple fact of the circulation of the blood was discovered only about the time of the great Puritan migration to these shores. The Puritans were as progressive as any other people in medical matters. But all medical knowledge, at that time, was crude and rudimentary.

I might go on answering these superficial criticisms of the Puritans, but time and space are limited. I offer, however, this proposition: The Puritans should be compared with other peoples of their time. If this is done we discover that the Puritans were pioneers seeking to establish a life higher and more humane than the life of their contemporaries.

The Background of Puritanism

We should now ask and answer some fundamental questions if we are to have clearly in mind who these Puritans were who created Massachusetts and developed here a new pattern for living. Whence came they and what was their background?

The answers to these questions will have to be brief indeed. There is not time, in this present hour, to trace the sources of Puritan culture at all adequately. A mere outline will have to suffice. In a few minutes we must get a glimpse of five centuries of history.

Go with me then in imagination to the day in the year 1215 when the obstinate and infuriated King John of England faced a group of the powerful nobles of his kingdom, and put his mark on Magna Charta. (King John was illiterate and could not write his own name.) Magna Charta is the root of progressive government for all English-speaking nations. It substituted a declaration of human rights for the erratic and arbitrary will of an autocratic monarch.

Look again and see a few years later the creation of the English House of Commons. It embodied the principle that "taxation without representation is tyranny." That House, in the course of centuries, became the highest power in the government of England.

Pass along to the next century and see the greatest English scholar of his age, John Wycliffe. He saw that the English people could attain their freedom more surely if they were educated, and also if there were the dynamic of a religious purpose impelling them toward a higher life. He did an epoch-making work; out of the various English dialects he

created a common English language. Then he translated the Bible from its Latin version into English. This was before the invention of printing, but he enlisted the devoted service of a large group of educated men. They made copies of the Bible, and parts of it, and went out to teach. The Bible was their one text-book. A great inspired life was the result of this educational movement. The English people learned to love the book which was the implement of this new life.

It was about two years' work of a skilled penman to make one copy of the Bible. But in the next century came the invention of printing, which made possible the multiplication of this work by tens of thousands. Thus there was a physical means for general education.

The progress of successive translations of the Bible is a romantic and a tragic story. The autocratic authorities of church and kingdom sought to check the popular movement until they realized that a very large element of the English people would have the Bible even though some men paid for it with their lives.

Thus two movements in England flowed along together: the increasing power of the House of Commons in government, and the educational movement of producing, reading, and interpreting the Bible. In other words: increasing democracy was essentially a religious movement. The men who opposed autocracy in the succession of English kings and queens opposed autocracy in the English Church. The demands for political docility and for religious conformity were met by the united opposition of a powerful minority of the English people.

Puritans and Politics

It was early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that this party which loved the Bible supremely and asserted the right of private judgment came to have a name, and that name was invented by one of their most powerful critics and enemies. The work "Puritan" was applied to them in derision, but it came to be a term of honor. It was inevitable that when tens of thousands of men in England were united in a supreme religious purpose they should come to have a sense of solidarity. When they acquired a definite name they gained in influence and importance. As this party gathered unto itself the men who were most original in their thinking, most independent in their judgment, most spiritual in

their interpretation of religion, the party of the Puritans came to have a large political significance as well as an enormous religious meaning. Being ready to defy the archbishop and the sovereign in religious matters, they ceased to be docile and meek in governmental matters. Just as they championed the right of men to think for themselves in religion, they became the leaders of political reform. During the long reign of Elizabeth the Puritans were able continuously to elect a majority of the English House of Commons. In the meetings of that company of representatives of the common people, men gained priceless experience in the methods of popular government. They learned to think in terms of the welfare of the whole nation; they learned how to make motions and second them and debate them and vote upon them. Their autocratic sovereign might veto their decisions, but they did not find that to be any reason for desisting from their plan and purpose of gaining for the common people a large influence in governmental matters. Puritanism came to be the representative of the aspirations of the common people for a larger degree of political freedom.

The Puritans believed, just as strongly as did the high-church party, that in England there should be one great established church; but they believed that the church should be thoroughly purified of its inheritance from the dark ages. The Puritans were willing to use the Book of Common Prayer, but they resisted the claims made in its behalf, that it was to have autocratic authority over their consciences and their religious habits.

The Puritans placed great emphasis upon education; they wanted the common people to have increased opportunities for enlightenment. Especially they wanted a scholarly ministry; they wanted to provide a sufficient number of educated men to fill their pulpits; men who were capable of addressing intelligent audiences and stating religion in intelligent terms. They wanted a ministry which would encourage in people originality of thinking, and who would cultivate in the people direct personal, vital experience of God.

The high-church party distrusted the general spirit of enlightenment; they distrusted the movement for encouraging the people to read and interpret the Bible for themselves; they feared the growing movement for popular government; they looked with alarm upon the leaders of the House of Commons. They did their utmost to impress upon the

people the attitude of meekness and docility. They were willing to fill the pulpits of the parish churches with men who would obediently read the prescribed ritual.

Time after time there were tragic movements for the suppression of Puritanism. Hundreds and hundreds of the most devout and the most highly educated and the most progressive of the clergymen of the Church of England were deprived of their livings. Poverty and exile and death were used as the terrible means for enforcing conformity, but the Puritan movement combined within itself the Progressive Party in English politics and the broad-church party in the established Church of England. Between Puritanism and the authorities of the Church there was an irrepressible conflict.

Intensifying the Conflict

Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603 the history of England enters upon a new era. James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England, and he was the first of the Stuart line of kings. Queen Elizabeth had asserted, as had her father, Henry VIII., that the sovereign of England was the head of the Church of England; but James I., exceedingly arrogant, carried that idea further than his predecessor had ever dreamed of carrying it. He definitely formulated the idea of the "divine right of kings." He was determined to push the principle of autocracy in church and state to its utmost limits.

After a reign of twenty-two years, James I. was succeeded by his son, Charles I., a man as obstinate, as arrogant, and as opinionated as his father, but with even less of wisdom or of tact. When James I. died in 1625 there were some things in his autocratic policies that were not yet carried through to completion. Charles I. determined, not only to do what his father would have liked to do, but to go beyond even his father's policies.

Charles I. saw that Puritanism dominated the English House of Commons, — therefore he resolved to get rid of that power which sought to restrict him. He demanded of Parliament a vote of large sums of money to be raised by taxation in order that the royal plans might be carried out. Parliament was willing to grant the King modest sums of money on condition of political and religious reforms. The lines came

to be very sharply drawn. The House of Commons stood for the rights of the people of England, and was determined to control taxation. The King pushed, even further than had his royal father, the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and regarded as treason and blasphemy all endeavors to resist the royal will. Therefore Charles I. resolved to rule England without Parliament, and to raise vast sums of money by extortion.

Discoveries and explorations had given to the people of England a knowledge of a new continent to the westward. During these trying times many of the Puritan people were saying that if in England they could not carry out their progressive plans in religion and politics they might create a new England in the North American wilderness. It seems paradoxical that Charles I. was pleased with this plan, but he saw in it two possibilities which seemed to favor his policies. He saw first that a migration of Puritans across the Atlantic would divide his opponents. He believed, too, that if a large company of English people were developing the virgin resources of the American seacoasts, forests, streams, fields, and possibly the mines, he might, by new taxation, fill his depleted treasury from these new sources.

It is one of the strangest paradoxes of all history that during one week in March, 1629, Charles I. dissolved the English Parliament, not to reassemble it for a decade, and also signed the charter of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.

The Great Migration

It was a common thing in those days for the head of a business organization to be called Governor; and at that time there were many projects for transporting large numbers of people to distant parts of the world in order to develop new resources. Charles I. believed that he was signing the charter of a commercial company. The Puritans, however, were determined that the organization of that company should be the beginning of a movement for a new political government. In the course of a few months John Winthrop was named Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. Charles I. regarded that title as equivalent to that of business manager of a colonizing corporation. The Puritans knew that his title of Governor was to carry with it the significance of head of the new government.

The Puritans were shrewd enough in their negotiations with the King to avoid saying anything in the charter about where the seat of government should be. In their hearts they were determined that it should not be kept in England nor under royal control. When the charter had been signed it was guarded as a priceless possession; and in April 1630 John Winthrop, with a little fleet of ships, set sail for the North American coast, carrying with him that charter which was destined to be the foundation for a new government of mighty influence. He arrived in the harbor of Salem in June 1630, and, after a brief survey of that part of the coast, he sailed into the mouth of the Charles River and made his final landing. With their feet upon American soil the people that were with him held a popular election and John Winthrop was thus elected Governor of Massachusetts.

During the next ten years twenty thousand people followed in this migration and established many communities and developed their colonial government. What they did in that decade is one of the great achievements of human history.

Now let us review the early years here. There is something highly dramatic about the Puritan migration. Sometimes the congregation of a church in England acted in coöperation. The able-bodied people turned their immovable property into money, gathered up their portable possessions, arranged for ships for the voyage, and migrated together. Arrived here, they explored what was to them unknown territory, made a quick choice of an area to be settled upon, and proceeded with haste to build homes for permanent living. In such a group you have more than the sum of the individuals: you have fellowship, a united purpose, a spirit of coöperation.

During the long voyages there must have been much discussion of the vital problems of what must be done in the new life and how it should be done. Especially did the leaders of this great migration shape tentative plans for their new life. But in our study of this movement, which established this Commonwealth and shaped a pattern for our Republic, we should keep constantly in mind that the whole movement was an experiment. These men were doing something which had never been done before, and for which there were no precedents. The leaders of the movement had a charter for a commercial company; but under that charter they were determined to create a political government. They

knew that what they did in that project would arouse the suspicion of King Charles, and that armed conflict might result. Their concern over this phase of their enterprise was fully justified even before their migration was completed.

A Capital for the Colony

This gave great importance to the plans of the leaders for a seat of government. They began promptly to explore the land with this problem in view. Groups of people chose for settlement Salem, Charlestown, Boston, Roxbury, Dorchester and Watertown. But the leaders decided, before the end of December 1630, to create a town for the definite purpose of making it the seat of government. Boston was regarded as too vulnerable if the royal ships should make an invasion; and so the choice was made of what is now Old Cambridge; and the name Newtowne was chosen for this community.

Many of us can remember when the tides flowed and ebbed in this part of the Charles River. Doubtless some of you remember when your winter's supply of coal came on barges which were towed up the river. Our early settlers believed that the royal ships would not undertake to come up the river. So the matter of safety was a strong argument for this choice. Another argument was convenience for those who lived in various other towns, and who would live in towns yet to be settled.

Thus Newtowne was started. The agreement was hastily made that the officers of government should build, each one, his house here; except one already settled in Salem and one who returned to England. In 1631 Thomas Dudley proceeded in good faith to build his home here, as did also his son-in-law Simon Bradstreet. Thus Thomas Dudley, Deputy-Governor, became the real founder of this community. The Governor, John Winthrop, began to build a house but did not complete it.

The convenience of holding meetings of the Governor, Deputy-Governor and the Assistants was a strong argument for the plan of each one building his house here. But there was also the problem of how these men should make a living. If by salt-water commerce, Boston Harbor was greatly superior to these shores of the Charles River. Then, too, the officers of government had very important duties in guiding the newly arriving shiploads of people. These people were coming in great numbers – averaging two thousand each season. They needed quick deci-

sions made as to where they should look for land for their new settlements. Therefore it is not to be regarded as failure to keep good faith that so many of the men in the government revised the plan for building their houses in Newtowne.

This does not mean, however, that the idea of Newtowne as the capital was abandoned immediately. The General Court, as the officers of the government were called, met first at Charlestown in the summer of 1630. From then till May 1634 the sessions were held in Boston. Then they were held in Newtowne till May 1636. A session was next held at Boston but Newtowne was again the chosen place from April 1637 to September 1638. After that Boston was definitely chosen as the place of meeting.

This applies to the sessions of the General Court. But there were other gatherings of great importance. Occasionally a call went out for a general assembly of the whole voting population of the colony. And this community was the place most convenient for such a gathering. If on Cambridge Common you follow the walk nearest to Massachusetts Avenue, and pause at a spot opposite the Hemenway Gymnasium, you can see a substantial tablet. It marks the site of an oak tree, which had attained impressive size in those early years. That tree was often used as a landmark for these general assemblies of the Freemen — the legal voters — of the Colony. The tree has disappeared but a young scion of the Washington Elm stands in its place. This ancient oak is important in our further story. The open-air elections were held there and had important results in the government of the Colony. It marked an important point in Puritan life.

Taxation and Representation

Meantime another phase of the plans for Newtowne as the capital had unexpected consequences. The community was to be made safer by the building of a palisade. As the safety of the Capital was of value to the whole colony, the General Court announced a tax on all the towns to pay for the palisade. The total tax was sixty pounds and this was assessed in approximately equal sums on the various towns. The amount to be paid by our near neighbor, Watertown, was eight pounds.

Watertown had been settled in 1630 by Sir Richard Saltonstall and a group of about forty men who set sail from Cowes, England, near the

Isle of Wight, their ship being part of Winthrop's fleet. On July 30, in the year 1630, these men met for prayer and consultation. They drew up a church covenant and signed it; and thus became the second church of this Puritan migration, its only predecessor being the church in Salem. Thus Watertown was founded.

George Phillips was the first minister of the church in Watertown, and his pastorate continued for fourteen years. He was a man of deep religious convictions and also had large ability as a leader in secular affairs.

Incidentally, let us note that the General Court, holding a session in Charlestown on September seventh, 1630 ordered that "Trimountain be called Boston; Mattapan, Dorchester; and the town upon the Charles River, Watertown." Thus was chosen the name of that new settlement.

Under the leadership of their minister, George Phillips, the men of Watertown gave evidence of clear thinking on fundamental questions of government. When this tax for the palisade protecting Newtowne was levied, a meeting of the men of Watertown was called and the matter was debated at length. The decision was reached to protest against the tax — not from any objection to Newtowne as the capital, nor from any criticism of the plan for its protection, but on the ground that taxes could not legally be levied by the government of the colony without the consent of the people who were to pay the tax.

The amount of money involved in the incident was small, but the principle was vastly important. The people feared that this tax would establish a precedent. Their statement included the declaration that it was "not safe to pay monies after that sort, for fear of bringing themselves and posterity into bondage." The leaders of Watertown were summoned before the General Court to be examined for their resistance. Their argument was that they could not lawfully be taxed without their consent. A fresh examination of the Charter of the Colony showed that it did not contain any provision for raising money by such taxation. The men of Watertown won their argument that day.

The incident led to a radical change in the government of the Colony. It was agreed that each town choose deputies who should share in the government. This established the pattern of government for our Commonwealth, giving us our State Senate and our House of Representatives. And this is reproduced in the Congress of this Republic.

Be it noted again that those early creators of this Commonwealth were making a great experiment. They explored their procedure step by step. They had a charter for a commercial company; and only slowly could they evolve the constitution of a new political government. They had to maintain their charter in order that they might continue their colonial experiment. It was an achievement of a high degree of importance that they did succeed in carrying their political adventure through to a splendid success.

The plan of a palisade for the protection of Newtowne was carried through. A writer in 1633 speaks of its site as "too far from the sea, being the greatest inconvenience it hath." But he goes on to say that it is "one of the neatest and best compacted townes in New England" and adds that the inhabitants are prosperous and have plenty of cattle. He says that they have "many hundred acres of land paled in with a general fence, which secures all their weaker cattle from the wild beasts."

There is evidence that some of the poles, driven into the ground to form the palisade, took root, and produced trees which have not yet died out entirely. It was in 1632 that the General Court imposed the tax for this palisade. Evidently the project was completed promptly and a good many families availed themselves of its added protection.

The Coming of Thomas Hooker

Newtowne was about to enter on a new phase of its life. In 1632 a congregation from Braintree, in the County of Essex, England, came over to the Colony and began a settlement near Mt. Wollaston. Today the name Braintree reminds us of this. But in August of that year they decided to move bodily to Newtowne. Thomas Hooker had been their minister in England, but had been forced to flee to Holland. During 1633 he managed to make the voyage across the Atlantic and to take charge of his congregation here. They organized a church, and all seemed promising for Newtowne with its increased population and its very capable religious and political leader, Thomas Hooker. We should emphasize Hooker's political ideas, and the fact that he had become suddenly the leader of the town which had been established as the expected capital of the Colony.

Thomas Hooker was a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge,

England, as were John Harvard and John Cotton. For twenty years John Cotton was rector of St. Botolph's in Boston, England, the most magnificent parish church in England. He came to this colony and immediately became associated with John Wilson, who, in 1630, had become minister of the church in Boston.

Another valuable addition to the ministry was another scholar, Samuel Stone, who became Hooker's associate in the church in Newtowne. And if you think that those early Puritans were always excessively solemn, recall that one of them wrote that the necessities of life were well provided for — that Stone meant building material, Cotton meant clothing, and Hooker gave assurance of fish for food. Stone, Hooker and Cotton crossed the Atlantic on the same ship.

Not long was the close association of these men to continue. John Cotton saw clearly the necessity of building the colonial government within the framework of the royal charter which put great responsibility on the Governor, Deputy-Governor and their Assistants. From his place in Boston he could look out on Boston Harbor and imagine the arrival of the warships of the tyrant King Charles. He worked closely with the most distinguished member of his church, John Winthrop.

On the other hand, Thomas Hooker shows a strange lack of concern for the practical necessity of working within the framework of the royal charter. When he arrived in the colony, the great migration had not yet run half its course. People were concerned for their very existence. Yet Hooker wanted to put into practice certain principles which would have endangered the degree of stability already attained and might have jeopardized the existing government.

He criticized sharply the exercise of authority by the General Court. He, a new arrival, declared his ideas wiser than those of the men who had carried the burden of administrative matters from the very beginning of the colony. He was especially urgent that all important decisions be made by popular vote and that the cautious limitations on the suffrage be swept aside. Under his plans, men newly-arrived would be allowed to share in decisions which might mean "sink or swim, survive or perish" for the whole great adventure which was destined to shape the lives of more than twenty thousand people who were risking themselves, and all they had in the world, on this colonization project.

The great debate between those who held the views of Hooker and

those who held the views of the men of the existing government was centered here in Newtowne. In a very real sense, this community was the focal point of Puritan life. Thomas Hooker and John Cotton faced each other in the arena of this vastly important debate. They were both great men. Each held his convictions with the utmost fortitude. Each saw clearly his own principles. But, fortunately, each had breadth of mind and each put restraint on his own expressions of his views. Otherwise they might have allowed this debate to become bitter personal strife with disastrous consequences. Hooker decided soon to leave the scene of the debate, and to seek an open field for his ideas.

Explorers ranged far and wide in New England, studying the land. Reports, which interested Hooker greatly, told of spacious unoccupied areas of land in the valley of the Connecticut River. He planned to lead a migration thither. He petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts for permission to go. After stating economic reasons for the plan he gave another reason, more comprehensive: "the strong bent of their spirits to remove thither." We may safely assume that he felt that only by such a move as this would he find room for the expression, in a government, of his ideas.

It is easy to see why some of the men of Watertown were attracted by Hooker's ideas of government. They had already made a dramatic claim for the rights of the common people. They shaped their plans for migration under the guidance of a minister of their choice, Henry Smith. A large group from the Dorchester church made similar plans with their pastor, William Wareham. Of course most of the people who had arrived in Newtowne with Hooker were ready to follow him loyally in this new adventure.

The Departure of Thomas Hooker

The pioneers of the migration started in 1635 and the others followed in 1636. The three groups from Newtowne, Watertown and Dorchester founded three towns in the Connecticut Valley: Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor. Hooker was the guiding spirit of the migration and the organizing genius of their new life. These people were in the position of squatters on virgin soil. They had no charter and were outside the territory of any government. Hooker, therefore, could make con-

crete his ideas of government which had been but untried theories. Within a year there were eight hundred people who had migrated to these three towns in the Connecticut Valley.

They organized their town governments. Then, after taking time for the study of Hooker's plans, they chose their deputies to create a General Court, the first session of which was held on May 31, 1638. Thus they created a colonial government. In this action the Colony of Connecticut came into existence. On January 14, 1639, a great meeting of all the Freemen of the Colony was held in Hartford and a written Constitution was adopted as the foundation of the Colony. In these words Hooker declared his fundamental principle: "The foundation of authority is laid in the free consent of the people." The people may create a central government, but it possesses only such powers as are delegated to it by the people who are its creator.

Hooker's political genius is revealed in the organizing of that little colony. The signing of Magna Charta in England in 1215 was a great event. It put aside the autocratic will of a king and put in its place a written document. But it did not create a government. The signing of the compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower* by the Pilgrims was not the creation of a constitution for a government. But in Connecticut a written constitution was adopted and on it a government was built. This was the first time this had ever been done. And the guiding genius was the man who had been the first minister of the first church in this community of Newtowne. The immortal document is called the "Fundamental Orders of Connecticut." Let us remember that it is not based on any royal authority and makes no reference to any existing government. It is a creation of original genius. The fact that so few people were involved in it does not detract from its significance. When 150 years later the Articles of Confederation of the United States were drafted, we see Hooker's hand in these words: "Each state retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence; and every power, jurisdiction, and right, which is not by this Confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." Hooker's words must have influenced Thomas Jefferson.

Men ask, Why could not the leaders of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay have adopted Hooker's ideas when he was still here in Newtowne? Because the work of government here had to be done within the frame-

work of a royal charter, and because our leaders were guiding the settlement of twenty thousand migrating people. More time was required here to shape the government. But in time the royal charter was relegated to a secondary place, and Massachusetts became as fine an expression of democracy as was Connecticut in the beginning.

When the great Puritan migration was scarcely half over, King Charles did demand the surrender of the Charter of Massachusetts, for he was alarmed by the news that the leaders here were really shaping a political government. The reply of the leaders here was to secrete the charter, fortify Boston Harbor, and appoint an emergency commission to conduct any war which might ensue. Affairs looked ominous in the extreme.

But it is strange how a trifling incident in a far-off country can make important changes. In Scotland a woman threw a stool at the head of a bishop — and Massachusetts was safe for many years to come.

King Charles, though of the Stuart line of Scottish kings, was King of England. He was supported, in his extreme claims of autocratic power, by the higher clergy of the Church of England. In England he demanded the utmost conformity. Suddenly he decided to force the Church of England ritual on the people of Scotland. In St. Giles' Church in Edinburgh an English bishop attempted to read that ritual. There it was that a Scotch woman turned and picked up her stool and flung it — with good aim — at his head. This dramatized the resistance of the Scottish people. The Scotch Covenanters were organized, and Charles saw in a flash that he had troubles near home and could let "Rebel Boston" go its own way. Events in England progressed rapidly. During the decade from 1629 Charles had not summoned Parliament. But in 1640 Parliament came into session and earned the title of the "Long Parliament." In a few years the royal army and the army of the Parliament met in battle. The civil war ended in a parliamentary victory, and the English commonwealth was established under Oliver Cromwell. King Charles was tried and beheaded as an enemy of the people.

The great Puritan migration ended in 1640. The New England Puritans were busy consolidating their gains. They could see more clearly the meaning of their ideals as those ideals were being translated into concrete realities.

An Educational Adventure

Let us now turn back and look again at our community of Newtowne. It was in June 1636 that Thomas Hooker made his own exit. With him went a large part of the population of the town. But this was not a ghost town. In the autumn of 1635 Thomas Shepard had come, with his English congregation, seeking a place of settlement. As Hooker's people moved out of their houses, the ashes scarcely cooled on their hearths as Shepard's people moved in. These Puritans were practical business people and there must have been a lively time of commerce for real estate agents as property changed hands. The town filled up as rapidly as it emptied. Thomas Shepard reorganized the church in Newtowne, building on the foundation of Hooker's organization. He married Hooker's daughter and discussed the idea of going to the Connecticut Valley. But his decision to continue here was wise, for he had a distinguished career as minister and wielded an influence in the affairs of the entire colony. Connecticut could not have offered him a comparable opportunity.

The Puritan leaders were turning with courage and vigor to the carrying out of one of their most significant projects: the founding of a college. It is estimated that of the people who came to Massachusetts in the great Puritan migration, one in every two hundred was a college graduate. It was largely because the leaders of colonial affairs recognized in Thomas Shepard a minister of fine scholarship and of deep piety that this community, Newtowne, was chosen as the site of the college.

Harvard College began its existence on October 28, in the year 1636 when the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay voted to give four hundred pounds toward a college. The college was ordered to be at Newtowne, which was promptly named Cambridge. The first Board of Overseers consisted of Governor Winthrop and the leading magistrates and ministers of the Colony.

The real founder of the college was John Harvard. He was born in London in 1607. He graduated from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1632, and, after being ordained to the ministry, joined the great Puritan migration to New England. He was promptly elected assistant pastor of the church in Charlestown.

His life here was of tragic brevity. He died on September 14, in the

year 1638. But he left his library of 400 volumes and half his property to the college where the first Freshman Class was just entering. This bequest of money was nearly twice as much as the sum voted by the General Court. The following spring the General Court voted "that the college agreed upon formerly to be built at Cambridge shall be called Harvard College."

I find an account of the first years of Harvard which names Nathaniel Eaton as the first President. But I have the catalogue, published by Harvard, which gives the record of the officers of administration and instruction and the names of all graduates for the early years. And Henry Dunster is named as the first President and his term of office is recorded as beginning on August 27, in the year 1640. The first Commencement was in 1642 and there was a graduating class of nine.

Nathaniel Eaton was appointed Head Master in 1638. He was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and he seemed well-fitted for the position. But he was a great disappointment. He seems to have had in mind, for Harvard College, merely a picture of a second-class boarding school. Flogging the students was a method of discipline copied from English schools. The Head Master's wife was in charge of the living arrangements of the students, and is said to have done her work very badly.

Matters came to a crisis when Eaton gave a merciless beating, with a stout club, to an assistant. He was brought into court, found guilty, and fined. He was promptly dismissed from his position.

Henry Dunster was 30 years old when appointed. He was a graduate of Magdalene College, Cambridge. He was truly a great scholar, a Christian gentleman, a man of vision and of executive ability. He built up the college very efficiently. Among other things accomplished was obtaining the charter under which Harvard still operates. Cambridge, at the time of the founding of Harvard, was a little village on the bank of the Charles River. The primeval forest began at the site of the present Law School. Between it and the river was an area of cleared land. The village center was at what later was named Harvard Square. South of the Square, down to the sites of the present Freshman Dormitories, stood most of the dwellings of the inhabitants of Cambridge. To the north of Harvard Square there was space for what was to be the Harvard Yard, and the first buildings of the new College. The

first building was named "Harvard College" and was on the site of Grays. Later buildings were each named a "College" and early pictures speak of the group of buildings as "the colleges."

The purpose of the founding of Harvard should be stated. Doubtless we are all familiar with this statement published in 1643:

"After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessities for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the Civil Government; One of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to Posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the Churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the Dust."

It is sometimes said that Harvard was a theological school — its one purpose to train ministers for the churches. But the College Charter, written in 1650, states very definitely that the purpose of Harvard was to be "the advancement of all good literature, arts, and sciences. . . . and all other necessary provisions that may conduce to the education of the English and Indian youth of this country in knowledge and godliness."

Notice that the statement of purpose of 1643 says "to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity." It does not name theological instruction exclusively. President Dunster appealed for books on law and medicine so that Harvard could train lawyers and physicians. And the General Court declared that the College was also to educate men "fit for magistracie." The curriculum established by Dunster included studies in botany, physics, and astronomy. The College, we can see, planned from its early years to promote scholarship, to build up character, and to educate leaders for the State and the Church. And note that, in the Puritan Communities, the ministers were not only Churchmen but leaders in all things that promoted civic welfare.

In what I have said of these early years of Harvard College I have intended to show that that institution was part of the major project of Puritan life, to establish and perpetuate *a community of enlightened people.*

Schools and Books

And before turning to another phase of Puritan life, I want to point out that with the high standard of scholarship established by the first

President of Harvard there was need of an adjoining preparatory school. This was founded in Cambridge, and its courses of study led directly into the College. Such schools, called Grammar Schools, were also established in seven other communities: Boston, Charlestown, Salem, Dorchester, Roxbury, Braintree and Dedham.

Let it be added here that public schools were established in every community of the Colony when the population was large enough to justify a primary school. Thus we see that Harvard was linked through the grammar schools with the whole public school system of the colony.

The laws of 1642 and 1647 of the Colony were very progressive. An essential policy was that of universal, tax-supported and state-controlled schools. This idea of public schools, to provide education for the entire population, has become a distinctive feature of American life, and the influence of this idea has spread far beyond even our Continental borders.

Another project of great importance in the plans of the Puritans was the establishment of a book-publishing business. In 1635 Jesse Glover, a wealthy Puritan clergyman from England, was in Boston and was deeply interested in the whole Puritan adventure. He had a special interest in education. He was sent back to England in the spring of 1636 to find the necessary funds and secure a printing-press. He was successful in his errand. How much of his own money he invested is uncertain but he secured additional gifts in England and Holland. He bought a good press and a font of type. He engaged a good printer, one John Daye, who was willing to migrate to New England and to serve the Puritan cause. Glover, with his family, his equipment and his printer, sailed for New England in 1638.

Unfortunately Glover died on the voyage, but his widow continued the significant project; and the printing-press was set up here in Cambridge. It is evident that as early as 1636, when Glover went to England for the press, the ideas of the leaders included the plan of having a close association between the College and the work of publishing. Events moved unexpectedly in that direction, for the young man Dunster, after he became President of Harvard, married Mrs. Glover. Thus the publishing enterprise gained a very close connection with the new educational institution. One of the early publications of the press was the Bay Psalm Book. The Book of Psalms was newly translated by scholarly

ministers of churches of the Colony. A few copies of this significant work have survived. One copy sold recently for more than $150,000.

John Eliot, apostle to the Indians, translated the whole Bible into the language of the neighboring Indians. This book was also published by the newly-established press.

Dealing with Dissenters

While the Puritan leaders were carrying forward their highly significant enterprises, they had to deal with forces which endangered the very existence of their Colony, in which increasing thousands of people were investing themselves, their lives, and all that they possessed in the world. Sometimes modern critics of the Puritan leaders say that they fled from England to obtain religious freedom and then denied to others what they sought for themselves. This is a serious misinterpretation of their adventure in colonization. I repeat: their attitude was not that of fugitives from oppression but that of the creators of a new manner of life.

They had the outline of a new political state, and they wanted to see if it would work. They wagered everything on that project. They wanted to create an enlightened community, under the leadership of an educated ministry, and governed by godly men. They wanted a community which aimed at promoting the welfare of the entire population; a community in which there should be no poverty and no illiteracy.

Every Puritan church in the colony was a community church. It had the power to write its own creed and covenant. Let us bear in mind that these Puritans never created a central creed-making power, nor any autocracy which could dictate to the churches in any phase of their life. In order that the town governments and the colonial government might be in the hands of godly men, they bestowed the rights of Freemen only on the worthy members of their churches. This was fair and right in an administration which carried the responsibilities of so great an investment. They had a right to carry through their experiment; to see if a community so conceived, so organized and so administered "could long endure."

Probably the severest criticisms of early Puritanism here are based on the erroneous idea that there could have been toleration of various individuals and groups whose religious opinions differed sharply from the

faith of the Puritan leaders. But those who make these severe criticisms fail to realize that individuals and groups of people came into the territory of the colony and endeavored to overturn the government by the political application of erratic religious ideas. The Puritan authorities were not suppressing religious opinions as such, but were defending the stability of their government against those who would destroy it.

An example of this is found in the case of Roger Williams. He asserted far-sighted principles of religious liberty. But he began, very soon after his arrival here, to proclaim the idea that the Charter of the Colony was entirely illegal; that King Charles had no rightful power to grant the Charter; that the Colony had no legal claim to the territory which it occupied. And this idea he projected into every corner of the Colony.

It is said by modern critics of the Puritans that for his ideas of religious liberty Roger Williams was driven forth alone into the wilderness infested with savages. Not at all. The Colonial authorities saw that he was endangering the existence of the Colony, and they provided him with passage on a ship which was about to sail for England. He chose to flee in the night, for he had no desire to be deported. He went southward and founded what is now the State of Rhode Island. He had as yet no charter. That was obtained only in later years.

The Case of Anne Hutchinson

In the midst of the turmoil over the troublesome views of Roger Williams, King Charles proceeded to take action aiming to destroy the Colony. The alarming news reached Boston, and the government had to face the situation. Imagine the meeting of the General Court of Magistrates and Deputies, when they sat at a long table on which was lying a copy of a document by which the King had given to eleven of his courtiers the power to ruin them and all the other people of the Colony. The decisions of that day are poignant. Fortifications were built on Castle Island in Boston Harbor and at Dorchester and Charlestown. The little army of the Colony was recruited and actively trained. A council was formed to manage "any war that might befall."

Facing the danger of war with the Mother country, was it a time for broad toleration of a trouble-maker within the Colony? If they must

fill their powder barrels, should they let one person play with fire in the powder magazine? By a strange coincidence the same ship which brought the copy of the ominous document from England, threatening the very life of the Colony, also brought a woman of great ability, Mrs. Anne Hutchinson. She came in 1634 and had here a picturesque career of four years. At no time was the Colony in graver danger of destruction than when she was at the height of her power. Even while Boston Harbor was being fortified against the royal warships, there was a threat of an invasion by the Indians with the possibility of a general massacre. When the situation was most acute, there was division, even in the military forces of the Colony, over the religious ideas of Anne Hutchinson; and though she was well aware of the danger, she pushed her campaign for the political application of her religious views.

The whole movement, of which she was the leader, is sometimes called the "antinomian controversy." The word "antinomian" means "against the (moral) law." Anne Hutchinson's views can be stated briefly, and they are a vital part of our story. At the time of Christ, the Pharisees had a very elaborate system of ritual which aimed at the complete regulation of men's lives. Christ denounced the Pharisees saying, "They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne and lay them on men's shoulders." This whole system of regulation and repression was called "The Law."

After the death of Christ there was sharp disagreement among his apostles as to the place of "The Law" in the Christian life. Some of them said that if men would become Christian they must first conform to the Jewish "Law." Paul had been brought up strictly as a Pharisee, but had cast aside this burdensome "Law." He wrote, "Now the righteousness of God, without the law, is manifested"; and "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law," and "The righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit," and "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

Biblical scholars of the Puritan times had great skill in translating the Bible from Hebrew and Greek into English — that is, in translating it word for word. But they halted over the interpretation of it. Anne Hutchinson held that these passages which spoke of the law referred to the moral law. She did not know that Paul was setting aside the ritual

law of the Pharisees. And there were many scholars who made the same serious blunder.

Anne Hutchinson, in England, had been greatly influenced by the preaching of John Cotton. When he migrated to Massachusetts, she decided to follow with her family. She joined the Church in Boston of which John Winthrop was the chief member, John Wilson the pastor, and John Cotton newly installed as teacher. But she soon gathered a considerable congregation, on days other than Sunday, for the teaching of her views. The Puritan leaders saw that, whatever the Apostle Paul might have written, the moral law was not set aside. Throughout the whole Colony there was discussion of the views of Anne Hutchinson.

Soon she criticized the Puritan ministers as "under a covenant of works." She declared that John Cotton was "under a covenant of grace" and that so were her followers and herself. She launched a vigorous movement to displace John Wilson as pastor of the Boston Church. She sought to rouse the members of other churches against their ministers. She denounced the government of the Colony.

Such a state of affairs would be distressing at any time; but when it developed while an Indian massacre was dreaded, it was ominous in the extreme. The majority of the Boston soldiers declared themselves to be under a "covenant of grace" and refused to march against the savages under a leader who, they declared, was under a "covenant of works." There was the spectacle of a divided army with the enemy almost at the gates.

The majority of the authorities of the government wanted to check Anne Hutchinson. But they took quick action to transport the guns, powder, and other munitions away from Boston lest the faction dominated by Mrs. Hutchinson seize them. They themselves went from Boston lest they be seized and held helpless. The General Court held its sessions in Newtowne.

Meantime a brilliant young man, Sir Harry Vane, had come from England. In a wave of enthusiasm the Freemen of the Colony had elected him Governor. He lived in Boston and was won over to Mrs. Hutchinson's religious views . His accession to her ranks gave this woman confidence that she could gain political mastery of the Colony.

The General Court sought to check her influence by pointing out the grave danger in which the Colony was placed and commanding that

Mrs. Hutchinson and her followers cease their subversive works. But they replied by drawing up a document condemning the General Court. The time of year was at hand for the annual assembly of the body of Freemen of the Colony and the election of the Governor, Deputy-Governor and Assistants. The meeting was here in Newtowne. I have spoken of a great oak on Cambridge Common which was a geographical center for such meetings. The Boston faction hoped to get quick action adopting their document condemning the General Court and also to re-elect Sir Harry Vane as Governor.

A great crowd assembled, and Sir Harry Vane himself sought to set aside the regular order of business and get action favoring the Boston faction. Other men demanded that the meeting follow the usual order of business. A great tumult broke out, and men came to blows. The venerable pastor of the Boston Church, John Wilson, climbed that great oak tree, to be seen and heard by all, and made a vigorous speech appealing to men to proceed in legal fashion and to unite in defense of the Commonwealth. His counsel prevailed; the young Governor was swept from office, and the same, sober, dependable statesman, John Winthrop, was triumphantly returned to office as Governor. The Colony showed a united front against the savages and the situation was saved. Sir Harry Vane soon returned to England. In the course of time he became Minister for Naval Affairs under Oliver Cromwell. After the Restoration of the Stuart Kings he was beheaded.

But to return to Anne Hutchinson: the General Court saw clearly that the Colony must defend its existence. Mrs. Hutchinson was urged to moderate her propaganda. She refused, even when she was endangering the very life of the Colony. She was tried and sentenced to banishment.

It is said by modern critics of the Puritans that "The saintly woman, Anne Hutchinson, was driven out to be destroyed by the savages," that "Though her only offense was her religious faith, the bigoted Puritans sent her to her death."

But let us look at the facts. In the address to her by the General Court is this clear statement: "Your conscience you may keep to yourself; but if in this cause you shall countenance and encourage those that transgress the law, you must be called in question for it; and that is not for your conscience but for your practice." Here is not a violation of

freedom of conscience but a restriction on political action endangering the existence of the Commonwealth.

Whither was Anne Hutchinson banished? First to a very comfortable home in Roxbury, that of Joseph Welde, brother of the minister of the Roxbury Church, and a member of the General Court. Here she lived for months in quiet and comfort. She was allowed to receive visits from her friends. But she continued her dangerous propaganda. Many statements, however, made at this time contradicted some of her earlier statements. When these falsehoods were pointed out to her she claimed that she had had new revelations from the Holy Spirit.

The scandal of all this was so serious that she was excommunicated by the Boston Church. And the authorities decreed that she must go farther than Roxbury. Where did she go next? To her own farm in Braintree. There she could pause and consider her future course. She was free to go northward to the present site of the City of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and to share the fortunes of her brother-in-law, John Wheelwright. Or she was free to go southward and to associate herself with the followers of Roger Williams. She freely chose the latter course. After some years marked by further strife, she voluntarily left that colony and built a home on the western end of Long Island. There she perished in an Indian uprising. The Puritans of Massachusetts had not the slightest responsibility for her tragic end.

What About the Baptists?

Critics of the Puritans ask why the Baptists were not tolerated in this Colony. They ask, What difference does it make what amount of water is used in baptism? The custom which grew out of the Protestant Reformation was for parents to bring their infants for baptism because it was believed that regeneration took place in the rite. This was the custom among the Puritans. The Baptists, however, held strenuously that baptism was Christian only if the persons baptized were of sufficiently mature years to choose for themselves, and in baptism declared their personal faith.

As a religious teaching, the Puritans could tolerate this. But the Baptists drove hard for the political application of their definition of the name Christian. They asserted that the Puritans had not been bap-

tized; that consequently they were not Christians; and that, further, as only Christians had a legal right to vote in the affairs of Massachusetts, the Puritans were outlawed. The Baptists claimed that only they, the Baptists, could exercise political power.

Thus we see that these militant Baptists were not asking to be tolerated in the Puritan community; they were seeking to dispossess the people who had come here in the Great Migration and had created the Commonwealth. Since any Puritan's ownership of his land and his house upon it rested on the legality of the Puritan government, the militant Baptist propaganda would have made them vagrants and intruders. Of course this absurd propaganda had to be checked. Again we have a situation when this government had to defend itself in order to live at all.

One other phase of Baptist practice was to go into Puritan churches and to interrupt the service of instruction and worship, especially when the service included the baptism of infants.

I have spoken of the scholarly man who was the first President of Harvard College, Henry Dunster, whose term of office was from 1640 to 1654. His departure was a strange event. In his biblical studies he came slowly and reluctantly to the conviction that the Baptist doctrine was the truth. He not only announced openly his newly acquired faith but interrupted a service in the Cambridge Church when infants were brought for baptism. There was great consternation among the clergy of the Colony. Could Harvard College train Puritan ministers under such a man? Dunster was examined. He apologized for disturbing a service, but he asserted vigorously his Baptist convictions. His days of usefulness at Harvard were ended. The authorities removed him.

The Witchcraft Craze

Many people speak and write about the episode of the execution of witches in Salem as if Puritans had invented the whole idea. The matter can be disposed of briefly. A tidal wave of hysteria over witchcraft swept over Europe and barely touched these shores. It is estimated that three thousand persons were put to death in Scotland and tens of thousands in other countries. Here the Puritans took one look at this action and revolted against it. Fewer than a score of "witches" were put to death. The Puritan emphasis on the dignity of human personality was incom-

patible with it. The hysteria checked itself quickly. Samuel Sewall, one of the judges at the witchcraft trials, stood in the broad aisle of his church and, before God and man, asked pardon for condemning anyone as a witch.

It is often said that the Puritans showed themselves harsh and bigoted in their treatment of those peace-loving, gentle people, the Quakers. But anyone who says this shows that he does not know that in those days the Quakers were militant in their determination to shatter other forms of faith and were fanatical in their methods. In the Puritan churches in Massachusetts Quaker women would do shameless things, including yelling and running up and down the aisles and making worship impossible. They called this "testifying before the Lord." Their attitude toward the government differed little from anarchy. The Puritans used restraints against the Quakers not on the ground of religion but on that of preserving the life of the Colony.

Incidentally, let us recall the traditional phrase "The Puritan Blue Laws" long enough to say that such laws never existed here. They were invented by an English visitor who had a distorted sense of humor.

I began this paper with the statement that Puritanism was a progressive movement. This review of the history of the movement is offered in justification of that statement. In conclusion, I want to sum up briefly five important achievements of Puritan life here, all of them related to the life of our own community, Cambridge.

These five achievements are:

1st. Political democracy as expressed in their town meetings and their central colonial government.

2nd. Spiritual self-reliance as expressed in their self-governing churches and in their religious life, which emphasized to the utmost the right of private judgment.

3rd. Popular education as expressed in their great invention of the public school, and the principle that the education of the children should be at the cost of the community, because it was for the welfare of all.

4th. An educated ministry as expressed in their creation of a college for the training of their own young men to fill their pulpits, and the application of the principle that their preachers should appeal to the intelligence of their congregations. Their college was also to train men for a variety of forms of public service.

5th. Their publishing enterprise which aimed at using, for the intellectual and spiritual welfare of the entire population, the great invention of the printing-press.

These five movements were expressions of one central faith, a faith in the powers of human personality; a faith that, in human personality, there are intellectual and spiritual capacities which are best developed by being used. "We learn to do by doing" is a principle of modern education which was anticipated by our Puritan forefathers centuries ago.

The Puritan emphasis on education has been accepted so fully that we can scarcely imagine the time when it was a novelty. But Governor Berkeley of Virginia was contrasting his State with Massachusetts when, in 1670, he wrote this concerning Virginia:

"I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both."

The vitality of Puritan principles continues. They are the principles of a life which perpetuates itself while generations of men come and go. That life has a creative power which does not cease. In all my life this idea of a continuing life in successive centuries has never been more deeply impressed upon my mind than at the time of the Harvard Tercentenary, when we closed the meeting of the Alumni Association with the singing of "Fair Harvard." That immortal song recalls our Puritan founders and speaks of Harvard College as the

> "First flower of their wilderness, star of their night,
> Calm rising through change and through storm."

That first star represents one faculty of scholarly men. Harvard has become a great constellation, many faculties being grouped in it. We have seen its rising. No man can foresee for it any setting or any waning. It represents a light which is eternal, the light of truth. The Harvard shield bears with proud devotion the word VERITAS. Puritan beginnings here were indeed simple, but their consequences are large. And our community, bearing the great name of Cambridge, has an undimmed glory, for eyes that can see.

SOME MUSICAL MEMORIES OF CAMBRIDGE

By Samuel A. Eliot

Read May 27, 1947

IT may appear to some of you that I am trespassing today into fields where I have no right to stray, so I am going first of all to present my credentials. I can do so without any undue self-complacency for the said credentials are not based on any accomplishments of my own. They are inheritances from serviceable forebears — none of them professional musicians any more than I am, but pioneers in the development of musical understanding and appreciation. The story of their forgotten adventures and achievements deserves to be retold and it makes a rather interesting chapter in New England history.

My grandfather — whose name I bear — was a lover of music and eager to cultivate the enjoyment of music among his fellow-citizens whose Puritan inheritances did not include that rich and abundant source of pleasure. One does not think of the founding fathers — the planters of Plymouth or Cambridge — as given to playing a violin or strumming a banjo. They were too busy hewing a settlement out of the wilderness, breaking out farms, rearing their humble dwellings, settling the problems of new types of government in both church and state. My grandfather was born in Boston and lived there most of his life but he was no stranger to our Cambridge scene. He lived here during the seven years of his education and was for many years afterwards associated with the college — a member of the Corporation, treasurer of the college, author of the short history of Harvard. The last years of his life too were spent in Cambridge and he died in the house on Kirkland Street, which some of our older members may remember as later the residence of his niece — Miss Grace Norton. Mr. Eliot was a man of many affairs — active in the business enterprises of the community — active too in public life — for three terms Mayor of Boston and later a member of Congress. Music was his avocation and delight. He had a fine bass voice and in his young manhood organized and conducted the volunteer chorus choir which brought added renown to old Kings Chapel — a pioneer church in many

fields — and the church of which he was long the senior warden. Twice every Sunday — even through the years when he was Mayor of the city — he was in his place in the choir gallery. Music too was the joy of his home life. All the family sang — a habit and felicity, I may add, that has been happily transmitted through three succeeding generations.

It was while he was serving as a member of the School Committee that he not so much found as made an opportunity to start something that proved to have large significance. The tide of interest in musical affairs had begun to flow in the 1820's and '30's and music was slowly finding a place for itself in the life of the communities hereabout. There were still very few professional musicians in this neighborhood — but amateurs had begun to foregather. The Pierian Sodality here at Harvard — a little band of students who liked to play together — dates from 1808. My grandfather's elder brother, William H. Eliot of the class of 1815, organized and led in that year what seems to have been the first College Chorus to lead in singing at the chapel services.[1] In that same year, 1815, the Handel and Haydn Society started in Boston. The Academy of Music was founded in 1833. The Harvard Musical Association was organized in 1837 and the Harvard Glee Club in 1858 — of these organizations more later. Meanwhile an ardent leader in the development of musical taste and skill had appeared. It was in 1827 that Lowell Mason — a New Englander born but employed as a bank clerk in Savannah, Georgia, returned to Boston determined to devote his time and talent primarily to music. In Savannah he had worked as a choir director and he soon found a similar opportunity in Boston, though to earn a living he also had to find employment in a Bank. He had already compiled a collection of church music but could find no publisher for it until the Handel and Haydn Society took it up and got it printed. It proved unexpectedly successful and in the succeeding 30 years sold something like 50,000 copies — the proceeds being divided 50-50 between the editor and the Society. Not unnaturally Mason became the conductor and for five years was president too of the Society. Then to his other occupations Mason added singing classes — for he was distressed to find how few of the singers in the Handel and Haydn Society could read music. It was partly to help

[1] It reminds one of the youthfulness of college students of those days to read in the Diary of Gen. Henry K. Oliver of the Class of 1818 that he and his classmate, Timothy Osgood, were members of that choir. Their voices had not changed and they both sang treble.

Mason but more to give encouragement to the growth of musical taste and skill that Samuel A. Eliot and his friend the Reverend William Channing Woodbridge enlisted the coöperation of some of their well-to-do neighbors to found, in 1833, what they called the Academy of Music. They proceeded to acquire the Federal Street Theatre, a Bulfinch building of good design, and reconstruct it as a Concert Hall — the precursor of Music Hall and Symphony Hall of the later time. Mr. Eliot was president of the Academy and it was at the opening of the Odeon, as they re-named their building, that he delivered, on August 5, 1835, a notable address which had wide circulation and which has been called the Magna Charta of musical education in this country. It was at the Odeon, by the way, at Mr. Eliot's initiative, that there was given in 1841 the first performance in Boston of a Beethoven symphony.

The Academy of Music at once took on the responsibility for Lowell Mason's singing classes. Mason and George J. Webb — an English musician recently arrived — were appointed instructors — professors I think they were called — and instruction in vocal music was given in a number of private schools — one of them here in Cambridge. Mason compiled a collection of songs called "The Juvenile Lyre" which was, I think, the first children's songbook published in this country. The success of the singing classes was quickly established. The Principals of the schools, in rather stiff and guarded phrases, testified that the music study "exercised a happy moral influence upon the children's conduct" and "that it did not interfere with their regular studies." So Mr. Eliot, who, in 1836, was elected Mayor, was encouraged to propose that music be introduced into the Public Schools. It was a bold proposal for in those times music was regarded as appropriate for Sunday worship on the one hand and well adapted to convivial occasions on the other — but very few had dared to assume that it had anything to do with education. So sundry committees were appointed and reports were issued taking up all the aspects of the matter. The objections of those who regarded music as a perilous frivolity, if not a downright sinful occupation, were deliberately weighed — even the authority of Aristotle, if you please, was adduced — and finally in August 1839 the School Committee voted "to try the experiment of introducing vocal music into the Public schools of this city — that the experiment be started as soon as practicable and be continued and extended as this Board may hereafter determine." That,

my friends, was the modest beginning of a movement that soon spread like a prairie fire all over the length and breadth of the land. Now, of course, every considerable High School and Academy has its band and its orchestra, its choruses, glee clubs and choirs. Music in the schools has become a vital influence not only for the children directly concerned but also in the life of the community at large.

Now turn over a page in this brief chapter of history: My father was brought up as you see in a singing family and like his father he had a good bass voice. He never became proficient in any branch of practical musical skill but he greatly enjoyed music and he was early given to understand that music is not only a source of great delight but that its practice has also invaluable educational disciplines. The singers in a chorus, you see, must keep the pitch and sing in tune. They must keep the time as the conductor directs. They must practice coöperation and a fine sort of voluntary obedience. Each singer follows his own part but it must blend in harmony with other parts. So there is training in the combination of independency and togetherness. And what is true of choral singing is, of course, equally true of concerted instrumental music.

My father became President of Harvard College — it was just a college — in 1869. Music had by that time got a sort of toehold here — but academically considered it was a pretty forlorn stepchild sitting on the doorstep. The first official mention of musical instruction at Harvard appears in the Catalogue of 1855–56. It is rather amusing to note — and the juxtaposition is also rather noteworthy — that the last three names appearing in that catalogue in the list of officers and instructors are those of Charles W. Eliot, Tutor, James Mills Pierce, Tutor, recent graduates of 1853, and then last of all — Levi P. Homer, Instructor in Music. His name does not appear in the Quinquennial Catalogue either as a graduate of the college, or in the list of officers and teachers, but he had a room in Divinity Hall, and he probably gave lessons there to volunteer students. Doubtless he also directed the student choir that led the singing in the room in University Hall then used as a Chapel — later the Faculty Room. Appleton Chapel was not built until 1858 and there an organ was installed. In 1861 there was a course of lectures on music and the great composers — but, curiously enough, the course was distinctly stated as "not open to under-graduates" and of course it was not counted for any degree.

The new organ in Appleton Chapel required the employment of an organist, and John Knowles Paine, just back from his studies in Germany and brimming over with musical ardor, took over the direction of the choir and must also have given private piano or organ lessons to such students as desired them. The Pierian Sodality still brought together a few students who played instruments and the glee club had a limited repertory. Neither club was permitted to give concerts outside of Cambridge. On the governing board of the College in 1869 complete indifference to the claims of music reigned and the Faculty was equally apathetic. No college in this country had recognized music as a suitable study for men of college age. Wrote John S. Dwight, "The idea that music is an art of intellectual and spiritual consequence, that it should be respected and placed upon an equal footing with the recognized "humanities" . . . would have been dismissed as one of the wildest and most dangerous of dreams." Now President Eliot had witnessed the successful introduction of music training in the secondary schools and he ventured, with the daring of youth, to believe that it would prove to be equally valuable in the education of college students. He found in Mr. Paine a colleague after his own heart. After nearly four years of patient persuading, the gentlemen who as my father said represented "the type of evolved Puritan usually to be found in the Harvard Corporation," consented to the appointment of Mr. Paine as an adjunct professor of music, and with a sort of shrug of the shoulders the Board of Overseers agreed. Two years later he became full professor and the first Department — or Division they then called it — of Music in any American college was launched. Professor Paine, and now I am quoting our great historian of music in these parts, Mr. John S. Dwight, "contrived, by his own zeal and example, to awaken an earnest interest in music in many of the students and to increase the general faith in music by good concerts and by the new dignity and worth which he imparted to the musical side of academic anniversaries, inaugurations and memorial services."

And now, just to complete what I called my credentials, my own participation in musical affairs in Cambridge had of course no such wide significance as the efforts of my father and grandfather — but I had a good musical inheritance and training. In college I took one or more of Professor Paine's courses, sang for four years in the College Choir [and sometimes in the chorus of other churches], was president and

sometimes leader of the Harvard Glee Club of my time. Our modest repertory did not resemble the accomplishments of the Club as it has grown under the leadership of Dr. Davison and Dr. Woodworth, but we had a lot of fun and gave acceptable concerts in many New England cities and towns. Then in 1886 when Harvard was to celebrate its 250th Anniversary it fell to me — because I had known so many of the singers of the preceding decade — to be associated with Mr. Edward S. Dodge and our beloved Choirmaster of that time, Warren Locke, in organizing the Harvard Alumni Chorus to sing at the Anniversary exercises, and then to collaborate with Mr. Locke in selecting and publishing this compilation for the use of the Alumni Chorus. Here we gathered time-honored anthems of Beethoven, Schumann, Gounod and the like, Luther's Hymn and Fleming's "Integer Vitae," and also some original compositions written by certain Harvard graduates who had won distinction in musical careers. Here were first published the "Sanctus," written by George L. Osgood '66, "Into the Silent Land" by Arthur Foote '74, and "We praise thee O God" by J. C. D. Parker '48 who was, I think, the first Harvard graduate to devote himself to music as a profession. Then later I had a part in the editing of the three Hymn Books. Of one I was the chairman of the Editorial Board and of the others a sort of consultant. In all these musical connections I have found deep satisfaction and happiness.

But now let's get back to the beginnings of music in Cambridge and trace a bit of the historical background and what came out of it. I suppose the first music heard in Cambridge was the rather dreary droning of psalms in the log meeting house that stood at what is now the corner of Mt. Auburn and Dunster Streets. Someone said that our Puritan forbears sang in church not because they wanted to but because the scriptures commanded them so to do. Of course they sang psalms — and only psalms. Man-made hymns, as Calvin called them, were not countenanced. For tunes they had a very limited selection, and those of a grave, almost dirge-like character. As you all know, the first book printed in the English Colonies was the Bay Psalm Book, printed here in Cambridge in 1640 by John Day in his shop at what is now the corner of Dunster Street and Massachusetts Avenue, where the Cambridge Savings Bank now is. By the way, you have noticed that one of the few surviving copies of the Bay Psalm Book sold just the other day in New York for something like

$160,000. The Bay Psalm Book reigned supreme in the New England churches for a century and a half — the last edition was printed in 1773 — and then was supplanted by the Tate & Brady Collection, and then by that of Dr. Isaac Watts. There were no musical instruments. The congregation was led by a precentor armed with a pitch-pipe. As late as 1721 the Rev. Thomas Walter of Roxbury could write "We are confined to eight or ten tunes and in some congregations to little more than half that number" and he went on to say that the tunes were worn into such sameness that in the singing of the psalm it was sometimes forgotten what the original tune was. The excellent Judge Sewall frequently came home much discouraged about the music. "I set Windsor tune" he wrote in his memorable diary — "and at the second going over it ran into Oxford do what I would." And again "In the morning I set York tune but the gallery carried it irresistibly to St. David's which disgusted me very much." The congregations were wont too to take their own time about the business of psalm singing. "This," wrote the impatient Dr. Walter, "fatigues the singer with endless protraction of the notes beyond the compass of a man's breath and the power of his spirit. I have twice in one note paused to take breath. I have observed too in many cases that one man is upon this note while another is on the note before him which produces something hideous and disorderly as is beyond expression bad." It must have been a hard duty for people with sensitive musical ears to go to church on those days.

One fellow-member, Dr. Henry W. Foote, who is our foremost authority in American hymnody, assures me that while this paucity of tunes was true in the 18th century it did not accurately describe conditions in the 17th century. The original settlers of Plymouth and Salem, Boston and Cambridge were better supplied. The Mayflower Company undoubtedly had Ainsworth's Psalter which was almost their special property for it was printed in Amsterdam in 1612. Edward Winslow, later the Governor of Plymouth Colony, describes how at their last service at Leyden on July 31, 1620, the Pilgrim company "refreshed themselves with singing of psalms, making joyful melody in our hearts as well as with the voice, there being many of our congregation very expert in music." Mrs. Hemans in her famous hymn was quite inaccurate when she wrote of the "stern and rock-bound coast" of Plymouth Harbor but she may have been right in the lines "amid the storm they sang and

the stars heard and the sea." The Massachusetts company of 1630 probably brought with them Ravenscroft's "Whole Books of Psalms" published in 1621, and later it was from John Playford's Collection of 1677 that the thirteen tunes were taken which were included in the 1698 edition of the Bay Psalm Book, the first edition to contain melodies.

So far as I know America did not produce any original hymn tunes until toward the end of the 18th Century when Oliver Holden wrote "Coronation," which is still popular. About the same time William Billings wrote a number of curious tunes, none of which have survived. They were mostly fugal in character — as someone said, resembling nothing so much as a lot of kittens chasing their own tails. Lowell Mason's collections of the 1820's contained some original tunes and a good many adaptations of secular music set to religious words — a kind of cobbling that doesn't always fit. A good many of Mason's tunes however survive in our present-day collections. There are 15 tunes ascribed to him in the excellent and very modern Hymnbook used in the worship of the church I have the honor to serve. Most of those tunes are skillfully adapted, some from Gregorian Chants or oratorios, but some from operas and even ballads. These are eminently singable and most people have forgotten — or never knew — their secular origins. These are the humble beginnings of the rich and varied hymnody we enjoy today.

Turn now to the earlier days of music in the college community. The Pierian Sodality was, as I have noted, organized in 1808. The Sodality was a small group of students, seven or eight of them, most of whom seem to have been devoted to playing the flute. In the quotations from the early records contained in the book of our friend and neighbor, Prof. Walter Spalding, I found such notes as "Voted to add a bassoon," or "Voted to buy a bass viol." Heretofore when they needed a bass viol they had borrowed the one used in the Chapel. In 1834 the Pierian Spring almost ran dry, for there was only one member left — Henry Gassett of the Class of '34. He played his flute alone in his room but kept up the record of the Society until two friends joined him. Gassett, by the way, must have given more time to his flute than to his Greek and Latin, for he wasn't given his bachelor's degree until ten years after his class had graduated. He had later, however, long and honorable connection with the musical life of Boston. For fifty years he was secretary, treasurer and librarian of the Harvard Musical Association and his por-

trait hangs in the rooms of the Association today. Indulge me on a few more notes from the Pierian records. Here's one, for instance, that expresses "our deep indignation at the unjust, arbitrary and tyrannical measures of the College Government by which we have lost four of our most valuable members." Apparently these boys had been rusticated or expelled. Could it have been because they played their flutes too obstreperously? Or consider this note: "we met at Willards Hotel and performed with great taste and execution upon a bottle of champagne. We then proceeded to Mr. Spark's house where we played several tunes as well as could have been expected." In July, 1836, the Sodality got outside of six bottles of champagne presented by a Mr. Higginson. Is that perhaps a precedent, the first example of the later munificent endowment of music by another Higginson? One more note from a more prosperous though not more tranquil decade: "Whereas," we read, "the secretary of Harvard College, with unprecedented barbarity, went so far in his asinine wisdom as to administer public admonition to the Pierian Sodality for absenting themselves from Cambridge during a whole night, amusing some and annoying others, and whereas the Faculty has forbidden the Society from performing in the Yard for the innocent entertainment of the students, Resolved that we do not perform at the coming exhibition and that when the Praeses proclaims "musica expectatur" either a dead silence shall prevail or the audience be charmed with the strains of that damned organ."

The Harvard Glee Club was organized in 1857–58 at the initiation of Ben Crowninshield of the Class of '58 — a classmate of the beloved and honored father of the president of this society. A glee, by the way, does not imply just gayety or jollity — it is defined as "an unaccompanied piece of vocal music for men's voices." The Club gave its first concert — in conjunction with the Pierian — in Lyceum Hall in June 1858 and Mr. Dwight in the Journal of Music of June 19 wrote of it with discriminating praise. Gladly would I linger to tell of some of the famous singers and leaders of the Harvard Musical Societies: Langmaid '59, afterwards Boston's leading tenor and beloved physician; George Osgood of '66, a great authority in musical circles in my youth, soloist, choir master, composer. At one time two of our Cambridge boys were respectively President and Vice President of the Glee Club — Edward S. Dodge '73 and Richard H. Dana '74 — and Arthur Foote '74 was leader. We may

well remember his long and distinguished musical career. Nat Brigham '80, had, I think, the sweetest tenor voice I've ever heard but he never became a professional singer. I remember other splendid singers – Gardner Lamson '77, Louis McCagg '84, Francis Rogers '91, H. L. Murphy '08, and many more. We bred composers like Lewis Thompson '92 and F. S. Converse '93, John Alden Carpenter '97; and music critics and commentators like Wm. F. Apthorp '69, Nathan Dole '74, Henry T. Finch '76, Richard Aldrich '85, H. T. Parker '92 and J. N. Ashton '93. I think of Owen Wister '82 and Thomas M. Osborne '84, amateur musicians of distinction but who won larger fame in other fields of service. What outstanding conductors and choir-masters we turned out, our own Warren Locke '69, George Burdett '81, Philip Goepp '84, Tommy Safford '94, Malcolm Lang and R. G. Appel '02, Arthur Locke '05, Phil Clapp '09, Chalmers Clifton '12. What a grand lot of teachers and composers succeeded Paine in the Department of Music: Spalding, Hill and Ballantine, Davison and Woodworth, Piston and Merritt. Davison and Woodworth have led both of the old musical societies from strength to strength and in the last thirty years the Harvard Glee Club has become one of the best male choruses in this or any other country. And then in this brief review of musical affairs at Harvard who of us can forget the musical features of the Harvard Tercentenary in 1936 under the able direction of one fellow-member, Jerome Greene? There were three chamber concerts, a symphony concert and singing by a chorus of one hundred and seventy-five voices. Music had come into its own within the precincts of the University and Harvard stands preëminent in its contribution to the noblest and most universal of the Fine Arts.

I gratefully remember too how many of the members of the Harvard Faculty – not themselves musicians – were keenly sympathetic with all of us who were musically inclined. I mentioned Professor James Mills Pierce. He never failed to attend our concerts in my day and always had an encouraging word to say. I can see his portly frame as he marched majestically to his seat in Sanders Theatre – "How imposing," someone said, "he carries everything before him." Or there was Professor F. D. Allen, who wrote the music for the light operas we of the Cambridge Dramatic Club sang at the Arsenal Theatre. Professor Greenough wrote the librettos. And there was Henry Hill, father of the outstanding composer of our day; and another chemist, Theodore Richards, – his was a

delightful musical family for you! — and Morris Morgan, another classical scholar and the possessor of a fine tenor voice, and oh how many more.

I was living in other parts of the country in the days when the Cambridge Choral Society flourished but I remember that Mrs. Charles W. Eliot and Mrs. Theodore Richards were among the sopranos. Mrs. Crawford Toy and Mrs. Walter Spalding and Mrs. Minton Warren were among the altos. Professor George F. Moore and Professor Byron Hurlbut and John Merrill and Francis S. Kershaw and Jerome Greene sang tenor, and Richard H. Dana and George Cole and Wm. C. Heilman were basses. They gave delightful concerts. Of the later developments, the Longy School of Music; Mrs. Langdon Warner's Bach Cantata Club; the musical societies of Radcliffe; the bands and orchestras in the schools — you know more about them than I do. But I do want to say something about some of the older individuals who because they lived in Cambridge or worked here have made Cambridge famous in musical annals.

John Sullivan Dwight was for many years the outstanding influence in musical affairs in our community. I well remember him for in my boyhood he was living somewhere on Dana Hill. As I ran down Broadway to the High School (I always had to run for I was a lazy boy and never started for school until the last possible moment) I would tip my cap to Mr. Dwight standing at the corner of Broadway and Dana Streets waiting for the horse-car. After the fashion of those days he wore a shawl over his shoulders, or, in his seat in the horse-car, tucked over his knees. (Boys remember such queer things about old gentlemen.) A smallish man he was with a well-trimmed white beard, the very embodiment of gentle refinement, kindly, benevolent, diffident. He was born in 1813, so when I used to see him he must have been in his sixties. He was a member of the Class of 1832 at Harvard and of course he played a flute in the Pierian. The Sodality in his day, by the way, consisted of four flutes, two French horns, a cello, and at one time a bass horn. He went to the Divinity School and in 1839 was ordained minister of the Unitarian Church in Northampton. He was not much of a success as a minister — being rather dreamy and visionary. He wrote some good verses, however, in those days. My father used to like to repeat the lines that began "Rest is not quitting the busy career, Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere." But meanwhile he had here in Cambridge started a movement that had large significance. On Commencement Day, Au-

gust 30, 1837, he called together a group of old Pierians and they organized the Harvard Musical Association, a society which had for its object "the cultivation of musical taste and science in Harvard University." That society has had a long and honorable career. It fostered the first Chamber Concerts given in Cambridge, sponsored the concerts given by the Germania and the Philharmonic orchestras, promoted the building of Music Hall in 1852 and the installation of the great organ in 1862. It has maintained at its headquarters facilities for musicians, both professional and amateur, and one of the best musical libraries in the country. Dwight was long its President and for many years, after the death of his wife, he lived in its quarters. His portrait hangs in the Library today. In 1841 Dwight and all his family, his father and mother and sisters, went to Brook Farm. There he directed the musical life of that unique community, taught the children singing and edited the Community paper, *The Harbinger*. In 1851 he married a charming singer in his choir and after Brook Farm broke up, with the backing of the Harvard Musical Association, he founded Dwight's *Journal of Music*, a journal which combined rare literary merit with the highest standard of musical taste and criticism. It had a hard struggle to exist but Dwight carried on for some thirty years, always a hopeful optimist who could not be conquered by disappointment. In 1881 he wrote for the Memorial History of Boston the article on Music in Boston, a rich storehouse of musical history. He died on September 5, 1893. Some of you may recall Mr. Lowell's lines in the "Fable for Critics." He was thinking of Hawthorne when he wrote:

> When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
> For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,
> So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
> From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared,
> And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
> For making him fully and perfectly man.
> The success of her scheme gave her so much delight
> That she tried it again, shortly after, in Dwight;
> Only, while she was kneading and shaping the clay,
> She sang to her work in her sweet childish way,
> And found, when she'd put her last touch to his soul,
> That the music had somehow got mixed with the whole.

Francis Boott of the Class of 1831 was another Cambridge resident who was not so much a practitioner as a patron of the arts. He had an exceptional tenor voice which even to his 90th year was sweet and true. Of course he played the flute and sundry other instruments and he composed some very creditable songs and ballads. We still sing the Cavalier Song, "Here's a health to King Charles," which was first sung at the Glee Club Concert in 1858. At his death in 1904 Mr. Boott left a handsome bequest to the Department of Music at Harvard.

John Knowles Paine I have already mentioned. It's queer how many musicians of note have come out of the State of Maine. I love Maine people because of their integrity and sound common sense and salty humor, but music does not seem a natural product of such a rugged land. It is a fact however that few parts of our country have been more productive of musical talent than the State of Maine. Professor Paine was born in Portland in 1839. He early came under the influence of the gifted musician Herman Kotchmar, long the famous organist of the First Parish Church. When he was only 18 years old Paine was his master's choice for organist at the performance of the Messiah in 1857. Then there were three years of study in Germany, the funds for his support provided by a devoted, hard-working sister at home, then back to Boston as organist at the West Church and in 1862 to Harvard as chapel organist. Soon his compositions began to appear. There was an oratorio ("St. Peter"), and an opera ("Azana"), two symphonies and sundry good songs and the Harvard Hymn we still use; and what I think the best of his compositions, the music for the performance of the "Oedipus Tyrannus" in 1881. I remember thinking that the music rather ran away with the play and that what we saw and heard was a sort of opera using a Greek play as a libretto. Mr. Paine was preëminent as composer and teacher. I did not enjoy singing in his choir as I did with his genial and indefatigable successor, Warren Locke. Mr. Paine was impatient with the ineptitude of his singers, untrained boys with good voices but many of them unable to read music readily. He would get a bit querulous over our mistakes. Locke never lost either his patience or his enthusiasm and would lead the fifteenth going over of an anthem or a glee with as high spirits as when we began.

Only a few of us can remember George Fisher, though many of us can gratefully remember his daughter, Mrs. Austin C. Wellington, her-

self a well-trained musician and always the friend and benefactress of those who loved music. George Fisher had a very active and varied career – as a merchant and manufacturer, as a Cambridge representative in the General Court, and as, from 1859 to 1873, the editor and publisher of the Cambridge Chronicle, but more especially as the organist and choir master in several of our churches and as the organizer and director in 1869 of the rehearsals of the great chorus that sang under the direction of P. S. Gilman at the World's Peace Jubilee. Mr. Dwight, by the way, did not approve of that Jubilee. He thought it a noisy demonstration of boastful patriotism. But after the performance Mr. Dwight agreed that, while quite inartistic, it was not inappropriate as a manifestation of popular rejoicing. Mr. Fisher was also the dynamic officer of the Handel and Haydn and the founder in 1873 of the Cambridge Conservatory of Music, where he and his daughter and other instructors taught music both to individuals and to classes.

The most famous singer who came from our Cambridge borders was Lily Greenough, granddaughter of Judge Fay, who lived in what we call Fay House of Radcliffe College. She won renown in opera and concert under her married name of Moulton. I can just remember her gorgeous voice and handsome face and stately bearing. Later she married the Danish Minister to this country and became the Countess d'Hegeman-Lindencrone, and her last years were spent in Denmark. Another unforgettable Cambridge singer was the great – great both physically and mentally – philosopher and historian, John Fiske. When he sang "The Two Grenadiers" the purlieus of Berkeley Street resounded and the windows of the Craigie Street houses rattled.

No story of music in Cambridge would be complete without mention of the contribution this city has made through the manufacture here of musical instruments of exceptional merit. The fame of our city rests, I suppose, chiefly upon our educational institutions and upon the wide diffusion of our most characteristic product – books – but in musical circles it may be even better known as the place where superior organs and pianos are built. Organs began to be made here as early as 1809, when Wm. M. Goodrich set up a modest factory in East Cambridge. He was succeeded by George Stevens, one time Mayor of Cambridge, and the business was carried on until 1891. Then in 1854 Henry Mason, one of the sons of Lowell Mason, formed a partnership with Emmons Hamlin,

and the Mason and Hamlin organs and pianos carried the fame of the place of their origin — Cambridge — all over the world. Mr. Samuel S. Hamill built his first organ factory here in 1859 and Ivers & Pond moved their factory to Cambridge in 1881. The makers of all these instruments had the qualities attributed to one of them, of whom it was said that he, like his pianos, was upright, grand and square.

Orchestral concerts began in this neighborhood in a modest way under the auspices of the Academy of Music. Two small orchestras, composed of both professional and amateur players, the Germania and the Philharmonic, came into being and after Music Hall was built in 1852 the Harvard Musical Association sponsored symphony concerts there under the leadership of Carl Zerrahn. My own first experience of a symphony concert came in 1876 when Theodore Thomas brought his then unequalled orchestra to Cambridge and gave a series of six concerts in Sanders Theatre, doubtless in connection with a similar series at Music Hall. It's strange to reflect how the judgments of boyhood persist and how often they remain valid. My enjoyment of the compositions I learned to love in my youth has continued unabated through all the seventy years that have passed since I first heard them.

No one knows just when Henry Higginson began to dream of founding a great symphony orchestra but it was in 1880–81 that he began to make his dream come true. He named George Henschel as its first conductor and the players were at first gathered from the old societies hereabouts. Henschel was only thirty-one years old and had had no experience as a director but he had the fire and enthusiasm that matched Higginson's daring generosity. So in 1881 began the series of Cambridge concerts which have thrilled and delighted us for sixty-six years. Save for the nine years when we were living in Colorado and New York, Mrs. Eliot and I have enjoyed those concerts and for nearly forty years we have sat in the same seats in Sanders Theatre in proximity to many cherished neighbors and friends. We have seen the orchestra made and remade, ever increasing in its marvellous precision and authority under the brilliant guidance of its successive conductors, Gericke and Nikisch, Pauer and Muck, Monteux and Koussevitzky.

I cannot bring this paper to its close in more becoming fashion than by quoting some sentences from the letter which my father, in behalf of many friends and admirers, wrote to Major Higginson on the occasion

of his 84th birthday. Charles Eliot and Henry Higginson had been born in the same year, they had grown up together in the same environment, and throughout the long years of their maturity they had been closely associated in the advancement of many good causes. There is something about this letter that caused Bliss Perry in his biography of Higginson to call it "severely perfect." It sets forth not only the appreciation of our community for what Major Higginson had accomplished but also felicitously describes the function of music and its influence upon our thoughts and feelings and conduct. It is too long to quote in full — but here are some of the paragraphs. My father belonged to a generation which had not adopted our easy and I think pleasant habit of calling each other by our first names. Even between close friends and associates a more formal sort of address was customary — so it was not "Dear Henry" but:

"Dear Major Higginson: —

Some of the thousands of persons who have had their lives made more interesting and happier by the concerts of your Symphony Orchestra . . . wish to declare to you on your eighty-fourth birthday their personal gratitude and their strong sense of the public benefits which have resulted and will result from your disinterested and patient labors in behalf of the Orchestra and the community it has served. Many of the signers of this Memorial are acquaintances who have long cherished high respect for you and your generous works, or friends, old and young, who feel for you the sincerest affection; but most of them are strangers, who gladly embrace this their first opportunity to tell you directly that you have gladdened and exalted their physical and spiritual lives.

Boston was historically the right place in the United States to develop an orchestra of high merit. The soil in which you planted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1880–81 had been well prepared during the forty years preceding by a series of earlier organizations for providing orchestral concerts in the community where you and I grew up. These pioneering organizations were the Boston Academy of Music, the Musical Fund Society, the Germania Orchestra, the Philharmonic Society, and the Harvard Musical Association. Their resources were limited and their achievements modest; but they made ready a supporting public for you. . . . Your plans and policies have been wise and generous toward both your public and the artists whom you employed. Your Orchestra

has given year by year a demonstration of the exceeding value of co-operative discipline. You have steadily insisted that the skilled musician's occupation is not a mechanical trade but an artistic profession. You have given your public the pure, refining, exalting, inspiring music of all nations and all periods. You have enlarged and strengthened the appreciation of sweet and noble music in this community.

We shall all better appreciate the work you have done . . . if we bear in mind that good music sustains and consoles the human spirit in times of adversity, and is, next to good literature, the best expression of public prosperity, social joy, and religious transport. It transcends the limits of language or race, requires no versions or translations, and ranges freely through all the civilized world and the successive generations of men."

To receive such a letter as that — and to deserve it — says Bliss Perry, "may surely be counted among the durable satisfactions of life."

THE HISTORY OF COOLIDGE HILL

By Rosamond Coolidge

Read January 27, 1948

THIS paper tells the story of the last corner of rural Cambridge to become a closely settled neighborhood. The area involved is today bounded by the Charles River, the Cambridge Cemetery, Coolidge Avenue, and Mount Auburn Street.

In the year 1636 Deacon Samuel Thatcher built a house at the head of the road or lane leading up from the river landing which has been named in this order, Sir Richard's Landing, Oliver's Landing, and finally Gerry's Landing. Deacon Thatcher owned most of the land which is now called Coolidge Hill and his house stood near the corner of Coolidge Avenue on Mount Auburn Street. He and his heirs lived here continuously for over one hundred and fifty years.

In 1793 Elbridge Gerry, then owner of Elmwood, bought the Thatcher property and held it for eighteen years. During his governorship, in 1811, he sold to Thomas Melville of Boston, whose ownership continued only ten years. Two years previously, in 1809, the Widow Orne had bought a narrow strip directly opposite Elmwood Avenue, but otherwise the Thatcher property was still intact.

Then in 1821, Josiah Coolidge of Watertown, my great-grandfather, bought the Thatcher-Gerry-Melville property, with the exception of the Widow Orne's strip, and Josiah's family and heirs have lived there for one hundred and twenty-five years.

Coolidge Avenue was at that time a passageway to the land of Captain Moses Stone. Simon Stone had settled near the river in 1634 or 1635, when the Thatchers first built, and I believe the two properties may have joined, although on our deed there is mention of many people's having rights in the peat meadow and beyond. On Simon's Hill in Cambridge Cemetery is a stone marker which shows the spot where the ancestral pear tree stood for eleven generations until it went down in the hurricane of 1938.

On the west side of the passageway, which in 1830 became Coolidge Avenue, was more Stone property. This was to become Mount Auburn Cemetery in 1831. On Stone's Mount stood a noble tree in which the last resident member of the Stone family had built a tree house from which was seen the beautiful countryside. The tree house was still there when my father was a boy, with its ladder an alluring climb if somewhat precarious for little boys. Long since the present Mount Auburn Tower has offered a more lofty view from Stone's Mount.

Passing mention should be made of a landmark on the river side of the old street, the Winchester house, a mansion so large that the hall could hold a regiment. I have no authority for this statement, but heard it in my childhood and my imagination was kindled. The house now standing inside Cambridge Cemetery is said to be the gate house of the Winchester estate.

With this brief mention of the Stone and Winchester properties, themselves of sufficient interest to warrant a further paper, I return to the original bounds of this paper.

Josiah Coolidge and his son Joseph bought up small parcels of land until their farm included all the marsh land and the strip up from the river behind the present Mount Auburn Hospital. This narrow strip was called Willis Court and further east down to the river an old map shows a short street called Water Street. The name Gerry's Landing had disappeared temporarily.

In Willis Court there were three houses where lived families who worked on the farm. They might just as likely have worked in the marble works at the head of the court on Mount Auburn Street where the rotary traffic circle has been newly built, but it is probable that the tenants were helpers on the farm. One anecdote heard long ago remains in my memory about an old Dutchman who was restrained with some difficulty by my grandfather from cutting up for firewood a flourishing willow growing in his yard. It was doubtless one of the magnificent specimens whose sole survivor is being preserved at the edge of the new parkway extension.

When Josiah came down from Watertown he built a large and comfortable house in 1822 and lived there many years. The original Thatcher house was apparently taken down, but for years a summer house and a well marked the location of this early dwelling. By 1856 Josiah had

deeded his farm to his son Joseph, who built himself the house at 34 Coolidge Avenue. It was to this second house that my grandmother came a bride from Avon Street in Boston, where Jordan Marsh Company now stands. The country must have been lonely for a young city girl at first.

Josiah in his seventieth year sold the homestead on Mount Auburn Street to the Henry W. Muzzey family. This was their home until Mr. Muzzey's death in 1886, at which time they moved to Buffalo. Josiah meanwhile had bought another farm extending from Brattle Street to Fresh Pond. On it he built the house which Mrs. Charles Peabody later remodelled so charmingly and where Mr. and Mrs. Copley Amory now live, on the corner of Lakeview Avenue. When Josiah was in his late eighties, probably about 1872, he sold this farm and moved back to Watertown. He had lived in Cambridge fifty years but Watertown was lovely country in those days. It was the town in which John and Mary Coolidge had settled in 1636, when they came from Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, England. They raised a large family, many of whose descendants have lived very close to home.

The Coolidge-Muzzey house in Cambridge was bought back by my family after Mr. Muzzey's death, and at the turn of the century my Uncle Edward had the kitchen ell cut off and the house divided so that two families might live in it. The year after my parents were married they moved into the south half of this big yellow double house. This was in 1902, and the previous tenant was Helen Keller, then studying at Radcliffe. She lived there with Miss Sullivan, her teacher, and their dog, Sir Thomas Lipton, named for the donor. He had little ability as a seeing-eye dog because I remember stories of Father's guiding Miss Keller home when she had lost her way walking round the farm.

In chronological order the first piece of Coolidge land sold was a small strip which the Widow Orne bought from Josiah in 1825 to the east of the original strip, which she had bought in 1809 from Governor Gerry. The story of her house is given a little later. The second sizeable transaction was the sale and later re-purchase of the Muzzey house with surrounding land in the eighties. No more land was then sold until the Metropolitan Park Commission bought all the marsh land along the river and the piece including Willis Court behind the hospital.

The next land to be lopped off the farm was the first to be sold within

my memory. In 1910 Browne and Nichols School bought the cow pasture and the hill within it for a playfield. Several families previously had wanted to buy the little hill for a house site because of the view of the river, the church and college spires, and the stadium, but the location was better suited to an athletic field and the hill has since been used to fill in lowland. It is interesting to remember at this point that Professor Eben Norton Horsford had done extensive excavation along this marsh and meadow region in connection with his research into the coming of the Vikings. The relics of long houses found in this vicinity supported his theory that Leif Erikson had landed at Gerry's Landing. This is now generally disproved by historians but the excavations proved without any question that Indians certainly fished and dwelt here before the seventeenth century.

In 1912 Mrs. Kenneth Grant Tremayne Webster and her brother Mr. Edward Forbes from Milton bought the great hillside slope where I remember fields of squash. They took the name Gerry's Landing for their joint property. When their houses were built it became immediately and painfully apparent that the days of pig raising on the Coolidge Farm were over. The pigpens were under the hill, exactly where the main building of Shady Hill School now stands, and the southwest wind which so frequently prevails blew gently and persistently right up to the houses of the new neighbors. The pigpens had long been a landmark and were the destination of a favorite walk for children in this part of the city. My father spent hours on week ends and during school vacations just patrolling. The boys from the "Marsh," which in my childhood meant the crowded neighborhood from Willard to Lowell Streets along Mount Auburn Street, knew every fruit tree on the farm and spent hours trying to evade my father or the watchman and to throw rotten apples at the pigs.

The front part of the farm, which included the old Josiah Coolidge house, approximately the extent of the Muzzey purchase, was sold to a company which at the same time bought the John Chipman Gray estate of Larchwood. This was in 1915. Both properties were sold for small house lots. Our big yellow house was turned round and moved a hundred feet to face Coolidge Avenue and seventeen new houses were soon squeezed into the rest of the space.

There now began to arrive the swarm of dogs and small children

which are still two of the chief characteristics of our neighborhood. As children, my sister and I had had the rich and rare experience of farm life in a city. We had learned about flowers, vegetables, cows, and pigs and chickens; we had played in a big barn; we had ridden behind the farm horses; we had learned that people who work all day in the fields are kindly, simple people, and – at that time – usually came here from Italy; but we had never had many children friends near enough for neighborhood playing. Now we could see lights in our neighbors' windows, where once we had been able to see the State House dome ablaze with light when looking out our bedroom window.

Farm workers became increasingly difficult to hire and a farm within a city became a luxury. It required skilled helpers to raise greenhouses full of violets, carnations, geraniums, and chrysanthemums. It was equally a tremendous job to raise fields and greenhouses of lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, corn, and down in the meadow wonderful celery, all to be sent to Faneuil Hall Market. My father, who had always driven horses, now learned to drive his own truck, but the war years after 1914 put a staggering load on men past middle age, as has been true again in recent years.

In 1924 Mr. Alva Morrison and Mr. Arthur Nichols bought the rest of the farm and they were responsible for the attractive development of the top of the hill. The house lots were sold to families who built their own houses, not as in the 1915 purchase to contractors who built for the most part to sell again. Shady Hill School bought the remainder of the meadow land. The big barn, stables, carriage house, the greenhouses, the two great chimneys and the boiler rooms were all taken down, and the last bit of rural Cambridge became residential.

It has long been a good New England custom to move houses from one location to another, and so it was quite in keeping with this tradition that one of the new houses to come to the hill should be an eighteenth-century house which Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Hull bought and moved from Appian Way to its present location at 144 Coolidge Hill. The house was built in 1790 and remained untouched through the Victorian era, thus retaining its original beauty. It is interesting that the details of the porch are identical with those of the John Chipman Gray house in Larchwood. Mr. George Nichols brought his bride from Salem to this house in Appian Way in 1834. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wyllis Elliott, the parents

of Mr. Howard Elliott, lived there. At one time, Miss Elizabeth Dana, the sister of Richard Henry Dana, lived in the house. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart lived there, as did Arthur Hugh Clough, the English poet. The time came when the house was to be moved in accordance with necessary building plans of Radcliffe College. It was fortunate that it could be preserved. The moving was a major operation in the summer of 1929. It began in late June. The house remained in Brattle Street one whole month. The most dramatic episode in the trip was the midnight progress along Mount Auburn Street from Elmwood Avenue. Trolley and other important wires had to be cut or taken down at a time when traffic was least likely to be impeded. The flare of torches, the clang of iron bars, the shouts of the men working made the scene both colorful and memorable. The little house then made its dignified way up Coolidge Avenue to its present site. A service wing was added, and Mrs. Hull made a beautiful garden as an appropriate setting for this lovely example of late eighteenth-century architecture.

Mention has already been made of the two pieces of property which the Widow Orne bought, the first in 1809 from Elbridge Gerry and the adjoining strip in 1825 from Josiah Coolidge. The story of this land and its houses follows in chronological sequence. In 1807 John G. Orne had built a storehouse at the ferry landing and there the neighbors had been able to buy provisions. After his death Mrs. Orne moved the storehouse to her newly purchased hilltop and it was remodelled into a handsome Empire house with wainscotting throughout. The year after Mrs. Orne purchased the Coolidge land she sold her whole property to Loring Austin, who was her tenant in the house at the time. The Austins kept the house twenty-six years and sold it to Andrew Willis in 1852. This family sold to a daughter, Mrs. Moses Wildes, in 1861. Three years later the Wildes sold to Forsyth Willson, the poet. He only lived in the house three years. At his death in 1867 Mr. Amos A. Lawrence bought the place and sold it the following year to the Episcopal Theological School. That year the Reverend John S. Stone, first dean of the school, lived here. In 1877 the property was bought by Mr. John Lord Hayes and from that time the old place knew the same owners for fifty-two years.

Mr. Hayes, a Dartmouth graduate, Class of 1831, studied law at the Harvard Law School and began his practice in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Here he married Caroline S. Ladd in 1839. His interest in tariff

protection for New England industries took him to Washington. There he served as chief clerk of the United States Patent Office during Lincoln's administration. In 1869 he became editor of the Bulletin of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, published in Boston. He had two interesting hobbies in his later years. "A Garland of Sacred Hymns" translated from the Latin was published in the year of his death, 1887. In the long double parlor of the house were many beautiful pieces of his wood carving, notably an unusual cabinet made from wood of the first boat to race in a Harvard Boat Race.

When I was a child there were living in the house the three Hayes daughters and their brother, Mr. Will. Another son had died. None of them had married and their beautiful home, known as Havenhurst, received their constant and loving care. The garden was something to dream about and the people who lived in it fascinated the little girls on the other side of the fence. Mr. Will was exactly my idea of Mr. MacGregor, whose garden Peter Rabbit loved to explore. When Mr. Will in his old campaign hat and the sisters in varied garden costumes, but always hatted and gloved, were arguing an important point in horticulture, their voices carried over the fence.

The stable at Havenhurst had been converted into a pleasant house by the architect, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram. During several years the Bullitts from Baltimore lived there with three little girls just the right age for my sister and me. If we were all careful about observing borders, hedges, and paths, and especially to keep out of the rose garden, we might play hide and seek to our hearts' content in the lovely hiding places all over that beautiful garden. I remember Miss Carrie's rounding us up for a favorite cat's burial service at the summer house at the bottom of the garden. And I see as clearly as though I were sitting under the grape arbor in the kitchen garden the vista down the broad path to the garden house at the far end, with the pear and apple trees on either side.

When Miss Susan, the last of the family, died, the property went to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Comey. It was later divided among several new owners. The southeast quarter, including the house which Mr. Cram had remodelled, now is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor. The southwest quarter, on which stands the beautiful old house, was bought by Mr. and Mrs. George Pierce Baker, Jr. They made many changes in the house, and the ell, which was probably the oldest part of

all, was moved away from the main house a few feet to the east. It is the small and very complete home of Mr. and Mrs. James Borland. The Hayes-Baker house now belongs to Mr. and Mrs. W. Nelson Bump. Four small houses were put up on the slope of the front lawn by Mr. Giles Taintor. With all this new building many of the beautiful trees and much of the shrubbery of the original garden were kept intact.

All the changes related in this story were inevitable in a growing community. I consider myself very fortunate to be the oldest inhabitant born and still living in such a pleasant neighborhood. It is only a very occasional twinge of selfish regret that comes when a huge oil truck is blocking all passage up Coolidge Hill Road in a space which was originally planned for a single driveway or, after a snowfall when various sidewalks remain unshovelled, a hazard to the foot traveller. Then I remember the days when a little girl could look out the window at fields white with snow and see a patient horse with perhaps her own father balancing on the plow as he cleared the roads and all the sidewalks along Mount Auburn Street from Havenhurst and clear down Coolidge Avenue to the Mount Auburn Cemetery barns, now no longer standing there.

A SIGNIFICANT CAMBRIDGE ANNIVERSARY

By Samuel A. Eliot

Read June 1, 1948

THIS society has been very indulgent to one of its senior members and I have abused your patience quite often enough — but your invitation, Mr. President, is a command and I obey. I am interested in the history of my native town and rather like to tell about the interesting events that have occurred here. I am not a profoundly erudite historian but rather resemble the lady who in the wartime wanted to help and volunteered to work at the Red Cross Diet Kitchen. They asked her what experience she had had in the field of nutrition. "Well, she said, I've been eating for a good many years." I am reminded too of what once happened to another superannuated parson who in a certain newspaper article in which his name occurred was described as a "battle-scarred Veteran." But the typesetter got his letters a bit mixed and it came out in the paper that he was a "bottle-scarred Veteran." Protest was made but the apology did not make things much better for there he was described as a "battle-scared Veteran." Forgive me this unseemly levity but we like to make our spring meeting a more or less festive occasion. I guess I am like the man of whom it was written:

> He was not naturally bad
> Or viciously inclined,
> But from his early youth he had
> A waggish turn of mind.

But now I am asked to call your attention to a significant event in Cambridge history and to certain anniversary exercises in which the members of this Society should have an interest and a part. On October 27th, 1948, we shall celebrate the 300th Anniversary of the Cambridge Synod and the promulgation of the historic and prophetic document known as the Cambridge Platform. Here is the reproduction of that epoch — making proclamation [the speaker held up a copy] as it was printed in 1649 on the little printing press of Samuel Green down yonder at the

corner of what we now call Dunster St. and Massachusetts Avenue. Here is set forth a new form of government, primarily for churches but ultimately for communities and states. Here we find the seeds that ripened into the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States and the Bill of Rights. Here is the genesis of our great Republic.

I am not going to tell you all about it. That is for the scholars and orators who will address us on October 27th. Suffice it to remind you that the Synod was first summoned by decree of the General Court in 1646. It was a gathering of lay and clerical representatives from all the communities and churches of the New England Confederation, summoned to meet here in Cambridge on September 1st — so runs the invitation — "there to discuss, dispute and clear up, by the word of God, such questions of government and discipline as they shall think needful and meete." At their first meeting the Synod had to reconcile a good many differences. Boston and Salem, for instance, the two chief centers, sent no delegates because they questioned the authority of the Court. Those scruples had to be overcome and other difficulties adjusted and settled, for, you know, our Puritan forbears were not a set of postage stamps, all alike; they cherished a considerable variety of opinions and habits of mind. But all were finally conciliated and a committee was appointed to draft a form of declaration or platform, and the Synod adjourned to meet again on June 8, 1647. At that time it reassembled, but an epidemic — I don't know just what it was but suspect it was smallpox — caused another adjournment. The final session gathered here in August, 1648, and there the draft prepared by the Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester was approved and, after many amendments, adopted and transmitted to the General Court. There again it was much debated and not until October, 1651, was it finally voted that the members "account themselves called of God to give their testimony to the said Book of Discipline that for the substance thereof it is that we have practiced and do believe." Even then fourteen members of the Court voted No — including the representatives from Boston and Salem. But it was adopted, and there was laid the foundation stone of a democratic Church and Commonwealth.

Now I do not propose to analyze the Platform — that is for wiser men to do. Let me pause only to correct some rather prevalent misapprehensions about it. It was not — as too many people seem to assume

— a statement of faith or of theological doctrine — not at all. It contained no theological arguments. It was enough to declare — and that only in the Foreword — that the Westminster Confession recently "published by the revered assembly in England, to be orthodox and judicious in matters of faith." Even that was commended to the churches for "substance of doctrine" — a somewhat cautious recommendation. All the seventeen chapters of this Platform deal not with theology but with matters of organization and administration — "disciplines," as they were called.

Here is another rather common misapprehension about our pioneers that needs some modification. Most people seem to assume that under the Puritan regime New England was "priest-ridden" — but should we not remember that, while ministers did enjoy a certain distinctive reverence and authority, they were not admitted to public office, and the ultimate control in both church and state was strictly in the hands of laymen. I remind you that the original Mayflower company had no minister at all. William Brewster, who led their worship, had never been ordained. You will remember too that when the Massachusetts Company gathered at the momentous meeting at the English Cambridge on August 26th, 1629, there was no minister present and the agreement to emigrate was signed by twelve laymen. When the Massachusetts government was set up here the magistrates and members of the General Court were all laymen and it was that General Court, and not any ecclesiastical convention, that summoned the Cambridge Synod. Remember, too, that under the provisions of the Cambridge Platform itself ministers retained their clerical standing only when in active service of a parish. An unemployed minister had no clerical standing whatever. Further remember that in the Puritan usage even weddings were conducted by a magistrate and not by a minister. There are no records of marriages in the Church Registers before 1684 and the same is true in regard to funerals, which were wholly secular proceedings. The Puritan ministers were influential leaders because of their learning, ability and character, but final authority was vested in the laymen.

Then more significant — and prophetic — of these more or less forgotten or neglected truths about our pioneers is the surprising fact that, rigid Calvinists though they were, they organized their churches, not on the basis of any of the accepted creeds or formulas of faith, but on very

simple and unadorned covenants. There is no reference to doctrines that must be acknowledged or adhered to – save what they called the "Rule of the Gospel." You remember how the Plymouth pilgrims covenanted together "to walk together in all God's ways, known and to be made known, whatever it might cost them." That was both a cautious and a far-sighted agreement. It left the windows open for the new light that might, as John Robinson said, "break forth from God's holy word." It assumed that the revelations of the will of God were going to be progressive. The Covenant of the Church gathered in Salem in 1629 reads: "We covenant with the Lord and one another and do bind ourselves in the presence of God, to walk together in all his ways, according as he is pleased to reveal himself unto us in his blessed word of truth." How reads the Covenant, signed first in 1630 by the four outstanding leaders of the Bay Colony, John Winthrop, Thomas Dudley, Isaac Johnson, and John Wilson, and to be read today in the glowing glass of one of the windows in the present building of the First Church in Boston? "Desirous to unite ourselves in one congregation or church – we do hereby solemnly promise and bind ourselves to walk in all our ways according to the rule of the Gospel – and in mutual love and respect each to the other, so near as God shall give us grace." You may call our founders bigoted and intolerant if you want to – and there is some justification for so doing – but are not those covenants amazingly broad, hospitable, far-reaching? Under such agreements a church was a living organism that could grow and develop and adapt itself to the changing needs of succeeding generations. They remain in force even to this day. They did not have to be altered in a single word when those churches in Plymouth, Salem and Boston became Unitarian in faith and fellowship.

Well, it is not for me, as I have said, to retell the story of the Synod. Let me just mention certain incidents of too simple a nature to engage the attention of more erudite commentators. Let me raise certain questions that may relate the proceedings more closely to our Cambridge scene – questions such as these: Where did the delegates to the Synod meet and why did they meet there? How did they get there? Who were they? Well, they met in the compact little settlement originally called Newtowne, and after the founding of the College in 1636 named Cambridge. The village occupied the ground between the College Yard and the river. It was very much as it was first laid out by Thomas Dudley in 1631 on

the streets that still exist and are now called Massachusetts Avenue and Mount Auburn Street, running east and west, and Boylston, Dunster and Holyoke Streets, running north and south. The hamlet had apparently already become the natural meeting place for such gatherings. Here met, for instance, in 1637 the assembly that dealt with what is known as the Antinomian Controversy, and here in 1643 met the convention that brought about the confederation of the four New England colonies — Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, and New Haven — not a union or merger as too many people suppose, but a league — a league of independent, autonomous communities. Cambridge had evidently become the natural meeting place because it was central for the people in the scattered settlements along the seacoast from Barnstable to the Merrimac, and because the trail to the settlements to the westward and to Connecticut began here. More particularly, however, Cambridge offered accommodations for such gatherings that did not exist in any other town. The College building, a plain three-story structure of timber covered with cedar shingles, had been constructed in the years 1638 to 1643. In the summer this building was available to accommodate gatherings like the successive Cambridge Synods. Forty or more men could be put up in it. No other such building existed in the Colonies. John Winthrop, indeed, recorded in his journal that the members of the Synod "sat in the College and had their diet there after the manner of the scholars' commons but somewhat better, yet so ordered that it came not above sixpence the meal for a person." That sounds pretty abstemious, but the frugality may have been somewhat mitigated by the action of the General Court. In the Massachusetts Archives we read that "the Court thought it convenient that order be given to the auditor to send twelve gallons of sack and six gallons of white wine as a small testimony of the Court's respect, to the assembly at Cambridge."

The old chronicle, "New England's First Fruits," describes that first college building, which stood about where Grays Hall is now but nearer the street, as "very fair and comely within and without, having in it a spacious hall . . . the chambers and studies fitted for and possessed by the students are convenient." My kinsman Professor Samuel Eliot Morison in his history of "The Founding of Harvard College" has gathered a more complete description. In shape the building was like a letter E, with the straight side facing south. That was a well-known plan of the build-

ings at the English Cambridge, where so many of the New England leaders had lived. More particularly the Harvard building had a prototype in the old school building at Eton, and the resemblance is not surprising when we remember that John Wilson, teacher of the First Church in Boston and a member of the Committee under whose direction the Harvard building was begun, had lived for three years in that Eton building. "It takes no stretch of the imagination," wrote Professor Morison, "to suppose that when the old Cantabrigians on the first Harvard Board of Overseers were casting about for some plan that would look collegiate and yet not ruin the colony by the expense of building, Master Wilson produced from his memories of Eton a rough sketch which became the basis of the plan."

Now how did the delegates to the Synod get to Cambridge? There were no roads in the colony. I fancy that the delegates from the southern seaboard towns like Plymouth and Duxbury and Scituate and from the northern settlements like Lynn and Salem came by water. They would have used one of the big rowboats, or pinnaces, as they called them, which had a square sail which they could set when the wind was fair, and they would have come up the Charles River to the town landing which was about where Eliot House now stands. The delegates from the nearer villages probably walked, and John Allen from Dedham and William Hooke from Taunton and Ezekiel Rogers from Rowley and the men from Connecticut came on horseback over the rough forest trails.

Now who were the people who constituted the Cambridge Synod? The Cambridge Platform did not drop out of the sky. It was fashioned in human minds and hammered together by human hands. You recall Mr. Emerson's saying, "There is properly no history, only biography." That may be a bit exaggerated, but certainly any field of human endeavor becomes vivid for us when we view it through the experiences of the men who have there strived and achieved. To see a cause embodied in a man makes it come alive. Well, the participants in the Cambridge Synod were a noteworthy lot. You remember the much-quoted sentence in William Stoughton's Election Sermon – that "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice seed into the wilderness." That rather boastful assertion had abundant justification. Many of the magistrates and ministers of the first generation in New England were not only men of good birth and sound learning, but of uncommon ability and distinction. Among

them were more than fifty Cambridge graduates and ten or twelve more were Oxford men. No list of the delegates to the Cambridge Synod has been preserved, but from references in contemporary letters and journals we can reconstruct a partial catalogue of the participants. John Winthrop and John Endicott apparently attended only the third or last session. You see they would have been delegates from Boston and Salem which, as I have noted, did not at first accept the invitation. Sir Richard Saltonstall, the founder of Watertown, had gone back to England. Thomas Dudley, the founder of Cambridge, had moved first to Ipswich and then to Roxbury and may have been a delegate from that town, though I find no mention of his attendance in his biography. William Bradford, the Governor of Plymouth, and Simon Bradstreet, later the Governor of Massachusetts Bay, apparently took part in the discussions.

Of the ministers who attended we have a more complete record, for they were the men who kept the journals and wrote the letters. Richard Mather, who wrote the first draft of the Platform, was an Oxford graduate and had been the clergyman of Toxteth, near Liverpool. He had there been condemned and suspended by an ecclesiastical court and, coming to Massachusetts, became minister of the Church in Dorchester, where he served for nearly forty years. He was the father and grandfather of two more famous Mathers — Increase and Cotton. John Cotton of the Boston Church wrote the introduction to the Platform. He had been Fellow and Dean of Emmanuel College at Cambridge and the Vicar of St. Botolph's Church in the Lincolnshire Boston, the largest parish church in England. John Wilson, the teacher of the Boston Church, was the son of a canon of Windsor, and his mother was the niece of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He himself had been a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Imagine what a change it was for him, from King's College Chapel, one of the glories of English architecture, to the log-built, thatched-roofed little meeting-house in our Boston. John Eliot was another Cambridge man, but at Jesus College. He was for nearly sixty years the teacher of the church in Roxbury and the famous missionary to the Indians. Charles Chauncy was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, a teacher in the College and Vicar of St. Michaels. He came to the Cambridge Synod as the delegate from the church in Scituate and later he was the President of Harvard College. Samuel Whiting was the son of the Mayor of the Lincolnshire Boston, another Emmanuel man,

and he had been Vicar of Lynn Regis. He came to Massachusetts with a company of his parishioners, founded what is now our City of Lynn, and was minister of the church there for forty-three years.

Our own Cambridge representatives, you may be sure, were among the more influential delegates. They were not only the hosts but their prestige was high. Henry Dunster was President of the College. We know but little of his background, but he was at the English Cambridge at the same time as John Harvard and six or eight more of the New England pioneers. Dunster came over in 1640 and three weeks after his arrival ten magistrates and certain "elders" waited upon him and informed him that he had been elected President of the College. He was only thirty years old — the youngest of all our Presidents.

That leads me to observe that we too often forget or fail to note that most of the planters of New England were young people. We call the settlers of Plymouth the "Pilgrim Fathers" and the imaginary pictures of them represent them as elderly men with long gray beards. Well, William Brewster was in the fifties and William Bradford and a few others were in middle life, but the rest, both men and women, were in the thirties and twenties. Much the same was true of the Massachusetts Colonists. Winthrop and Endicott and Saltonstall and Dudley were men in the prime of life with grown children, but, as I have noted, John Eliot was minister at Roxbury for sixty years and Samuel Whiting at Lynn for forty-three years. They must have started pretty young. Indeed, all those Cambridge graduates of the years between 1630 and 1636 must have been in their twenties when they came over. We might have taken that for granted, for adventures like the planting of New England have always been enterprised by young people. But how many people, even erudite historians, persist in assuming that our Puritan forbears were crabbed old fellows given to bigotry and intolerance and vigorous disciplines. It is true that they dealt sternly with heretics and radicals. They welcomed only people who were ready and determined to walk with them in what they understood to be "the rule of the Gospel" and "in mutual love and respect each to the other." We should remember, too, that they lived at a time when no such thing as tolerance existed. Everywhere in Europe, except in the Netherlands, non-conformists were exiled, hanged or burnt. Even in Virginia non-attendance at the services of the Church of England was punishable by imprisonment or death. The New England authorities

were comparatively mild. They were dreadfully severe with the intruding Quakers, but the earlier contentious dissenters like Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson were what they called "enlarged," which meant that if they would betake themselves to Rhode Island and stay there, they would not be molested.

But to return to President Dunster and his participation in the Cambridge Synod. John Harvard had given the College his substance and the General Court gave it his name, but Henry Dunster gave it its direction and substantiated its guiding principles. There are three things about his administration that I like particularly to remember. Somehow he gave his little Colonial college a reputation for scholarship so that very early the ancient universities at Oxford and Cambridge recognized a Harvard degree as equivalent to their own. Then I venture to assume that it was Dunster who saw to it that his college never required of its teachers or students any theological tests. That was most remarkable, for Oxford and Cambridge – yes, every college in the Christian world – required in those days that its members subscribe to certain rigid doctrinal affirmations. No such oaths were ever exacted at Harvard. I wonder – and Professor Morison in his account of Dunster raises the same question – whether Dunster and his colleagues did not have some twinges of conscience about the way in which they, when they matriculated at the English Cambridge, had been obliged to sign creeds in whose articles they did not entirely or really believe. And third, it was Dunster who drafted and put through the General Court the College Charter of 1650 which set up a form of government consisting of the Corporation – the President, the Treasurer, and five Fellows – and the "Honorable and Reverend the Board of Overseers." That is the administrative setup that is still in force. I am sure that Henry Dunster was a potent influence in the drafting and adopting of the Cambridge Platform.

Of equal persuasiveness must have been our beloved Cambridge minister, Thomas Shepard. His story is familiar to most of you. He came over in 1635 when he too was thirty years old, and he lived here for fourteen fruitful years. He died in his prime but left behind him an unequalled reputation for thorough scholarship, stimulating speech, and devoted service to both the community and the Colony. You remember that Cotton Mather testified that "it was in respect to the enlightening and powerful ministry of Mr. Shepard that, when the foundation of a college

was to be laid, Cambridge, rather than any other place, was pitched upon to be the seat of that happy seminary."

One sometimes wonders how the members of the Puritan Oligarchy retained their power through the succeeding generations. They did it chiefly because of their acknowledged ability and energy but also in two ways less frequently recognized. First by constant intermarriage among the principal families and by a sort of natural succession. Thus John Winthrop, Jr., the son of the greatly respected Governor of Massachusetts Bay, became the Governor of Connecticut, and Governor Thomas Dudley's son-in-law, Simon Bradstreet, became Governor of Massachusetts Bay, and so later did his son, Joseph Dudley. Another son, Samuel Dudley, married the daughter of Governor Winthrop. Thomas Dudley's granddaughter married President Rogers of Harvard, and his great granddaughter married President Leverett. The widow of John Cotton married Richard Mather, and his daughter married Increase Mather. Thomas Hooker's daughter married Thomas Shepard, and so it went.

The other way in which they retained their positions was by their control of Harvard College, where the leaders of the new generations were trained. Winthrops and Mathers, Endicotts, Phillipses, Wards and Welds and a number of other outstanding families have been represented in the Harvard Catalogue from the earliest times. There are more than a thousand descendants of Thomas Dudley among the graduates of Harvard. They do not all bear the Dudley name for four of the governor's children were daughters, but they include Presidents, Fellows, Overseers and members of the teaching staff. There has been a descendant of Sir Richard Saltonstall, bearing the Saltonstall name, at Harvard in every one of the succeeding eleven generations. That is, I think, a unique record.

So let me bring this paper to a close with quotations from two addresses I heard in my long-ago youth. The addresses were made on the occasion of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the First Church in Cambridge – the church which in its two branches will be the host when we gather in October to celebrate the Cambridge Platform. At that 250th Anniversary Service in 1886 I was one of the ushers and then hurried up the gallery stairs to take my place in the Choir. There I heard the resonant voice of my honored father saying, "The Puritans with all their sacrifices and struggles did not succeed in realizing the ideals they had at heart. It was impossible to constitute a state on a basis of church

membership – impossible to make life all duty without beauty. In their social aims they ignored essential and ineradicable elements in human nature. Why then do we honor them? It is not simply because they were stout-hearted. Many a soldier of fortune, many a freebooter has been stout-hearted, too. It is because they were stout-hearted for an ideal – not *our* ideal, but theirs. Wherever and whenever resolute men and women devote their lives and fortunes not to material but to spiritual ends, there and then heroes are made and, thank God, made to be remembered."

It was on that same day that the younger Oliver Wendell Holmes, not yet honored as the great Justice of the Supreme Court, speaking just as the grandson of a former minister of the parish, but with the tone that thrilled all down one's backbone, said: "Time the purifier has burned away what was peculiar to our founders and has left only the type of courage, constancy, devotion – the august figure of the Puritan. . . . Those men planted a Congregational Church from which grew a Democratic State. They planted something mightier even than institutions. Whether they knew it or not, they planted the democratic spirit in the hearts of men. It is to them we owe the deepest cause we have to love our country – that instinct, that spark, that makes the American unable to meet his fellowman otherwise than simply as a man, eye to eye and hand to hand. When our citizens forget that they tread a sacred soil and that Massachusetts has its own venerable and inspiring traditions; when Harvard College is no longer dedicated to Truth and America to democratic freedom, then, but not till then, will the blood of the martyrs be swallowed in the sand and the Puritan have lived in vain."

A TRIBUTE TO FRANK GAYLORD COOK ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THIS SOCIETY

By President Walcott

FRANK GAYLORD COOK died in Cambridge, March 3, 1948. A son of Ebenezer Washington and Delphia (Chaddock) Cook, he was born at Arcade, N. Y., May 13, 1859, and fitted for college at the Warsaw (N. Y.) Union. Out of the total number connected with the Harvard College Class of 1882, of whom 177 received degrees, Frank Gaylord Cook ranked 15, which gave him membership in Phi Beta Kappa. In his junior year he won honors in Classics; in his senior year, final honors in History and had honorable mention besides in Philosophy and Political Economy. During his junior year he and his classmate, George Lyman Kittredge, won Bowdoin Prizes for the designated subject "Burke as a Statesman." He was a member of the Everett Athenaeum and President of the Christian Brethren, which afterward merged in the Young Men's Christian Association. He earned his way through college by tutoring during terms and in vacation, and continued to do so while in the law school. After graduating from the Harvard Law School, 1885, similar interests occupied him. He remained in Cambridge and became Secretary of the Shepard Historical Society at the First Church, Congregational. He traveled abroad and in the United States and had essays published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Christian Union* and the *Congregationalist*. Although four of these were concerned with "The Marriage Celebration," he had remained a bachelor. He built a house at 44 Garden Street and in 1896 married a Radcliffe College graduate of that year, Miss Alice Burr Sterling of Bridgeport, Conn. They had no children. They enjoyed many vacation trips together, walking, or on bicycles, and latterly in motor cars. During 1924–25 they spent seventeen months traveling around the world, and in 1931 they repeated the trip. In 1933 Mrs. Cook died. In 1945 Mr. Cook gave his house to the Shepard Congregational Society for a parsonage.

He was a trustee of the Andover Theological Seminary; a deacon of the First Church in Cambridge, Congregational, and a moderator of its Corporation; and a trustee of the Cambridge Savings Bank.

In 1905 Mr. Cook joined Richard Henry Dana and Thomas Wentworth Higginson in founding the Cambridge Historical Society. Its active and efficient Secretary for several years, he arranged highly successful celebrations of the 275th Anniversary of the founding of Cambridge and of the 100th anniversaries of the births of Longfellow, Agassiz, and Parkman. Following his term as Secretary he continued till recently to be a member of the Council. He was the first member to leave the Society a legacy by will, a custom we hope will become general.

As tutor and throughout his career as a lawyer and a useful citizen, he was conscientious, industrious, and effective.

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1945

This Annual Meeting marks the completion of the forty-first year of the Cambridge Historical Society. The Society was unusually fortunate in not being seriously affected by the general war conditions of the past few years as were so many other organizations of various types. It is to be hoped that in this coming period of readjustment the interest in the purposes of this group and participation in its meetings will notably increase.

The Council has held six meetings during the year, all of which were of a routine nature.

The four regular meetings have been well attended, the average number present ranging from sixty-five to seventy members and guests. The Annual Meeting on January 22, 1945, at the Faculty Club, was at the invitation of Miss Penelope B. Noyes and after the various committee reports were read and adopted the members were greatly interested in the talk by Mr. Kenneth J. Conant on "The Architectural Development of Harvard." For the April meeting the Society were the guests of Miss Alice A. Thorpe, 115 Brattle Street, when Miss Katherine A. Crothers read a most entertaining series of reminiscences and anecdotes written by her mother and dealing with various personalities of Cambridge during the late nineties and early nineteen hundreds. These ranged from the social problems of the new street cars to the contemporary and more serious ones of propriety and behavior. The June meeting was held upon invitation of Mrs. Robert deW. Sampson at 108 Brattle Street. Miss Lois L. Howe and Mrs. Edward S. King each read a paper on the wander-

ings and vicissitudes of "The Lost Brook" and the attempts made to transfer its course into a garden. For the October meeting the members were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Gilman at 19 Ash Street, when Mr. Gilman gave an interesting history of the development of Ash Street from the laying out of Windmill Lane in 1633 down to the present time, the name of Ash Street being given it prior to 1854.

The variety of these programs is worth noting and the Society is deeply indebted to the various members who have so generously contributed to the success of the year's activities.

Since our last Annual Meeting we have lost through death the following members: Miss Annie E. Allen, Mrs. Elmer H. Bright, Miss Leslie W. Hopkinson, Mrs. James Lowell Moore, Mr. James A. Noyes, Rev. William Brattle Oliver, Mrs. Williston Lincoln.

We regret the resignations of Mr. David E. Burr, Mr. John Heard, Rev. Leslie T. Pennington, and Mrs. J. H. Walden.

We have welcomed to membership: Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Clapp, Rev. and Mrs. Gardiner M. Day, Mr. Arthur Drinkwater, Mr. and Mrs. Pinckney Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. William DeLancey Howe, Miss Julia M. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Morton, Jr., and Rev. Henry H. Saunderson.

The present membership is as follows:

Active Members	197
Associate Members	7
Life Members	5
Total:	209

Respectfully submitted,

Bremer W. Pond,
Secretary

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1946

Since our last Annual Meeting the Council of the Society has met eight times. While the business at these meetings was largely of a routine nature, nevertheless it included the election of twenty-six new members and also the drafting of a petition sent to the President and Fellows of Harvard College protesting the contemplated destruction of the Dana-Palmer House by the University to make room for the new undergraduate Library. The one matter appearing on every meeting agenda, however, was the question of obtaining papers and hosts for the regular meetings of the Society! It is earnestly hoped that the members of the Society will consider themselves as a "Committee of the Whole" to help solve this problem that is of vital importance to the success of our meetings.

The attendance at the four regular meetings during 1946 showed a fairly definite increase over those of 1944 and 1945; the average of members and guests rising from slightly below seventy to above eighty. The Annual Meeting was held on January 22nd, 1946, at the Greenleaf House as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur K. Jordan. Following the business meeting Mr. Henry W. L. Dana gave an illustrated talk on the lives of Mr. and Mrs. James Greenleaf, closing with the presentation to Radcliffe College of the two portraits painted in 1858. Mr. Jordan then gave an entertaining outline of the life and activities of Anne Radcliffe Moulson, one of the earliest benefactors of Harvard College, and whose name was adopted in 1894 as the one for the "Annex."

At the April Meeting, when Miss Bertha Hallowell Vaughan was the hostess to the Society on the 23rd, Mrs. Samuel A. Eliot read an amusing paper on "The Romance of Cambridge Street Names." This was followed by a reading by Miss Lois L. Howe of excerpts from letters written in the 1850s from England by Miss Maria D. Fay; Miss Howe's excellent editing brought out very delightfully the spirit of those times and the writer's reactions to English life and customs.

Mrs. A. Kingsley Porter invited the Society to "Elmwood" as her guests for the June Meeting, actually held on May 22nd! That afternoon

the Hon. Edward A. Counihan, General Chairman of the Centennial Celebration, outlined the plans for the observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of Cambridge as a city. This celebration took place during the week of June 28th through July 5th.

The apparent effort to upset the traditional dates for the Society's meetings continued on for the October Meeting which was held on the evening of November 5th at the Faculty Club, with Mr. Pond as the host. Mr. Henry W. L. Dana again came to our rescue with an interesting talk on the History of the Dana-Palmer House; the lantern slides illustrated the development of the College and showed portraits of the various occupants from Richard Henry Dana, Sr., down to President Conant.

During the past year the Council has received with regret the resignations of four members: Mrs. Susan Child Scoggin, Mr. Willard H. Sprague, and Professor Louis J. A. Mercier.

The loss of eight members through death is recorded with deep regret. Several of these names should have been announced in last year's Report but the facts were not known at that time: —

Mrs. Henry Stetson; Miss Grace Wood; Mr. Gilbert C. Scoggin; Mrs. Benjamin P. Ellis; Mr. Henry Seaton Rand; Mrs. John H. Walden; Mr. Allyn B. Forbes.

We have been delighted to greet twenty-six new members during the past year: —

Rev. Henry H. Saunderson; Mrs. Arthur Beane; Miss Katharine F. Crothers; Mr. and Mrs. Albert F. Hill; Mr. and Mrs. Edmund J. Barnard; Rev. and Mrs. Henry Wilder Foote; Mr. and Mrs. Jerome D. Greene; Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Henderson; Mr. Charles Hopkinson; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lincoln Taylor; Mr. Charles F. Whiting; Dr. and Mrs. James Warren Sever; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace B. Donham; Miss Mabel Hall Colgate; Miss Elsie B. Taylor; Mr. John Reed Walden; Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Doble.

With the beginning of this new year the Society membership totals 220, divided as follows: Life Members, five; Associate Members, seven; Active Members, two hundred and eight.

Respectfully submitted,

Bremer W. Pond, *Secretary*

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1947

This meeting marks the close of the forty-third year of gatherings of the Cambridge Historical Society. The four meetings held during 1947 have shown a decided increase in the attendance over previous seasons, although no accurate count has been possible.

Your Council has held seven meetings during the year. The business at these has consisted largely of arrangements of programs for the Society's meetings and the consideration of names for membership. One informal meeting was held in October when the Council entertained the out-of-town guests to the Evangeline Centennial at a luncheon at the Commander. It was a very pleasant occasion in spite of the wretched weather. The Council approved the recommendation by Mr. Haynes of the Harvard College Library that all of the material and documents belonging to the Society be placed together on a group of shelves that had become available in the stacks. The material that had been at the Storage Library in Brighton was moved back to Widener, and everything is now together in that building.

The four regular meetings of the Society held during 1947 did not always occur on the customary fourth Tuesday of the month, but this irregularity seemed to increase the attendance. The Annual Meeting was held on January 28th at the Faculty Club when Miss Piper read a paper relating the History of the Berkeley Street School. For the April Meeting the members were the guests of Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook and Mr. Charles Lane Hanson; Dr. Saunderson gave a paper entitled "Cambridge, the Focal Point of Puritan Life." The June Meeting was on May 27th, when the Society were the guests of Mrs. Henry D. Tudor at the "Larches," and Dr. Samuel A. Eliot read a paper on "Some Musical Memories of Cambridge." The Council heartily concurred with a suggestion by Mr. Dana that the October Meeting be held on the date of the Centennial of the publication of Longfellow's "Evangeline," October 30th. This meeting was held at Craigie House and the unusually interesting program of the evening was planned and carried through by Mr. Dana. The at-

tendance would seem to be a record one, over one hundred and sixty guests, about thirty of whom were persons prominent in the groups of descendants of the Acadians in various parts of this country, Quebec, and Nova Scotia, to whom a special invitation had been extended by the Society, through the Council.

During the past year the Council has received with regret the resignations of eleven Active Members: —

Mrs. Edward Ballantine, Mrs. Richard M. Gummere, Mr. Charles Hopkinson, Professor and Mrs. Roscoe Pound, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, Mr. Joseph E. Sharkey, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Woodman.

The Society has also lost two members through death: —

Miss Margaret Norton, Miss Bertha Hallowell Vaughan.

We have welcomed to active membership seventeen: —

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Boland, Miss Rosamond Coolidge, Dr. and Mrs. Chester F. Durant, Mr. Walter F. Earle, Mr. and Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Jr., Miss Eleanor Holmes Hinckley, Mrs. Clifford M. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Hobart, Mr. Reginald H. Johnson, Mrs. Waldo Shumway, Miss Helen I. Tetlow, Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Winslow.

The membership of the Society is now two hundred and twenty-six (226), divided as follows: Life Members, five; Associate Members, seven; Active Members, two hundred and fourteen.

Respectfully submitted,

Bremer W. Pond, *Secretary*

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1945

		January 4, 1946
Cash on Hand, January 1, 1945		$ 853.75
Dues and Initiation Fees		601.00
		$1,454.75
Printing & Stationery	$ 55.80	
Clerical Services, Supplies & Postage	75.42	
Allowances to Hostesses	45.00	
Cost of Publishing Proceedings 1944	577.32	
Miscellaneous	27.51*	$ 781.05
Cash on Hand December 31, 1945		673.70
		$1,454.75

* Lantern Operator	$ 5.00
Bay State Historical League	4.00
Safe Deposit Box	6.00
Chairs for Meetings	12.51
	$27.51

Maria Bowen Fund

Investments	*Cost*	*1/1/45 Book Value*	*Cash Income Received 1945*	*12/31/45 Book Value*	*Account to which Income was Credited*
U. S. Savings Bonds	$ 5,250.00	$ 5,250.00	0.	$ 5,250.00	None
Cambridge Savings Bank	2,241.32	4,044.28	$101.97	4,346.25	Cambridge Savings Bank
Cambridgeport Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,706.30	34.29	1,740.59	Camb'port Sav'gs Bank
East Cambridge Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,724.72	34.65	1,759.37	E. Camb. Savings Bank
50 sh. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	1,868.75	1,868.75	100.00	1,868.75	Cambridge Savings Bank
25 sh. State St. Tr. Co. (Boston)*	1,295.00	1,295.00	40.00	1,295.00	Cambridge Savings Bank
5 sh. Merchants Nat'l (Boston)	1,715.00	1,715.00	60.00	1.715.00	Cambridge Savings Bank
	$15,370.07	$17,604.05	$370.91	$17,974.96	

George G. Wright Fund

	Date a/c Opened	*Bal. when Opened*	*Bal. 1/1/45*	*Int. Rec.*	*Bal. 12/31/45*
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	$ 200.00	$ 235.01	$ 5.90	$ 240.91

Life Membership Fund

Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	$ 760.22	$ 909.64	$22.87	$ 932.51

Historic Houses

Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	$2,149.82	$2,404.08	$60.48	$2,464.56

Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest

Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	$ 60.00	$ 215.13	$ 2.16	$ 217.29
		$3,170.04	$3,763.86	$91.41	$3,855.27

* 5 shares of $100 par, exchanged for 25 shares of $20 par.

Book Value of All Funds 12/31/45 — $21,830.23
Total Income — $462.32

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,
Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1946

Cash on Hand January 1, 1946		$ 673.70
Dues and Initiation Fees		704.00
Mrs. Saunderson, a/c Dudley Papers		6.50
		$1,384.20
Printing & Stationery	$74.10	
Clerical Services, Supplies & Postage	94.74	
Allowances to Hostesses	45.00	
Miscellaneous	45.90*	259.74
Cash on Hand December 31, 1946		$1,124.46

* Chairs for Meetings	$19.50
Bank Service Charge	1.00
Safe Deposit Box	6.00
Bay State Historical League	4.00
Slides for lecture on Dana-Palmer House	15.40
	$45.90

Maria Bowen Fund

Investments	*Cost*	*1/1/46 Book Value*	*Cash Income Received 1946*	*12/31/46 Book Value*	*Account to which Income was Credited*
U. S. Savings Bonds	$ 5,250.00	$ 5,250.00	0.	$ 5,250.00	None
Cambridge Savings Bank	2,241.32	4,346.25	$ 87.80	4,644.05	Cambridge Savings Bank
Cambridgeport Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,740.59	34.97	1,775.56	Camb'port Sav'gs Bank
East Cambridge Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,759.37	35.35	1,794.72	E. Camb. Savings Bank
50 sh. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	1,868.75	1,868.75	100.00	1,868.75	Cambridge Savings Bank
25 sh. State St. Tr. Co. (Boston)*	1,295.00	1,295.00	50.00	1,295.00	Cambridge Savings Bank
5 sh. Merchants Nat'l (Boston)	1,715.00	1,715.00	60.00	1,715.00	Cambridge Savings Bank
	$15,370.07	$17,974.96	$368.12	$18,343.08	

George G. Wright Fund

	Date a/c Opened	*Bal. when Opened*	*Bal. 1/1/46*	*Int. Rec.*	*Bal. 12/31/46*
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	$ 200.00	$ 240.91	$ 4.83	$ 245.74

Life Membership Fund

Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	$ 760.22	$ 932.51	$18.73	$ 951.24

Historic Houses

Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	$2,149.82	$2,464.56	$51.34	$3,060.49
Cambridge Tercentenary Committee	4/26/46		544.59		

Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest

Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	$ 60.00	$ 217.29	$ 2.18	$ 219.47
		$3,170.04	$4,399.86	$77.08	$4,476.94

* 5 shares of $100 par, exchanged for 25 shares of $20 par.

Book Value of All Funds 12/31/46 — $22,820.02
Total Income — $445.20

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,
Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1947

Cash on hand January 1, 1947		$1,124.46
Dues and Initiation Fees net		675.00
Sale of Proceedings net		65.40
		$1,864.86
Printing and Stationery	$ 60.25	
Clerical Services and Postage	123.94	
Allowance to Hostesses	60.00	
"Evangeline Luncheon" net	79.68	
Indexing Vols. 1–10 of Proceedings net	149.00	
Miscellaneous	35.28*	508.15
Cash on Hand December 31, 1947		$1,356.71

* Chairs for Meetings	$20.42
Bay State Historical League	4.00
Vault Rental	6.00
Delivering Books to Widener from Storage Library	4.86
	$35.28

Maria Bowen Fund

Investments		*1/1/47 Book Value*	*Cash Income Received 1947*	*12/31/47 Book Value*	*Account to which Income was Credited*
U. S. Savings Bonds	$ 5,250.00	$ 5,250.00	0.	$ 5,250.00	None
Cambridge Savings Bank	2,241.32	4,644.05	$105.80	4,972.35	Cambridge Savings Bank
Cambridgeport Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,775.56	35.68	1,811.24	Camb'port Sav'gs Bank
East Cambridge Savings Bank	1,500.00	1,794.72	36.06	1,830.78	E. Camb. Savings Bank
50 sh. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	1,868.75	1,868.75	112.50	1,868.75	Cambridge Savings Bank
25 sh. State St. Tr. Co. (Boston)	1,295.00	1,295.00	50.00	1,295.00	Cambridge Savings Bank
5 sh. Merchants Nat'l (Boston)	1,715.00	1,715.00	60.00	1,715.00	Cambridge Savings Bank
	$15,370.07	$18,343.08	$400.04	$18,743.12	

George G. Wright Fund

	Date a/c Opened	*Bal. when Opened*	*Bal. 1/1/47*	*Int. Rec.*	*Bal. 12/31/47*
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	$ 200.00	$ 245.74	$ 5.55	$ 251.29

Life Membership Fund

Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	$ 760.22	$ 951.24	$21.51	$ 972.75

Historic Houses

Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	$2,149.82	$3,060.49	$69.24	$3,158.44
Cambridge Tercentenary Committee	12/31/47		28.71		

Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest

Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	$ 60.00	$ 219.47	$ 2.20	$ 221.67
		$3,170.04	$4,505.65	$98.50	$4,604.15

Book Value of All Funds 12/31/47 — $23,347.27
Total Income — $498.54

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,
Treasurer.

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CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLICATIONS, VOLUME 33

Proceedings for the Years 1949-50

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY
1953

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TABLE OF CONTENTS

OFFICERS 5

PAPERS

The Dana-Palmer House 7
By H. W. L. Dana

The History of Garden St. 37
By Lois Lilley Howe

The Owners of Elmwood 58
By Lucy Kingsley Porter

Cambridge Trees 94
By Lois Lilley Howe

The Early Life of Samuel McChord Crothers 100
By Katharine F. Crothers

Charles William Eliot 117
By Jerome D. Greene

Historical Associations of Charlestown and Cambridge . . . 134
By Charles F. Whiting

MEMORIALS

Eldon Revere James 156
By David T. Pottinger

Maude Batchelder Vosburgh 158
By David T. Pottinger

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana 160
By Robert Walcott

ANNUAL REPORTS 163

MEMBERS 171

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEARS 1949–50

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PAPERS READ DURING THE YEARS 1949–50

THE DANA-PALMER HOUSE

BY H. W. L. DANA

Read November 5, 1946 [1]
Revised in 1949

FOR some of us who grew up as children in Cambridge there were two familiar jingles which seemed to sum up all the history we needed to know. One gave us the date of the discovery of America:

> In fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two
> Columbus sailed the ocean blue.

The other couplet gave what seemed to us equally important — the date of the founding of Harvard College:

> In sixteen-hundred-and-thirty-six
> Harvard College was built of bricks.

As far as I know, our first image — that of the blue ocean in 1492 — still remains substantially correct; but unfortunately our second image — that of red brick buildings at Harvard in 1636 — needs a little modifying.

It now appears that the first building was erected in Harvard not in

[1] This paper was originally given as an illustrated lecture, showing on the screen: maps and views of the Harvard Yard at various periods; plans and pictures of the Dana-Palmer House and its various rooms; and portraits of its successive occupants. Since it seemed impractical to reproduce all of these fifty or more illustrations it was thought advisable to rewrite the article for publication in these Publications, at the same time bringing it up to date as of 1949.

1636 but in 1638 and it was not of brick but of wood.[2] So were all the other buildings then standing inside the area which we now think of as the Harvard Yard. It was only gradually that brick buildings began to appear among the wooden ones. Little by little, however, the rising tide of brick factory-like buildings, such as Holworthy Hall, came to dominate the Yard. A hundred years ago James Russell Lowell, in his "Indian Summer Reverie," noted this and wrote:

> There, in red brick, which softening time defies,
> Stand square and stiff the Muses' factories.

Yet at that time part of the charm of the Harvard Yard was the lingering presence there of old yellow-painted wooden houses together with the red factories of the Muses.

In the century that has passed since then, however, all the wooden houses except Wadsworth House have now been removed from the Yard and their places taken by larger brick buildings crowding the whole south side of the Yard.

If the Emperor Augustus could boast that he had found Rome built of brick and left it of marble, Harvard College may yet be able to boast that it found Cambridge built of wood and is leaving it built of brick.

When James Russell Lowell was in college, the whole south side of the Yard consisted of a dignified row of wooden buildings well separated from each other by gardens and orchards. At the western end, on the corner of Harvard Square or "The Village," as it was then called, stood the old wooden Meeting House.[3] Next came Wadsworth House which had served as Washington's Headquarters during his first two weeks in Cambridge in 1775.[4] Then, beyond the entrance to the "Ox-Pasture," came the dilapidated old Wigglesworth House with its steep-pitched wooden roof.[5] Next to that, approached by a curved entrance from the

[2] Samuel Eliot Morison, *The Tercentennial History of Harvard College and University*, Vol. I; *The Founding of Harvard College*, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1935, Chap. XX, The "Old College," pp. 271–291.

[3] Alexander McKenzie, *Lectures on The History of the First Church in Cambridge*, Boston, 1873; Stephen Paschall Sharples, Editor, *Records of the Church of Christ at Cambridge in New England 1632–1830*, Boston, 1906.

[4] Mabel Lorenz Ives, *Washington's Headquarters*, Upper Montclair, N. J., 1932, pp. 13–23; Henry Ware, "A Harvard Landmark," *The Harvard Register*, pp. 120–121.

[5] *Harvard University Handbook*, Cambridge, 1936, p. 6. On a placque at the end of the new Wigglesworth Hall built in 1931 is a bas-relief of the old Wiggleworth House built in 1633 for the Reverend Thomas Hooker, and finally torn down in 1844.

street, stood the Stephen Sewall House.[6] Then, beyond the "Fellows' Orchard," was the Old Parsonage with its picturesque old-fashioned well-sweep.[7]

Finally, in the south-east corner of the Harvard Yard, was the sloping hillock surmounted with the house which is our chief concern here.[8]

This little knoll in the corner of the Yard had originally been part of the garden of Edmund Goffe who had come to Cambridge in 1635. From him this strip of land descended through a series of Goffes to his great-great-granddaughter, Lydia Trowbridge Dana, and to her son, Chief Justice Francis Dana.[9]

During the American Revolution, this little hill was surmounted by breast-works and used as a part of the fortification of Washington's Camp. A fosse on the further side of this fort marked the outer edge of the Harvard Yard and was the site of what later became Quincy Street.[10]

What had been the fort marked the western edge of the large estate of Judge Francis Dana, which extended from here to the still higher hill farther to the east, on the top of which he built his famous mansion in 1785. From there the estate extended through a large part of what is today Cambridgeport.[11]

After Judge Dana's death in 1811 the site of the old fort, and the surrounding land, passed to his brother, the Reverend Edmund Dana who was then living in England.

Two of the daughters of Judge Dana, Elizabeth Ellery Dana and Sarah Ann Dana, became engaged to two brothers, George Foster and James Foster, the nephews of Andrew Craigie. Just before the day set for their double wedding, in the autumn of 1817, the two Foster brothers died tragically of the fatal epidemic that swept through Cambridge. One of the Dana sisters, Sarah, and her brother, Richard Henry Dana, in try-

[6] H. W. L. Dana, "The Stephen Sewall House," *Old-Time New England*, April, 1947, Vol. 37, pp. 94–99.

[7] *An Historic Guide to Cambridge*, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1907, pp. 18–20.

[8] Joseph Lovering, "The Dana House," in *The Harvard Book*, Cambridge, 1875, Vol. I, pp. 143–144; H. W. L. Dana, "In the Southeast Corner," *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, April 27, 1946, Vol. 48, pp. 575–579.

[9] W. P. Cresson, *Francis Dana*, New York, 1930.

[10] Samuel Francis Batchelder, "Editor's Note," *Cambridge Historical Society*, Proceedings for the year 1925, Vol. 18, pp. 27–28.

[11] "A Plan of a part of the Land belonging to the Honorable Francis Dana Esq. lying in Cambridge, By Peter Tufts, Jun., May 23, 1810."

ing to minister to the afflicted, caught the same dread disease, which left them partial invalids for the rest of their lives.

On May 7, 1822, an older Foster brother, Dr. Thomas Foster, bought this corner lot for $1807.50 from the Reverend Edmund Dana [12] and proceeded to carry out the wishes of his two brothers by building a house there for the bereaved Dana Sisters. Wearing mourning, as though they were actually the widows of the two Fosters, Miss Betsey Dana and Miss Sarah Dana lived on as old maids, and when they died were buried in the old burying ground at Harvard Square, in the Dana Tomb, where their lovers lay buried.[13]

"The Idle Man"

When the two Miss Danas moved into this new house, they took with them a third sister, Martha Remington Dana, and their brother the essayist and poet, Richard Henry Dana 1st (1787–1879), the first of five generations in succession to bear that name.[14] During the previous year, while he was occupying the rickety old Wigglesworth House in the Harvard Yard, his wife had died, and two months later his youngest daughter Susan died of a fall there. From the melancholy associations of that house he was glad then to move with his three sisters and his three remaining children to this new house, where he became head of the household.

The new house into which they finally moved on February 3, 1823, seemed to bring the whole family a new lease of life. In place of the lower level, on which the Wigglesworth House, and the other houses in the Yard, were located, the new house had a commanding position on the site of the old fort at the top of that little hill in the southeast corner of the Harvard Yard. From there they could look down on the Old Parson-

[12] Registry of Deeds, Middlesex County Courthouse, Cambridge, Vol. 247, p. 276. The deed was registered March 26, 1823, and the attorneys for Edmund Dana were Richard H. Dana and Laomi Baldwin.

[13] Ruth Charlotte Dana, "Account of the Dana Family and the Houses they Occupied," given in 1890 to her niece, Mrs. Rosamond Dana Wild.

[14] James Grant Wilson, "Richard Henry Dana 1787–1879," in *Bryant and His Friends*, New York, 1886, pp. 179–229; George M. Weiman, *Richard Henry Dana, the Elder, Critic*, New York University, Ph.D. Thesis, 1920; Florence M. Wallace, *A Study of R. H. Dana's Relation to the Political Situation of His Time*, State University of Iowa, M.A. Thesis, 1931; H. W. L. Dana, *The Dana Saga: Three Centuries of the Dana Family in Cambridge*, Cambridge Historical Society, 1941, pp. 15–20.

age and the other wooden houses extending to the west towards the Meeting House and the sunset beyond. Along the south side of the new house was a Greek portico of fluted columns extending the length of the house. From this porch the hill sloped rapidly towards the road and the Winthrop duck pond, and they could get glimpses to the south across the marshes towards the Charles River gleaming in the sunlight.

The house was sufficiently spacious to have room for Mr. Dana, for his three children and for the three sisters, who were of great help in bringing up the children after their mother's death. The southwestern room, flooded with light at noon and in the afternoon, became the study of the essayist and poet Dana and there he had his famous library table at which he spent so much of his life. It was a far more cheerful room than he had had before, yet he was pursued even there with the same melancholy. To literary visitors who came to see him in his library he smiled sadly with his soft blue eyes and extended his pale white hand in welcome.[15] In the letter written to his wife's sister in February 1823, shortly after he had moved into this new house, he wrote:

> I am now fixed in my new room. There's a wide, & very beautiful prospect from it. . . My bedroom opens into my study, so that I can go from one to the other without preparation, or meeting with anything to discompose the mind. . . What shall I tell you about the children. Charlotte goes to school thro' the coldest days; & seems to feel delighted at being out in a sharp northwester; She is full of spirits all the time, & eats meat like a man; but it puts no flesh upon her, except on her face. . . I have great hopes of Richard. With all his fondness for laugh & fun, he has great tenderness, & thoughtfulness. He is alive about his studies, & tho' nearly a year younger than any boy in the school, has been at the head of his class several days in the latin & ranks high in his other studies. . . Little Ned makes no great figure in his scholarship; but has a prodigious idea of Dick's knowledge; & stands listening to him as to an oracle.

The elder Richard Henry Dana had been one of the founders and earliest editors of the *North American Review*, where he published his own early literary essays and where he had been the first to discover the genius of the youthful William Cullen Bryant whose "Thanatopsis" he published in the *Review*. The other backers of the *North American Review*, however, were staunch supporters of the traditional Classicism and did not approve of Dana's enthusiasm for the Romanticism of such poets as Wordsworth and Coleridge. Accordingly Dana withdrew and started

[15] O. B. Frothingham, *Memoir of William Henry Channing*, Boston, 1886, p. 404.

a periodical of his own, to which, in an ill-guarded moment, he gave the name of *The Idle Man.* There he could give free rein to his love of Romanticism, publish his own romantic tales, further poems of Bryant, and contributions from Washington Allston, the friend of Coleridge. When Bryant came to Cambridge to deliver his Phi Beta Kappa poem, "The Ages," at Harvard he was the guest of Mr. Dana. At his library table in this house, Mr. Dana wrote in 1825 for Bryant's *New York Review* a somewhat melancholy poem "The Dying Raven" — this was twenty years before Poe's "Raven." Here too he prepared for the press a selection of his own verses in a small orange-covered book labelled *Dana's Poems*, which was published in 1827.

The first poem in this volume was a romantic ballad in the manner of Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." This was called "The Buccaneer." The atmosphere of horror with which he described how this buccaneer was haunted and carried off to sea by a great white horse may have offered some suggestion to Herman Melville when in *Moby Dick* he came to describe how Captain Ahab was haunted and finally carried down into the sea by the great white whale. "The Buccaneer" was praised in England by Christopher North as "By far the most powerful and original of American compositions."

At the same library table in this same house Dana prepared in 1829 a poem called "Thoughts on the Soul" which he read before the Theological Seminary in Andover. When this and other poems and prose works were collected by Dana for publication, the volume was highly praised by Professor Longfellow of Bowdoin College who declared: "As a poetic thinker Dana has no equal." [16] Cheever, in his *Poets of America* devoted more pages to Dana's poems than to those of any other poet and boldly ranked Dana "at the head of all the American poets."

In addition to this literary work, Dana also wrote religious articles defending the Reverend Abiel Holmes from the attacks of the Unitarians in 1829 in what was called "The Cambridge Controversy."

Compared to the more active men of the period, the elder Dana, musing at his library table in this house, seemed to many persons to be exemplifying his own tell-tale title: *The Idle Man.* James Russell Lowell

[16] [Henry W. Longfellow], "Poems and Prose Writings by Richard H. Dana," *American Monthy Review*, December 1833, Vol. IV. pp. 468–480.

in *A Fable for Critics* could not resist the temptation of making his famous jibe at Dana:

> That he once was the Idle Man none will deplore,
> But I fear he will never be anything more;
> The ocean of song heaves and glitters before him,
> The depth and the vastness and longing sweep o'er him. . .
> Yet he spends his whole life, like the man in the fable,
> In learning to swim on his library-table.

"Before the Mast"

Not so his son, Richard Henry Dana, Jr. (1815–1882), the future author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, who spent the impressionable years of his life from seven to seventeen in this house.[17] He was anxious to get away from the "library table" in the study here and get out into the swim of active life. Once when swimming in the Charles River, one of his playmates was drowned and young Richard returned home to be sent back by his father to swim again in the same place. The boy never knew how anxiously his father walked up and down the floor of the library in this house until his son came back safe.

Among the teachers under whom young Richard Dana studied was Ralph Waldo Emerson; and among his fellow students were Margaret Fuller, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Lowell. Lowell recalls young Richard's early interest in ships and in sailing toy boats on the Winthrop duck pond across the street from this Dana House:

> On the green duck-pond's sea — when water fails
> In droughty times, replenished then with pails —
> Richard the Second from their moorings cast
> His shingle fleets, and sailed before the mast.[18]

In the same suppressed passage from *The Biglow Papers*, Lowell gave an almost incredible account of riding a Shetland pony through the doorway of this Dana House and attempting to mount the flight of stairs, apparently aided and abetted in this venture, incredible as it may seem, by the elder Dana:

[17] Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana*, Boston, 1890; Richard Henry Dana, Jr., *Speeches in Stirring Times*, edited by Richard H. Dana, 3rd, Boston, 1910, pp. 504–512, Bibliography.

[18] Horace Elisha Scudder, *James Russell Lowell*, Boston, 1901, Vol. I, p. 22.

My pony through his own front door he drew,
I on her back, and strove with winning airs
To coax my shaggy Shetlander upstairs;
Rejected hospitality! The more
He tugged in front, she backed towards the door,
Had oats been offered, she had climbed at least
Up to the garrat, canny Scottish beast.

A more dignified event took place in this house when young Richard was fifteen years old. This was the marriage on June 1, 1830, of his aunt, Martha Remington Dana to Washington Allston, the charming romantic poet and painter who brought to Cambridge the "true Venetian air" and the glamour of his intimate friendship with Coleridge. As Emerson said of Allston, "A little sunshine of his own this man of beauty brought into the American forest." [19]

In 1832 or 1833 the Dana family moved from this house and went to occupy a house on the corner of Brattle and Church Street.

On May 20, 1835, Harvard College purchased this house and land and incorporated it as a regular part of the Harvard Yard.[20] The statement of the Treasurer of Harvard College for September 15, 1835 reads: "Paid for the purchase of the 'Dana Estate', in Cambridge, and two parcels of land bought of the heirs of the late A. Bigelow: $11,825.40." A little later in the Treasurer's Report comes this further statement: "Dana Estate, adjoining Parsonage Estate, within College Square. Present Annual Income: $500. New Valuation $8,000." The Harvard Steward's Journal for June 30, 1836, records the following quarterly payment: "The Treasury for year's Rent of Mrs. Whitney, Dana House to July 1st: $125." It seems, then, that Harvard College after buying the house rented it for a few years to persons unconnected with the College, but still called it the "Dana House."

At first the street running up to the side door of this house, following the line of the fosse along the outer edge of the fortification, ended halfway up the hill. Later it was extended through to the street beyond. While the Dana family was living there it was called "Dana Street" and is

[19] H. W. L. Dana, "Allston in Cambridgeport," *Cambridge Historical Society*, Proceedings for the year 1943, pp. 34–67; Edgar Preston Richardson, *Washington Allston, A Study of the Romantic Artist in America*, Chicago, 1948.

[20] Registry of Deeds, Middlesex County Courthouse, Cambridge, Vol. 341, p. 314. The deed was registered May 21, 1835.

so named on a map of 1832.[21] After the Danas had left, however, the name "Dana Street" was transferred to a new street, laid out in 1835 further to the east, running over the top of Dana Hill. After the house had been bought by the college, the street marking the eastern boundary of the Harvard Yard was rechristened "College Street" as can be seen from a map of 1836.[22] Finally, in honor of Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College, it was called "Quincy Street" in his honor and has retained that name for over a century.

The Old Observatory

On September 8, 1836, when Harvard celebrated its Two Hundredth Anniversary and the newly composed "Fair Harvard" was sung for the first time, it was on the sloping ground beside the Dana House — a natural amphitheatre — that seats were arranged in tiers rising one above another as in a Greek theatre, with the colonnade of the house in the background. Over the heads of the audience a pagoda-like pavilion was erected and a banner, bearing the Harvard emblem of the three books and the Latin word *Veritas*, was first flung to the breeze. There was served the Alumni Dinner and no less than forty toasts were drunk and speeches made. Finally, after hours of oratory, as dark came on, it was voted: "That this assembly of the Alumni be adjourned to meet in this place on the 8th of September, 1936." [23]

On this occasion the former President Kirkland was received with thunderous applause and looking towards the Dana House made an eloquent plea for the construction of an Astronomical Observatory. During the previous year, Halley's Comet had appeared and excited much interest in astronomy, and now at last the time seemed ripe to pick a spot in the Harvard Yard to use as an Observatory. An obvious choice for the location was the Dana House on its little hill — the highest point in the otherwise entirely level Harvard Yard. The new Harvard President Josiah Quincy, wrote optimistically: "The house on this land was also large and commodious; the site for the Observatory the best in the immediate

[21] Map in the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts.

[22] A Map of Cambridge, Mass., from Surveys by J. Hayward, 1838.

[23] Samuel Eliot Morison, *Three Centuries of Harvard*, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1936, pp. 268–272.

vicinity of the College." [24] The house was considered "sufficiently firm to support a telescope of some power"; and in the autumn of 1839 subscriptions for the venture were raised, the alphabetical list beginning, characteristically enough at that time, with John Quincy Adams and three Appletons. The structure of the house was reinforced in the basement and "a cupola with a revolving roof moving on iron rollers" was erected on top. The Harvard Professor of Greek, the incorrigible joker, Cornelius Conway Felton looked askance upon this scientific excrescence superimposed upon the pure lines of the house with its portico of Greek columns; and wrote on December 27, 1839: "There is a caboose set up on the house with a telescope that commands an unobstructed view of all the chambers in the neighborhood." [25]

Four days later, on New Year's Eve, the first observations were made from this revolving turret and were apparently not of second-story windows, but of the stars overhead. At first the astronomer who was summoned to do this work was merely called an "observer" and was not given any professorship — or any salary. Apparently he was supposed to "cultivate astronomy on a little oatmeal." His only remuneration was being allowed to occupy the Dana House without paying rent. As Professor Felton said: "Old Mr. Bond takes the house, the rent being given him for keeping watch on the stars."

This "old Mr. Bond" who "kept watch on the stars" was William Cranch Bond (1789–1859).[26] He was then in reality only just fifty, but he was so frail in health and so subdued in temperament that he seemed older. He has given us a detailed account of the changes he made in the house. The ground floor room in the south-west corner, where the elder Dana had had his "library table," was now "sacrificed to science." An "astronomical clock," a "siderial chronometer," and four different barometers were attached to the walls. Beyond the room to the west, an

[24] William Cranch Bond, "History and Description of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard University," *Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard University*, Cambridge, 1856, Vol. I, pp. i–cxci; Solon I. Bailey, *The History and Work of Harvard Observatory*, New York, 1930.

[25] Cornelius Conway Felton, letter to Francis Bowen, in the Harvard University Archives. It was quoted in part by William Greene Roelker, "For Keeping Watch upon the Stars," *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, February 16, 1940, Vol. 42, pp. 601–603.

[26] Edward S. Holden, *Memorials of William Cranch Bond and His Son George Phillips Bond*, San Francisco, 1897; Elizabeth L. Bond, "The Observatory of Harvard College and Its Early Founders," *Cambridge Historical Society*, Proceedings for the years 1938 and 1939, pp. 75–85.

extension was built out diagonally so that it might run due east and west, at right angles to the meridian. In the foundations of this wing, in order to support a transit-instrument, was placed a large block of granite six by four feet, buried some five feet below the surface. This was unearthed when the foundations of the Dana House were removed in order to make room for the Lamont Library.

Some eleven miles due south from the Dana House, "on the western declivity of the Great Blue Hill in Milton," a tower of solid masonry, seventeen feet high, was erected as a "meridian mark." Unfortunately this marker was soon eclipsed. A neighbor, "either by accident or by design moved his old barn to a point across the street from the Observatory, thereby completely obstructing the view of the meridian mark. As a result the College was obliged to purchase a "right of way" through the barn. A hole was cut through the roof of the barn, making an open tunnel, through which the observer could procure a sight of the meridian mark on Blue Hill.[27]

Beyond this transit room, a further extension was made to two octagonal buildings, set at right angles, where an altitude and azimuth instrument and various magnetometers were placed. From here an opening gave onto a mark on the top of the newly constructed Gothic-Revival building, Gore Hall, making a fixed angle with the meridian.

Later, some 120 feet to the north, from the farther end of the long ell of the house, another complicated series of small buildings was erected to the west, to accommodate more magnetic apparatus. Again the Greek Professor, Felton, made fun of this "low structure consisting of two globular divisions." This, he said, "serves not only to answer the purposes of astronomy, but to illustrate a line in an ancient comedy." He then proceeded to quote in Greek from *The Clouds* of Aristophanes the passage in which the students of Socrates are bent over with their rumps turned upwards. Strepsiades asks one of the students: "Why do their rumps look up towards heaven?" To this the student replies in all seriousness: "That is the way we study astronomy."

In spite of Felton's jests, some good work was done in this Observatory. Cooperation was begun with observatories in Toronto, Greenwich, St. Helena, Göttingen, and far-off Russia. The photographic process

[27] Joseph Lovering "The Dana House," in *The Harvard Book*, Cambridge, 1875, Vol I, p. 144.

invented by Daguerre in 1839, the very year when this observatory was started, was here first put into practical astronomic use.

There is something very touching in the devotion with which Mr. Bond and his two sons, "painfully thin" and suffering from tuberculosis, pluckily continued to watch the stars on cold winter nights. In November 1841 the older son William died in this house; but the younger son George, although only fourteen years old when they had first moved in, carried on the work and became his father's successor. Later Harvard Overseers paid their tribute to William Cranch Bond and George Phillips Bond: "martyrs both, father and son, to science and to a scrupulous sense of duty."

In addition to the Bonds, there were others who helped at what was still called "The Dana House Observatory." An organization of the students called the Meteorlogical Society of Harvard University used to meet in the octagonal room to discuss the latest astronomical discoveries. Moreover Joseph Lovering, the Professor of Mathematics at Harvard, used to live in the house and helped the astronomers with his mathematical calculations. Professor Lovering enjoyed the reputation of being "an absent-minded professor" and is said to have become so absorbed in his astronomical computations that he continued the habit he had acquired in Cambridge winters of putting on overshoes or "arctics" well into the summer months.[28]

After occupying the former Dana House as an Observatory for nearly five years, it was finally decided by the astronomers that they ought as soon as possible to build a larger Observatory upon higher ground. It seems as if the heavens themselves conspired together to stimulate interest in astronomy. Just as Halley's Comet of 1835 had suggested the need of the first Observatory, so "The Great Comet of 1843," when it suddenly appeared in the Cambridge skies, covering a third of the heaven in extent and visible even by daylight, turned everyone's attention to the little Observatory in the corner of the Harvard Yard, seeking for further information. This served as an opportunity to show the limitations of this make-shift Observatory and President Quincy of Harvard, in the manner of many a shrewd college president since then, to use his own words, "by drawing attention . . . to the great inadequacy of the means pos-

[28] Samuel A. Eliot, "Some Cambridge Pundits and Pedagogues," *Cambridge Historical Society*, Proceedings for the year 1940, p. 14.

sessed by the University for efficient astronomical observations, created a desire and a disposition to supply them."

His appeal succeeded, funds were raised, and Harvard College now bought from the Craigie Estate, two years after the death of Mrs. Andrew Craigie, the so-called Summer-House Hill where she had her summer-house. In September, 1844, the instruments were moved from the former Dana House to the new Observatory which has remained during the century since that day on its present site, now called Observatory Hill.

Meanwhile the turret that had been used for the telescope was still left on the top of the roof of the Dana House. The small rounded domes of the out-lying buildings — the "igloos" at which Felton had poked fun — were removed, although their foundations were discovered in digging away the side of the hill to make room for the Lamont Library. The passage-way leading to these from the further end of the octagonal transit room was also removed and replaced by a window which did not quite match the older ones to each side of it. For many years this strange octagonal-ended alcove stuck out from the house at a crazy angle, like a sore thumb.

This partially dismantled old Observatory then became, for a century and more, the private home of a long series of interesting and brilliant Harvard Professors.

Felton's Laughter

In 1844, when the Observatory moved out, the man who moved in was none other than the Greek professor who had made merry with his jests about that "caboose" on the roof and those "globular domes" beside the Observatory. This was Cornelius Conway Felton (1807–1862).[29] Two years earlier, when a meteor named Charles Dickens flashed on the Cambridge horizon, it was Professor Felton who had escorted him through the Harvard Yard and pointed out to him this Observatory and its humorous excrescences. Dickens, in turn, had pronounced Felton

[29] George Stillman Hillard, "Memoir" in Proceedings of Massachusetts Historical Society, Nov. 1868; William Goodwin, "Cornelius Conway Felton," *Cambridge Historical Society*, Proceedings: October 23, 1906–October 22, 1907, pp. 117–130; Eunice W. F. Felton, "President Cornelius Conway Felton," *Cambridge Historical Society*, Proceedings for the years 1930 and 1931, pp. 122–124.

"the heartiest of Greek professors." Felton himself, with his round face and gold-rimmed spectacles, looked a little like Mr. Pickwick and in imitation of the Pickwick Club, he used to gather about him in this house a club of five that he used to call the Five of Clubs. Many others joined the merry circle. Felton was wonderfully good-natured. As Mr. Longfellow said of him, he was "perfectly happy — just like a child with both hands full of flowers."

Felton was "a fellow of infinite jest." He was always the first and loudest to laugh at his own jokes. James Russell Lowell describes this house as the house

> Where Felton puns in English and in Greek
> And shakes with laughter till the timbers creak.[30]

Lowell himself was quite able to pun in Greek and on one occasion declared that he would like to apply to a terribly boresome man "the quadrisyllabic name of the brother of Agis, King of Sparta." While the other members of the circle were puzzled, not knowing to what name he referred, Felton immediately burst into peals of laughter recognizing that the name referred to was "Eudamidas" (You damnéd ass!).[31]

The heartiest of Greek professors was nonetheless a thorough scholar of Greek and passionately devoted to the cause of Greece and Greek independence. In Greece the name of the American Felton was linked with that of the English Byron as champion of the Greeks. With his curly black hair and bright eyes he seemed himself almost a Greek. In his book on Greece Felton had described the columns of the Parthenon as "kindling in the blaze of the noon-day sun, or softly gleaming under the indescribable loveliness of the full moon." [32]

As he sat on the portico of this house and looked through the colonnade of fluted Greek columns towards the setting sun, he could at times imagine that he was in Greece. Of this lover of Greece Longfellow wrote:

> So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serene
> And childlike joy of life, O Philhellene! . . .
> Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple sea,
> And in the sunset Jason's fleece of gold!

[30] Horace Elisha Scudder, *James Russell Lowell*, Boston, 1901, Vol. I., p. 22.
[31] Horace Elisha Scudder, *James Russell Lowell*, Boston, 1901, Vol. I., p. 434.
[32] Addresses at the Inauguration of Cornelius Conway Felton, LL.D., as President of Harvard College . . . Thursday, July 19, 1860, Cambridge, 1860, p. 107.

Later on, Professor Felton was chosen President of Harvard, which he did not altogether like, declaring that the difference between "being Professor or President" was the difference "between Heaven and Hell." When he became President he moved into the new President's House built next door to this house, in the so-called cottage mansion style, in which everything above the ground floor was contained in the roof. Indeed in the course of his career Felton lived in no less than four different houses on Quincy Street. All told, at least eight Harvard Presidents lived at one time or another on Quincy Street and it is no wonder that it was sometimes referred to as the Presidential Street.

The First Plummer Professor

After Professor Felton had left the Dana House, it came to be occupied by a series of preachers and philosophers — Huntington, Peabody, James, and Palmer — all, in a way, preachers, and all teachers.

The Reverend Frederic Dan Huntington (1819–1904) was a graduate of Amherst College.[33] As one complacent Cantabridgian put it, "He was not a graduate of Harvard, which was a misfortune, and he did not get into the Harvard way." Dr. Huntington came to Harvard in a double capacity. He had been appointed Preacher to the University and was also the first "Plummer Professor of Christian Morals" — a title which Felton could not resist turning about into the "Christian Professor of Plumber's Morals."

His daughter, Arria Sargent Huntington, gives the following delightful account of the family's arrival at the Quincy Street house:

> On a September afternoon in the year 1855 Mr. Huntington and his family drove from the Highlands through the winding country roads connecting the villages of Roxbury and Brookline, over the wooden bridge which crossed the Charles River and so on to Cambridge. A college bookstore, the post-office, and a few shops then made up the little business centre known as "Harvard Square." Beyond the grassy spaces of the "Yard," mostly open enclosure, with here and there an ancient structure among the trees, stood the old Observatory, marked by the cupola on the roof and a small octagon wing at the side. The building, converted into an ordinary mansion, was placed on a slope looking towards the Library, its little lawn screened by a tall hawthorn hedge from the dusty high-

[33] Arria Sargent Huntington, *Memoirs and Letters of Frederic Dan Huntington*, Boston, 1906, pp. 110–111, 116–117, 117–120, 127–130.

road, along which the hourly omnibuses still made their slow progress to the city. On one side was a long sunny piazza, the front door opened on Quincy Street, and to the north was a group of apple-trees and a stable. To this attractive residence the young Plummer professor directed his children's attention as he came down the steps of the College office, and pointed out their future home. Pleasant was the outward aspect and pleasant the associations into which the family was entering.

That same autumn Dr. Huntington wrote the following letter from this house:

Cambridge, Nov. 10, '55

Dear Sister: — You will like to hear of our safe settlement in the new quarters. They are vastly bettered by paint and paper and furniture. . . My study is charming, and I wish you could look in upon its coziness this morning. . . Cambridge people are certainly abundant in their attentions. Our rooms are stocked with flowers and fruits, and every kindness has been shown us. If only the Holy Spirit should awaken a Christian interest in the college, my joy would be complete.

No. 11 Quincy Street is further described by Dr. Huntington's daughter as follows:

The house set apart for the Plummer professor made a delightful home. It was large and cheerful, ample in its accommodations and possessed some charming features which delighted the children. There was a little inside window, swinging open above the landing of the staircase, through which of an evening would come the hum of voices when company was assembled below; strains of music from the piano, the accompaniment of a song, or the lively tune of a dance. The professor and his wife enjoyed gathering young people around them. From the first Mr. Huntington set himself to become personally acquainted with the undergraduates and to entertain them under his own roof. This was not difficult at a period when the entering class numbered barely a hundred. It was the custom to invite the freshmen to Sunday evening tea, in groups of not more than eight, and those who cared to keep up the acquaintance were made to feel at home at any time.

At this time the Swiss scientist, Professor Louis Agassiz, was teaching at Harvard and Dr. Huntington used to entertain a group of Agassiz's students, called the Agassiz Natural History Society, in the same octagonal room off the study where the Meteorological Society had met. Agassiz presented this new group with a number of books which were kept in the Huntington house, some of them bearing Agassiz's autograph.[34]

[34] J. L. Huntington, letter in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, March 8, 1940, Vol. 21, p. 710.

While the older people were attending the chapel services, the children of the professors had their Sunday School in the two sunny rooms looking out on the portico. This younger generation brought a new lease of life to the old house.

Another charm was brought to the house by the presence there for two years of Professor James Child, who taught Chaucer and Old English Ballads at Harvard. His warm affectionate nature, delicate wit, and enthusiastic temperament helped offset something of the severity of Dr. Huntington.[35]

On the eve of the Civil War, feelings in Cambridge ran high both in politics and in religion. In 1856 had come the assault on Charles Sumner in the Senate Chamber at Washington and a public meeting of protest was held in Cambridge, at which Richard Henry Dana, Jr., the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, acted as the chairman, President Sparks and Professors Felton and Longfellow attended, and Dr. Huntington gave a fiery speech ending with the cry: "A great revolution is taking place, deep in the minds of men, one of those revolutions which never, never, go back!"

It was not, however, for this political revolution so much as for a religious revolution — or, if you wish, a counter-revolution — that Dr. Huntington was famous. On Sunday, October 10, 1858, he gave his last sermon in the old College Chapel in University Hall, preaching on "The Days of Old." A week later, on Sunday, October 17, came the dedication of the new Appleton Chapel, for which Dr. Huntington gave the dedicatory sermon and for which Longfellow wrote a poem called "Christo et Ecclesiae." [36] Mr. Longfellow has constant references in his Journals to what he called Huntington's "vigorous" sermons. On Sunday, October 31, 1858, he wrote: "Huntington in his reverberating chapel preaches ardently." Finally on December 11, 1859, came Huntington's famous "mystical" sermon on "The Divine Trinity." Longfellow wrote: "He has very decidedly gone over to the Trinitarians and Pierce says he does not see how he can stop going over to the Catholics. I should not wonder if he did finally."

Dr. Huntington introduced a new service book which he used in Appleton Chapel on Sunday afternoons and Unitarian Cambridge was

[35] William Dean Howells, *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*, Boston, 1900.
[36] Manuscript poem kept in the Longfellow House. Apparently never printed.

horrified to discover that he was surreptitiously slipping Trinitarian phrases and ritual into these services. Feeling ran so high that on January 19, 1860, Dr. Huntington felt obliged to present his resignation to the President and Fellows of Harvard College.

Thus, on the eve of the Civil War, Cambridge had this little civil war of its own. The conversion of Dr. Huntington from Unitarianism to Episcopalianism was our Cambridge counterpart of the conversion somewhat earlier in Oxford, when Newman had left the Church of England for the Church of Rome.

On leaving Harvard, Dr. Huntington organized Emmanuel Church in Boston. At the Craigie House in Cambridge on Easter Sunday, April 8, 1860, Mr. Longfellow and his brother-in-law, Thomas Gold Appleton, were listening to the chimes of nearby Christ Church, ringing for the first time. They remembered the fourteenth-century legend of Dick Whittington listening from Holloway to the prophetic peal of Bow Bells, which seemed to be saying:

> Turn again Whittington!
> You shall be Mayor of London!

Parodying this, Tom Appleton declared that the chimes of the Episcopal church, "rather loud and harsh in the east wind" seemed to be saying:

> Turn again Huntington!
> You shall be Bishop of Boston! [37]

A few years later Dr. Huntington was made — not Bishop of Boston to be sure — but the first Episcopal Bishop of the new Diocese of Central New York. When he had left this house in the corner of the Harvard Yard, there were good Cambridge Unitarians who felt that he was turning his back on the light and going into outer darkness. Yet he himself wrote: "I was never so at rest, never less anxious, never so strong as now."

"His Face Shone"

Unitarian Cambridge breathed more freely when in 1860 Dr. Huntington's place as Plummer Professor and Harvard Preacher was taken by a man they could completely count on — Dr. Andrew Preston Pea-

[37] Longfellow's manuscript Journal.

body (1811–1893).[38] In his youth Peabody had been something of an infant prodigy. At the age of three he had learned to read. At the age of fifteen he had graduated from Harvard. At seventeen he had become the principal of an academy. Now at forty-five he had been made a professor at Harvard and came to live for the remaining thirty-three years of his life in the old Dana House. For that generation it very naturally came to be called the Peabody House.

Dr. Huntington had added one ell after another, each narrower than the last, extending to the north, with a stable attached at the end. The house had become then, as can be seen from the maps of the period, by far the longest of any of the buildings in the Harvard Yard. Because of this elongated shape it was called a "telescope house" — a not inappropriate name for a former observatory.

Dr. Peabody, however, just as he curtailed Dr. Huntington's Trinitarian additions to the Unitarian service, also curtailed the extreme length of these ells and had the stable moved north along Quincy Street to Oxford. This was only one of a number of Quincy Street buildings to make that pilgrimage. When Dean Fenn's house was moved from Quincy Street to Divinity Avenue since it was so large that it had to be cut into quarters, Dr. Francis Greenwood Peabody could not resist telling Dean Fenn: "I suppose you will take up your quarters again in Divinity Avenue!" [39] On the other hand, Professor Langdell, whose house was small enough to move all in one piece, continued to occupy his house all during the transition. In Kansas houses were moved by cyclones; but, as one professor's wife said: "In Cambridge we do not need a cyclone to move houses; we do it in a more orderly manner." [40]

It was in a more orderly fashion, as we shall see, that the Dana House itself was later to be moved across Quincy Street.

But let us return to Dr. Andrew Peabody. He held a position of peculiar importance in the University. Just two years after he had taken up his residence here, he served as Acting President of Harvard upon the death of President Felton. Later, in 1868, after the resignation of President Hill, Dr. Peabody again assumed for a time the office of President.

[38] Samuel A. Eliot, "Some Cambridge Pundits and Pedagogues," *Cambridge Historical Society*, Proceedings for the year 1940, pp. 15–17.

[39] *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, February 16, 1946, Vol. 48, p. 399.

[40] Mrs. William G. Farlow, "Quincy Street in the Fifties," *Cambridge Historical Society*, Proceedings for the year 1925.

Doctor Andrew Peabody enjoyed — if it can be called enjoyment — an extraordinary reputation for absent-mindedness. It is said that he would walk along Quincy Street with one foot on the sidewalk and the other inadvertently in the gutter, and then complain to his doctor that one of his legs must be longer than the other. The students even claimed that when he returned to this house on rainy nights, he would put his umbrella to bed and stand himself in the corner of the vestibule.

From this house on the hillock at one end of the Harvard Yard, Doctor Peabody could be seen emerging at an incredibly early hour in the morning and "meandering dreamily" along the diagonal path to Appleton Chapel. There the students noticed how he would take off his spectacles to read the Bible — and put them on again to pray.

Yet the students who brought their problems to him found that his heart was, as they said, "big all through." They came to think better of him — and of themselves too. He rarely gave even the "most sluggish students" a mark below ninety. He was not incapable, however, of touches of gentle satire. When a business man came to him and asked if he thought he should study for the ministry, Doctor Peabody said "No." Long afterwards Peabody claimed: "He took my advice and went in to the ministry without studying!"

President Eliot later said of Doctor Peabody: "The students underestimated his shrewdness and sagacity. They could not over-rate the sweetness and gentleness of his character."

Though Dr. Peabody himself was not aware of it, the students could see in his face what the metaphysical poet John Donne called "the through-shine of the soul." It was like the unconscious transfiguration that is said to have shone in the face of Moses after he descended from the vision upon Mount Sinai: "When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone."

It is this that is referred to in the closing lines of the inscription which, after Dr. Peabody's death, was placed in his memory on the walls of Appleton Chapel and which is now preserved in the Harvard Memorial Church, the only tablet standing there in memory of a single individual. It bears these words:

ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY, D.D., LL.D.
PLUMMER PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN MORALS AND PREACHER TO THE UNIVERSITY
BORN AT BEVERLY, MARCH 19, 1811
DIED AT CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 10, 1893
AUTHOR, EDITOR, TEACHER, PREACHER, HELPER OF MEN
THREE GENERATIONS LOOKED TO HIM
AS A BENEFACTOR, A FRIEND, A FATHER
HIS PRECEPT WAS GLORIFIED BY HIS EXAMPLE
WHILE FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS
HE MOVED AMONG THE TEACHERS AND STUDENTS
OF HARVARD COLLEGE
AND WIST NOT THAT HIS FACE SHONE

The Hospitable Mind

In 1881 Doctor Andrew Peabody had resigned his professorship, but had continued to live in this house which had come to be called the Peabody House. At this time, for a brief period of two years, 1881–1882, Professor William James (1842–1910), came to live in the same house.[41]

James had only just been appointed Assistant Professor of Philosophy at Harvard the previous year; but characteristically he had no sooner been appointed himself than he cast about to find other rival philosophers to bring to Harvard, no matter how much their philosophy might differ from his. While he was living in this house, for example, he did all he could to find an opening at Harvard for Professor Josiah Royce, who was then living in California. On March 26, 1881, he wrote from this house to Royce: "Doctor Peabody, Professor of Ethics, has resigned." There were, however, other older professors who seemed to be blocking the way for Royce; for example, Francis Bowen, Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity. A few weeks later, on May 8, 1881, James wrote to Royce: "Bowen looks imperishable." In the following year, however, a place at Harvard was finally found for Royce.

While William James was living in this house, he astonished the heavy-drinking students of that day by delivering an address before them

[41] Ralph Barton Perry, *The Thought and Character of William James*, Boston, 1935; *The Letters of William James*, edited by his son, Henry James, Boston, 1920, 2 vols.

attempting to demonstrate that "the evidence of psychology and general experience support *total* abstinence."

The perennially refreshing thing about James at this time was his avoidance of putting things in a banal way. As Palmer said of him, James always managed to find a "shining phrase." If his brother, Henry James was a novelist who wrote like a psychologist, William James was a psychologist who wrote like a novelist.

In his hospitable house, James entertained philosophers from all over the globe. One foreign guest left his shoes outside his bedroom door to be blackened, and early the next morning, seeing someone shining the shoes, dropped him a tip, only to discover that the bootblack was Mr. James himself.[42] In his hospitable house, Professor James had also what has been aptly called a "hospitable mind." His mind gave shelter to all varieties of religious experience. As an empiricist, as a pragmatist, he seemed to be willing to give every one and everything a hearing. He listened for long hours to the Spiritualist medium, Mrs. Piper. He brought the orang-outang Joe out from the zoo and took him on to the lecture platform with him before the students. In his desire to befriend all sorts and conditions of men, it was said of James that his judgment was "corrupted by kindness."

In the same room with the octagonal alcove where the earlier astronomers had explored the physical universe, James now voyaged in strange seas of thought and, broadening his mind beyond any monism, conceived the idea of a Pluralistic Universe.

While Professor James was still living in this house, his second son, William James, Jr., was born there on June 17, 1882. Before long, however, the peregrinating father moved to occupy other Cambridge houses. As Professor James in his varied interests had passed from chemistry to medicine, and painting, and physics, and psychology and then characteristically came to consider psychology as a "nasty little subject" and turned to epistemology, religion, and metaphysics, thus moving about freely in the realm of ideas; so he moved about freely in Cambridge. He had passed from 20 Quincy Street (the site of the present Harvard Faculty Club) to a house on Bow Street, then to this old Dana House at 11 Quincy Street; in 1883 he moved from 11 Quincy Street to 11 Appian

[42] The French philosopher, Émile Boutroux, author of a book on *William James*, published in Paris, 1911, relates this anecdote from his own experience.

Way (the site of Alice M. Longfellow Hall at Radcliffe); in 1886, to 18 Garden (the site of the Hotel Commander); and finally in 1889 to 95 Irving Street, where he stayed for the remaining twenty-one years of his life.

Palmer's Odyssey

The next occupant of the house was Professor George Herbert Palmer, Professor James' contemporary (they were both born in the same year, 1842) and fellow philosopher.[43] Like Professor James and many another Harvard professor — or, if you will, like the wandering hero of Homer's *Odyssey* — which he had been translating so beautifully — Professor Palmer at first wandered from place to place, now finding shelter on Brattle Street, now on Mason Street, now on Broadway.

In 1894, however, the year after Doctor Peabody's death, Palmer's Odyssey at length came to an end in the happy harbor of this house. Here he remained for nearly forty years, a longer period than that of any other occupant. It was natural, then, that for a whole generation this house should now have come to be thought of as the Palmer House.

From this house for long years Professor Palmer walked each day with that imperturbable calm of his to the lecture halls where he gave his lectures on philosophy. If other historians showed us the ancient philosophers distorted by the historians' own modern views, Palmer's lectures had such a transparent clarity that we seem to see the various philosophers themselves. As his face was lit up with enthusiasm for one philosopher after another, the "throughshine of the soul" which we saw seemed to us to be not so much Palmer's soul as that of the philosopher he was interpreting, or rather revealing. For what he did was far more to reveal ideas than to attempt to give his own interpretations. He seemed to sympathize in turn with each philosopher. When he was lecturing on Aristotle we felt sure he was an Aristotelian; but when he lectured on Plato we were convinced he was a Platonist.

It was during Professor Palmer's occupancy of the house that the remaining vestiges of its use as an observatory were finally removed. At last the "caboose" was taken down from the top of the roof and still later a substantial retaining wall was built giving the southern portico greater seclusion from the noises of Massachusetts Avenue. Moreover the large

[43] *Memorial Addresses*, Cambridge, 1935.

octagonal-ended transit-room that had stuck out at such a crazy angle was now joined to the house at right angles giving a much more attractive shape to Professor Palmer's library.

In that library Palmer continued the tradition of "sweet reasonableness" which William James had established there a decade earlier. In preparing there his course on Ethics — the famous "Philosophy 4" — Palmer retained the high moral purpose with which Doctor Peabody had at an earlier time permeated the room. In pursuing his classical studies, translating the *Odyssey* of Homer and the *Antigone* of Sophocles, Palmer looked out from this library, through the portico of fluted Greek columns much as that most genial of Greek professors, Felton, had done at a still earlier period.

Towards the end of his life Professor Palmer used to give in this library those "voluntary readings" of Homer and Shakespeare and George Herbert (after whom he had been named) and occasionally the works of more modern poets. On those Sunday evenings, seated beside a shaded lamp that lit up his face, emphasizing his bushy eyebrows and his deep-set eyes, his luminous and fluent voice poured forth a steady stream of soothing poetry. On one occasion when he attempted a long classical tragedy, *All For Love*, Dryden's so-called "improvement" on Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, the dry in Dryden, even when read by Mr. Palmer, seemed to have the effect of inducing some of the good ladies, seated in the penumbra of the outer shadows, to sink softly into slumber. They nodded even if Homer did not nod.

Many were the books and pamphlets written by Professor Palmer in this study. If to the seventy or more items by Palmer listed in the Harvard Library Catalogue — almost all of them written in this house — are added those written by his wife, Alice Freeman Palmer, and to these are added in turn the twenty or thirty items by the elder Dana, the sixty or more by Felton, the fifty by Huntington, two hundred by Andrew Peabody, and something like four hundred by William James, (not to mention the writings of Professor Gummere and President Conant), it makes one wonder whether the combined occupants of any other one private house have ever written so much.

The Penelope of Palmer's *Odyssey*, the faithful wife to whom he returned from his lectures only to find her weaving a web of her own, was Alice Freeman Palmer, formerly President of Wellesley College. Of her

distinguished career, President Eliot wrote: "To my mind this career is unmatched by that of any other American woman." [44] The courtship of the Palmers, which has been called in the book publishing their love letters "*An Academic Courtship*," seems to be our closest Cambridge counterpart to the poetic courtship of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. The poems which Mrs. Palmer wrote during their engagement were gathered together long afterwards by Mr. Palmer under the title *Marriage Cycle*.

Of Mrs. Palmer's occupancy of the house at 11 Quincy Street, Mr. Palmer writes:

> We readjusted its interior to our needs, constructing a large library and arranging Mrs. Palmer's study and waiting rooms so that in receiving one caller she need not be disturbed by the coming of another. To this house she became strongly attached. In it her complex work was done with the utmost convenience; here she easily assembled several hundred guests; its plain old-fashioned comfort made shy students feel at home; . . . An old house harbors peace better than a new one. At 11 Quincy Street Mrs. Palmer found that peace, found too the dignified surroundings to which her idealizing affections most naturally clung. . . Naturally, having created so beautiful a home, she used it liberally for entertainment, though no sharp distinction was ever drawn between entertainment and business. Three children of friends were with us for more than a year each, and almost every meal had also its interesting guest.

After the Spanish American War and the dawn of the new century, Mrs. Palmer contrived during the summer of 1900 to harbor in this house no less than sixteen of the Cuban women teachers who came to study at the Harvard Summer School.

In 1902 Mrs. Palmer's devoted and generous life — it was said "all her life was giving" — came to an end.

The eight happy years of married life that Mr. Palmer had spent in this house with Mrs. Palmer were now followed by thirty-one years when he lived here alone, accompanied only by his brother, the Reverend Frederick Palmer. In 1933 Professor Palmer's long and serene life came to an end at the age of ninety-one. When we remember that the first occupant of the house, the elder Dana, died at ninety-two, and that of the intervening occupants Huntington lived to eighty-five and Dr. Peabody to eighty-one, we realize what a record for longevity has been held by those who lived in this house.

[44] *A Service in Memory of Alice Freeman Palmer*, Cambridge, 1903, p. 80.

A Classicist Again

After Professor Palmer's death, a few further alterations were made in the house; and on January 3rd, 1935, Professor Richard Mott Gummere (1883–) and his family came to occupy the house.[45] The son of Professor Francis Barton Gummere of Haverford College, one of America's most distinguished professors of Anglo-Saxon and Early English, Richard Mott Gummere published with a Haverford College mate, *Acardes Ambo*, verses mingling charm and erudition. This was the combination which had characterized his father's work in Early English and which was to characterize his own work in the Classics: his book on Seneca and his three-volume translation of Seneca's *Moral Epistles*. From this same study in the Dana-Palmer House, three Classicists — Felton the translator of Aristophanes, Palmer the translator of Homer, and now Gummere the translator of Seneca — looked southward through the colonnade of fluted Classical columns.

Having earlier been Assistant to the President of Haverford College and then for some seventeen years Headmaster of the Penn Charter School in Philadelphia, Professor Gummere was ideally equipped on his return to Harvard in 1937 to serve as the Chairman of the Committee on Admissions. To prospective students approaching Harvard from Boston along Massachusetts Avenue, there seemed a peculiar appropriateness that this house above the high retaining wall on the nearer corner of the Harvard Yard should be occupied by the kindly man who seemed to them to hold control over their admission to Harvard.

A College President in Wartime

After Pearl Harbor and America's entry into World War II the large brick President's House next door was turned into Headquarters for the Naval Training Schools at Harvard, and in July 1942 President James Bryant Conant (1893–) modestly moved into the adjacent old wooden Dana House, which he occupied during the war years and of which he and his family became very fond.[46] Over the mantel in the

[45] *Who's Who in America*, Chicago, 1948.

[46] *Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Report — Harvard College, Class of 1914*, Cambridge, 1939, pp. 164–166; Oliver Martin, *Two Educators: Hutchins and Conant*, Hinsdale, Illinois, 1948.

library, where in the days of the elder Dana had been the bas-relief of the chariot and horses of the sun, sketched by Washington Allston, was now hung a modernistic painting of some elaborate chemical and mechanical setup.

Here during the war, in these relatively humble quarters, were entertained the various distinguished guests of President Conant, including the British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, at the time when he made his astounding speech in the Harvard Yard on September 6, 1943. For those who looked upon Harvard as "a rich man's college," it made a very favorable impression in wartime to find the President of Harvard living quietly in this hundred-and-twenty-year-old wooden house.

From this house President Conant went on important missions during the war, including one to Moscow, and many to Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, as a member of the Military Policy Committee responsible for the over-all policy of the Atomic Bomb Project.

Finally, when the war was over, and the suggestion came in 1946 of removing or moving this house to make room for the Lamont Undergraduate Library, President Conant returned from 11 Quincy Street to the more pretentious brick mansion at 17 Quincy Street.

A New Site and a New Usefulness

For some time before Conant became President of Harvard, there had been a tendency to crowd the southern side of the Harvard Yard with brick buildings, and a threat to the future existence of the Dana-Palmer House had been contained in a report of May 1925 that pointed out "an available site for a large builing at the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Quincy Street."[47] In 1931 when Wigglesworth, aptly named, was "squeezed 'twixt Widener and the fence," a poet satirized those who only saw the College Yard "with a realtor's fervid vision."

When Mr. Thomas W. Lamont gave one and a half millions for an Undergraduate Library, it was announced by Provost Buck on January 24, 1946, that this would be built on the site of the Dana-Palmer House — though Mr. Lamont had made no stipulation of that site.[48] Immedi-

[47] Charles A. Coolidge, "Future Physical Development of the University," *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, May 7, 1925, Vol. 17, pp. 915–918.

[48] Letter from Thomas W. Lamont to H. W. L. Dana, April 30, 1946.

ately protests against the removal of the Dana-Palmer House and the mutilating of that little hillside in the corner of the Yard poured in. The Cambridge Historical Society sent a petition to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, and the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities passed a resolution deploring the removal of the house.

Letters of protest were written to the Boston newspapers. In imitation of Oliver Wendell Holmes' appeal against the destruction of "Old Ironsides":

> Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

someone wrote an appeal for the Dana-Palmer House, beginning:

> Ay, tear her tattered clapboards down!

The *Christian Science Monitor* published a picture of the Dana House with the captions: "Spare That House" and "Touch Not a Single Shingle." The *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* was fairly flooded with letters from indignant graduates. Of course Harvard must expand; but let it expand according to some larger plan towards the river, with buildings "occupying space and with space around." They protested against those whose only idea of "expansion" was "overcrowding" the Harvard Yard. Brick buildings, jammed in cheek-by-jowl, are not expansion, but contraction. "More and more buildings" meant "less and less space." There was a growing sense of being "cribbed, cabined, and confined." [49]

On the other hand, to leave the yellow wooden house upon its little green hillside would help retain a breathing space among the brick buildings. It was the one spot where students could lie on the grass in the spring on a slope facing the western sun. A returning veteran declared that it was this corner of the Yard that he found most pleasing to his eyes. If Harvard is to be conservative, let it at least be conservative in the sense of conserving a spot like this. One expert in art adroitly suggested: "That is the sort of memory that fetches the benefactions out of Wall Street and State Street." [50]

[49] See H. W. L. Dana, "In the Southeast Corner," *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, April 27, 1946, Vol. 48, pp. 575–579, and letters from Mason Hammond, Francis Call Woodman, Jared Sparks Moore, Robert Withington, Robert G. Hooke, and others, published in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* for March 9, April 27, etc., 1946.

[50] Langdon Warner, "A Fresh Encroachment," *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, February 16, 1946, Vol. 48, p. 390.

Yet apparently there were those who when they beheld this, the only bit of rising land in the Yard, could scarce withhold a bull-dozer. The same poet who had earlier protested against the growing tide of brick in the Harvard Yard now penned his appeal to the architects of the new Undergraduate Library urging them to spare the old Palmer House:

> Can't you manage to spare us that link with the past,
> Dear Coolidge, dear Shepley, dear Bulfinch, dear Abbott?
> Or has demolition of landmarks at last
> Become an incurable, durable habit? [51]

The first announcement of the Provost on Jannary 24, 1946, had used the somewhat ambiguous phrase that the Dana-Palmer House would be "removed" — leaving some doubt whether that implied demolished or moved to some other site. In deference to the protests, it was announced on May 24, 1946, that the house would be "relocated" across Quincy Street. Those who had protested the removing of the house were congratulated on having "saved" it, though the real charm of the house consisted less in any intrinsic architectural beauty than in its commanding position on the crest of the little hillock in the corner of the Harvard Yard.

A year later, in May 1947, the excavations for the new Lamont Library were begun. The huge block of granite under the former transit-room was unearthed and removed with no little difficulty. The kitchen-wing of the old house was moved temporarily over near the Houghton Library for the office of the contractor, but was demolished when the work on the Lamont Library was completed. The old octagonal transit-room, which had been such a striking feature in the library of the Palmer House, was removed from the house and the way in which it had been readjusted at right angles was revealed. For a time it was contemplated attaching this again to the study in its new location. This idea, however, was abandoned and the house reduced to its original, rather plain, four-square dimensions. The key to the wine-cellar under the original house was presented to the descendants of the elder Dana who had been the first occupant of the house and will be carefully kept in memory of the old days.

[51] John Bond Wheelwright, "On Revisiting Harvard Square," *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, March 9, 1946, Vol. 48, p. 432.

It was in June 1947 that what was left of the house was moved across Quincy Street and was set up on the lawn between the Harvard Union and the Harvard Faculty Club. A back door was added, enabling those who should use the house to cross over easily to the Faculty Club for their meals.

An appeal was made for furniture and accessories "in any period up to 1825"; and the various rooms were made into guest chambers for the distinguished visitors of the President of Harvard College.[52]

Many of the new visitors may be unaware of the various early associations of what is called the Dana-Palmer House, but what might be called, to use the nomenclature of some antiquarians, "the Richard Henry Dana-William Cranch Bond-Cornelius Conway Felton-Frederic Dan Huntington-Andrew Preston Peabody-William James-George Herbert Palmer-Richard Mott Gummere-James Bryant Conant House."

When to the names of these "owners and occupants of earlier dates," we add those of persons who lived there for shorter periods and those who were temporary visitors or guests, and those distinguished persons who from now on may occupy these rooms, we wonder whether any such small modest house of the period of the 1820's has ever been enriched with such a wealth of precious associations.

[52] "Dana-Palmer House," *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, March 8, 1947, Vol. 49, pp. 459–460.

THE HISTORY OF GARDEN STREET

By Lois Lilley Howe

Read April 25, 1949

WE CANNOT think of Old Garden Street without thinking of the Common which forms one side of it. Yet our thought of the Common is just of a big open space with trees and a Soldiers' Monument like any New England green. We are told that George Washington took command of the Revolutionary Army there, to be sure, but now it is just a nice place for old folks, or nurses and babies, with a nuisance of a baseball ground in one corner.

But the Common — the Cow Common, as it was called — was not always so quiet and unimportant. To begin with, it was the place selected by the first settlers for their intrenched camp. It reached all the way to Linnaean Street though it was crossed by the "Pallisado" somewhere between Waterhouse Street and Follen Street. As we understand it, this whole region was covered with forest; it is difficult for the imagination to grasp what the work of clearing this Common must have been. Probably much of the wood may have been used for building and some for the Pallisado, though that seems to have been mostly of willows.

Here in this clearing was great activity. Here was the place for military training and here the Forum of the embryo city. Here the citizens met for elections. In 1637, at the time of Anne Hutchinson's trial, there was a tremendously exciting election. The opposing candidates for the office of chief magistrate were Governor Sir Henry Vane and Ex-Governor Winthrop. There was an oak tree which stood near the present gate towards Holmes Place, and in the height of the tumult Reverend John Wilson, pastor of the Boston Church, "in spite of his forty-nine years and his great bulk struggled up into this tree and addressed the people in such forcible language that quiet was restored, and the election proceeded." [1] Winthrop was elected and Sir Henry Vane left the country forever. In 1896 a scion of the Washington Elm was planted on this site, and there is a tablet beneath it close to the Holmes Field Gate.

[1] Thomas Hutchinson, *History of Massachusetts.*

In September 1774, there was another stirring scene. A crowd of two thousand men collected to demand and enforce the resignations of Lieutenant Governor Oliver and Judges Danforth and Lee, appointed by the King. Here, too, an armed body of yeomanry met to dispute the return of Percy's troops from Concord.

Mr. Samuel Batchelder tells us that Washington did not take command of the American Army on July 3d, 1776, because it rained, nor did he take command under the famous elm, but we know that the elm was there and that he certainly did take command of the army and train raw recruits on the Common and that there was a barracks there. We know how anxious he was about the soldiers cutting down trees for firewood. In 1775 the whole number of men at that time encamped was about eight thousand.

The Common was a great open space, not only crossed by pedestrians but by those who drove horses and carriages and carts. The road from Menotomy (now Arlington) to the "Village," now Harvard Square, ran across it, and, even more important, a road called "The King's Highway" ran from Mason to Kirkland Street and so to Charlestown.

About 1823 some of the prominent citizens began to consider enclosing the Common and making a park of it. A petition to the General Court for doing so was granted in 1828. This aroused violent opposition from the residents of Watertown and Arlington who, in their turn appealed to the General Court, but they lost their case, and the Common was enclosed, largely at the expense of Judge Fay who was given the right to plant trees and make paths on it.

Here, on Harvard Commencement Day, every year, was a scene of gaiety — tents and shows and general excitement like a country fair. At last, in 1870, was dedicated the Soldiers' Monument, to the memory of the men of Cambridge who had fought in the Civil War. The architect of this monument was Thomas W. Silloway of Boston, and the sculptors were Cyrus and Darius Cobb, twins, who had been in the war themselves.

It differs from all the Soldiers' Monuments which adorn our other old towns because the soldier is represented in his heavy winter coat with a cape and because he has no hat. This caused a great deal of criticism, as soldiers are supposed always to wear their hats. I believe the

Cobbs excused it on the theory that the soldier was standing mourning for his departed comrades. One morning the citizens awoke to find the soldier had a hat which he had put on in the night. It took the Cambridge Fire Department a whole day to get it off.

The statue of Lincoln was installed in this monument in 1946 at the time of the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Cambridge as a city. In 1875 the old cannons were brought from the Arsenal and installed around the Monument. There has been much controversy over their history.

A statue of John Bridge, one of the most prominent of the early settlers, was set up in the northwest part of the Common in 1882.

When the Common was enclosed, two little pieces of it were enclosed separately, perhaps to soften the injured feelings of Watertown and Arlington. The line of Kirkland Street was carried over to Garden Street. This scrap of a street was called by my elder brother and sister, who were interested in *Pilgrim's Progress*, "the Slough of Despond," for obvious reasons. On that Common was the flagpole very much where it is today. The other little piece of Common was between North (now Massachusetts) Avenue and Holmes Place, and has now become the entrance to the subway.

All this area has been changed by the subway. In 1906 the George Washington Memorial Gateway at the east end of the Common was erected by the General Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, just about on the site of "the Slough of Despond."

The Cambridge Plant Club maintains a hedge of shrubs around the Common except by the baseball field. So after the stormy years the Common has become a place of rest and quiet.

But I cannot leave the Common without speaking of Holmes Place, as I remember it before the Law School was built. In the first place, what is now called the Gannett House, which was built in the '30's of the nineteenth century, stood with its portico facing toward Harvard Square. It was known as Mrs. Baker's boarding house. Mrs. Baker's daughter, Miss Alice Baker, kept, with Miss Susan Lane, a popular girls' school in Boston. She was much interested in old Deerfield and its history. She owned the fine Frary house in Deerfield and wrote the history of the inhabitants of that town who were carried away by the Indians.

Next to Mrs. Baker's house was a curious building with an arcade

in front and a curved roof. This had been the station of the Harvard branch of the Fitchburg Railroad, an effort to connect Cambridge and Boston by steam, which was but short-lived. This became the students' eating house, called Thayer Commons after Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, who gave the money to adapt it for the purpose. Here the students had their meals until Memorial Hall was built. There were no restaurants in Harvard Square.

Next was a characteristic one-chimney New England farm house occupied by Royal Morse, and at right angles to this was one of the most beautiful and unusual Colonial houses, the gambrel-roofed house in which Oliver Wendell Holmes was born. Had this been retained, as it should have been, instead of being destroyed when Austin Hall, the Law School, was built, how well it would have looked facing the Gannett House in the space before the hall!

All these houses passed through many hands. The land on which the Gannett House was built, and much of that on Massachusetts Avenue behind it, belonged to Walter Hastings, hence the name of the dormitory, Walter Hastings Hall, on that site. There stood in that lot a one-chimney farmhouse with a lean-to, whose origin I cannot find. Eveleth, the college carpenter, lived there. Beyond that was a very small Methodist church, the forerunner of the present Epworth Methodist Church.

Garden Street, on the other side of the Common, was the road to Fresh Pond, the western end being called the road to the Great Swamp. I think of it as beginning at Church Street, but I find that the burying ground was considered as being on Menotomy Road.

The First Church, Unitarian, was built close to the Burying Ground in 1833. The place it fronts on, with Charles Sumner sitting against the brick wall which protects him from the subway, has been, I understand, recently christened by our City Fathers "General Douglas MacArthur Square," which brings us right up to date.

The burying ground itself dates from 1635, when a paling was built around it. In it, among other early members of the community, are buried many of the early presidents of Harvard College. In 1735, what is spoken of as a "good and handsome stone wall," was built around it, for which the College paid about one sixth of the expense. As they said, "The College expects to make use of the Burying-Place as Providence gives occasion for it." However, in 1845, Mr. William Thaddeus Harris com-

plains that "Cambridge suffers her ancient graveyard to be neglected and have a desolate appearance," so the wall was removed and a wooden fence took its place, which later was replaced by the present iron fence.

In this graveyard, in 1870, a monument was erected to mark the place of burial of the Minute Men of Cambridge who were killed in the Battle of Concord and Lexington. More men were killed and wounded from within the limits of Cambridge than from all the other towns. When this monument was in place, it was found that one word of the inscription was spelled wrong, and one whole line was chiseled out and relettered.

On the western side of the burying ground stands Christ Church, built in 1761. The line of the Common was slightly changed for this and the Town Pound moved.

About 1830, my grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Howe, of Northampton, recently widowed, came to Cambridge to educate her children by taking boarders, as have many other women. She at first occupied a house on Dunster Street but soon decided that she preferred Garden Street. There was one house next to Christ Church (now the Rectory). This belonged to William Saunders, carpenter and member of the Common Council. The next house was on the other side of Appian Way, and the next house after this was Fay House.

She bought the corner lot on the northeast side of Appian Way. This included a house on that street, now numbered 22, which was occupied for very many years by Dr. Wallace Preble. In this house she lived in 1832, while her neighbor Saunders built for her the house number 2 Garden Street. I have a copy of her contract with William Saunders.

In this she lived for the rest of her long life, until 1862, a period covering many changes, beginning with the enclosing of the Common. Here her two daughters continued to live after her death. Sara Robbins Howe, the younger, was six years old when she moved into this house, where she died at the age of ninety, in 1916. In the third story of this house, about 1878, she kept a school for children. This, my sister, Clara Howe, took over in the early eighties. Judge Walcott was one of her pupils, and at one time she had two small Chinese boys, the children of the Chinese Professor.

Dr. and Mrs. Norris bought this house after Miss Howe's death. They opened up, in the kitchen behind the stove, an old fireplace and

Dutch oven and made a pleasant breakfast room of it. Even in 1832, stoves were not usual.

My grandmother afterwards built the corner house, number 3, but I have no data as to its construction. Number 2 is almost as close to the back wall of the Rectory as it could be and allow of a decent alleyway, but number 3 is so close to the corner of the Appian Way house that one of the stunts of the young of the neighborhood was to see who could squeeze through.

I have very little knowledge or interest in the occupants of number 3, but the Appian Way house, when my recollections begin, was occupied by Professor James Bradstreet Greenough and his wife and two sons: James, who founded the Noble and Greenough School, and Robert, at this time a baby, who afterward became a distinguished cancer specialist.

Meanwhile, my grandmother's younger son, James Murray Howe, with his wife and two young sons, Archibald Murray Howe and James Murray Howe, Jr., settled in the house on the other corner of Appian Way. This house, I am sure, had a history, but nobody knows it. The Hannah Winthrop Chapter has not been interested in it. I have been told that its front door was originally on Appian Way, and I suspect it was once a one-chimney farmhouse. It had a very pleasant sunny parlor at the back. Dr. Herbert McIntire lived in it from 1887 until the house was bought and torn down by Radcliffe in 1930.

During the early seventies there was a group of Harvard students who lived in this house and in number 2. They were many of them classmates and cousins of each other and of Archibald and Murray Howe. There were sisters and cousins of mine and other girls to match them. Mr. and Mrs. Greenough were young, gay, and social and liked young people.

In those days there were no movies, no automobiles. People, especially young people, entertained themselves much more than they do now. Mr. Greenough was a distinguished scholar, but he loved private theatricals. He was the leader, the impresario, as we say now, of many performances. No one thought of a public hall. These plays were given in private houses, where were double parlors with folding doors, the poorest of stage appurtenances, but good acting. Mr. Greenough dramatized Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring" for them. (The Cambridge

Dramatic Club has his own copy.) He wrote, with Mr. Frederic Allen, a musical comedy called *The Queen of Hearts*.

I was a small child and only occasionally allowed to see dress rehearsals, which *were* seldom dressed, but it was all vivid to me, as my older sisters and cousins were all mixed up in it. There was one play with seven Howes in the cast.

There were no programmes but marvelous posters, not with pictures but gorgeous lettering, which remained as decorations in our house for years. Some of these actors were engineers who knew how to draw and and had other knowledge. My aunts said that the night before the soldier on the monument wore the hat, they heard many mysterious noises, but they thought it best to keep very quiet.

The ground enclosed by 2 Garden Street and the Greenough's house was a very pleasant garden. Steps led down to it from both houses. There is a tale of a student who became engaged to his lady love on his own class day, and the pair sat all day in that garden.

The Greenoughs lived there until late in the eighties, and after that, Mr. and Mrs. Harleston Parker of Boston took the house. They had a son, afterward a well-known architect, but he had a goat, and that was the end of the garden for the time being.

I have said that there were no houses between number 4 and Fay House in 1832, but after that, at some indefinite time, there was built, as close to number 4 as it could be, a double house. The part next to number 4 was occupied by the Reverend Joseph Henry Allen, one of the saints of the earth, a lecturer in the Harvard Divinity School, his daughter Mary, and his three sons. Gardiner, who became a physician in Boston, wrote *A Naval History of the American Revolution.* The other two sons, Richard and Russell, grew oranges and lemons in California.

There was another daughter, Mrs. Gage, for whom Mr. Allen bought the other half of the house, and there she brought up her four daughters.

Mr. Allen was not only a minister but a scholar. His study was a kind of bulge built into the space between 4 and 5, and from it he could dart out by the back way and cross Appian Way to confer with Mr. Greenough, while the two of them composed that classic known to my contemporaries as Allen and Greenough's *Latin Grammar*.

As far as I can find out, one of the first occupants of the western side

of that house was Judge French of Concord. His little son, Daniel Chester French, sculptured a lion in the snow one winter's day.

The next house, rather far back from the street, was that of Dr. Charles E. Vaughan, the founder of the Cambridge Associated Charities. He went to California in 1895. The house was torn down in 1908, and a temporary building for Browne and Nichols School was built on the back of that lot. The two granite steps up to the house terrace were used at the house on Willard Street, which was moved from Brattle Street, by Mr. Runkle in 1908.

Fay House deserves a story all its own and has it, for Mrs. George Pierce Baker has written its history. However, she herself did not remember Miss Maria Denny Fay, my mother's cousin, who always seemed to me like a grande dame of the old school. Nor did she remember Miss Fay's beautiful niece, Mrs. Charles Moulton, afterwards Madame de Hegerman Lindencrone, with her three children: her daughter Suzanne, whom we called Nina, her son Howard, and Francis, the youngest, who could not speak anything but French when I first saw him. I remember my cousin Maria giving a singing lesson on a rainy afternoon to a little girl in rubber boots who was afterwards known as Mme. Suzanne Adams, the opera singer.

That must have been a pretty corner by the Fay House. On the other corner of Mason Street was the old Deacon Moore house, with a row of poplars in front of it. Here Miss Jennison kept a dame's school "for the daughters and small sons of the best families." Little Thomas Wentworth Higginson went to school here, toddling over from Kirkland Street. Mrs. Horace Scudder was another pupil.

The Washington Elm was then in its glory, a beautiful tree, and up beyond Waterhouse Street was another fine elm called the Whitefield Elm, because, in 1740, the Reverend George Whitefield, the English Wesleyan, preached here, as he was not allowed to preach in the meeting house. They say he had an audience of two thousand people.

In 1869, the old Jennison house was taken down, and the Shepard Memorial Church (the First Church, Congregational) was built. Early in 1938, it was found that the graceful steeple of this was unsafe; the stones were disintegrating. It was therefore taken down and its lower part made into the present tower. This was a fortunate time to do this, for in September, 1938, came the great hurricane, which would un-

doubtedly have blown the steeple down with great damage. The hurricane, however, bent the shaft of the golden weather cock, and it had to be repaired.

This ancient weather cock has a history. It was made by Deacon Shem Drowne, who also made the grasshopper on Faneuil Hall. It stood from 1721 to 1869 on the spire of the New Brick meeting house on Hanover Street, Boston. It is said that Cotton Mather preached the first sermon under it in 1721.

The vane was taken down for repairs in 1785. The bill, still in existence, was "Repairs and Gold Leaf. — 7–15–4." It was taken down for the second time in 1822, third in 1832, fourth in 1844, fifth in 1858, after which it remained in place until eight o'clock P.M., September 8, 1869, the day of the great gale, when the entire spire fell. It crashed through the roof of an adjoining house, and the vane parted company with the shaft on which it had turned 148 years. It was badly broken and crushed. The society owning it had it repaired and regilded and kept it inside the building as a relic. Appreciating it as such, Mr. William A. Saunders bought it, and it was placed on the steeple of the Shepard Memorial Church June 28, 1873.

Inside the vane were found papers wrapped in lead. The lead not being air-tight, they had decayed and could not be read. There were also two flattened bullets, probably shot in sport by British soldiers when they were encamped on Copps Hill near by.

The rooster measures, from bill to tip of tail, 5 feet, 4 inches, stands 5 feet, 5 inches high, and the body is 8 or 9 inches thick. Its estimated weight is 200 pounds.

Profiting by the loss of the old papers, a sealed copper box containing papers and a history of the vane was placed within the body. After having witnessed all the events in Boston's history from only ninety-one years after its settlement through five generations, the vane was placed in its present position, and we can all hope that the graceful spire may some day be restored. Dr. McKenzie's parsonage next door has become a college club house.

Just at that next corner have come the greatest changes. Waterhouse Street really dates from 1724, when the part of the Cow Common between that street and Linnaean Street was cut off and divided into farms. Here still stands the house of Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, who introduced

vaccination into this part of the country. The exact date at which it was built is not known, but it is pre-revolutionary.

His granddaughter, Miss Mary Ware, lived there until her death in 1903. There was a clock in the house which was only wound on Christmas Day and the Fourth of July. The weights ran down into the cellar, and if the house had not been so low-studded it would only have been necessary to wind it once a year. When Miss Mary Ware died, her niece, Mrs. Robert DeWolf Sampson, stopped the clock. Before her death she donated it to the Harvard Medical School.

The house has been rented since then until this last year when Miss Ware's great grand niece, Mrs. Southworth Lancaster, came to live in it.

Mr. Arthur Gilman built on the South side of it, and on the other side, Mr. Harold Whiting, Associate Professor of Physics at Harvard, built the house now occupied by Mrs. James L. Paine. He lived at number 3 Garden Street while it was being built, and he could have hardly moved into the house when he was called to the University of California. He left California in 1895 by sea and was shipwrecked and lost with his whole family. It is curious that the builder of the next house, Dr. Charles Follen, perished in the loss of a steamer on Long Island Sound in 1840. This house was occupied for many years by Dr. Henry P. Walcott.

The old turnpike to Concord crosses Garden Street like a pair of scissors, and in the "heater-piece" between the eastern ends stood a charming little house with a beautiful garden. The Reverend Richard Manning Hodges, a Unitarian minister, bought this house in 1835, from Rhoda Beale of Hingham. Here he lived until his death in 1878, after which it was occupied by his daughter, Catherine, and her husband, Dr. Charles B. Tower. Mr. Hodges was the grandfather of Dr. William D. Swan and Mrs. J. Bertram Williams. At the west end of the lot was a nondescript and very old house once belonging to the estate of Aaron Parker. At one time, it became a two-family house and was occupied by Mr. Edwin R. Sage in one part and, in the other, by Frau Grodte, who taught German in the Buckingham School.

In 1917 and 1925 all this and a part of Concord Avenue were swallowed up by the two big apartment houses, Mather Court, built in 1917, and Whitefield Hall, built in 1925. Soon afterwards, the Commander Hotel was built on the corner of Garden Street and Phillips Place, where had been two houses belonging to Dr. Hildreth. In the one

on the corner, Dr. and Mrs. George P. Cogswell lived for many years. It was one of those one-room thick houses like the Rectory of Christ Church, and it was said to have been built in 1796.

The so-called Bradford House of Browne and Nichols School was occupied by Dr. John W. Webster, who murdered Dr. Parkman. After all these years his sign was recently found in the cellar.

This house was occupied for many years by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lothrop Thorndike.

Mr. Thorndike (1829–1911) was by profession a lawyer. A graduate of Harvard College in 1852 and of the Harvard Law School in 1854, he was particularly interested in laws concerning bankruptcy and banking.

He was also a lover of music, and as such he became an officer of the New England Conservatory of Music, a member of the Handel and Haydn Society and of the Saint Cecilia Society. He was a trustee of the Perkins Institute for the Blind and of many other social, historical, and business associations, serving as president of the Old Cambridge Shakespeare Association from 1891 to 1895.

Handsome and debonair, he was a man of unusual charm. One who knew him well writes of him, "His personality contained a rare quality difficult to express, a quality that seems to have, in a large measure, died out in the materialistic sordid world of today. This came from a sensitiveness to all that exemplified the beautiful and the good; no detail seemed too inconspicuous to touch him, no grand harmony of the universe but lived in his soul. It was a hidden fountain which flowed forth to delight and cheer others, a force that lifted the atmosphere about him and made life more worth living."

His wife, Anna Lamb Wells, had a notably beautiful garden next to the house on the corner of Garden Street and Phillips Place. When the Thorndikes moved to Weston the Browne and Nichols School was built in or on that garden. The architect was a sister-in-law of Mr. Nichols, Mrs. William Ichabod Nichols, whose maiden name was Minerva Parker. This school was the first important building by a woman architect. About the same time the school was built, Dr. Rockwell's house was built and Dr. Wesselhoeft and his family moved into the big house just at the juncture of the two streets, which has now been made into an apartment house.

This brings us to Arsenal Square and the reason it was so-called.

About the close of the 18th century our Commonwealth began to consider the necessity for the better storage of its munitions of war. As Cambridge had, in the early days of the Revolution, been the center of activities with barracks in the Common, Cambridge was selected as the place of the state arsenal. On June 10, 1796, Massachusetts bought of Joseph Bates Wheelwright a piece of land with its western border on "Mill Porridge Lane" now a part of Garden Street.

In 1813 more land was bought from the heirs of Bates, and in March, 1817, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse sold Massachusetts the land adjoining. He was not very anxious to sell it, as he said in a letter published in the proceedings of this Society in 1911: "I have only nine or ten acres — just enough to keep my creatures and amuse me by its cultivation." He feared that in time of war this valuable military depot would be extended to eventually "create a neighborhood not very desirable to cornfields, orchards, and fruit gardens."

No further land was acquired until 1864, when a lot having 418 feet frontage on Chauncy Street was purchased from the Waterhouse heirs.

Meanwhile, in 1816, the General Court found that there was an absolute necessity for additional buildings for the safekeeping of munitions of war. In 1818 Governor Brooks reported that a fireproof building of brick in Cambridge was completed. It is described as 100 feet long by 40 feet wide and three stories high. In the years 1848–49 a "neat and elegant building 1½ stories high, 100 feet long and 25 feet wide with a slated roof had been erected." It was the office or store house, and a brick dwelling house for the use and occupation of the keeper was built about 1852 near Follen Street.

April 29, 1861, Harvard students signed an obligation to obey such drill officers as the corporation might appoint. They were uniformed and organized into a battalion of four companies under command of Joseph Hayes, of the Harvard class of 1855, afterwards a brave general officer. This battalion guarded the Arsenal during May, 1861, and perhaps at other times. Two hundred fifty-seven names of the students in this battalion appear upon the rolls of the State House.

Again in 1863, during the draft riots of that summer, the Washington Home Guard, a Cambridge company commanded by Captain Isaac Bradford, afterwards chief of the police and later mayor, did guard duty there. During a night of their occupancy Governor Andrew sent wagons

to convey muskets, rifles, and ammunition from the Arsenal to the State House.

This was as near as Dr. Waterhouse's prognostications of military terrors ever came, but there was at times a great deal of military equipment stored there. After the Civil War it was sold to private parties.

All these facts were unknown to the youth of my generation, but the Arsenal was a very distinctive and unforgettable feature. The block from Chauncy Street to Follen Street belonged to it. On the Chauncy Street corner was the main building, 40 feet on Garden Street, built close to the sidewalk line. It was reminiscent of the type of the old three-story Federal house, with the third story windows smaller and square, though there were double doors of great proportions into its yard. It was of brick, painted cream-white with black iron shutters on each window. The building of the superintendent stood on a little terrace at the back of the lot. It was at right angles to the main building and parallel to Garden Street. The keeper's house near Follen Street turned at right angles again, so making an attractive courtyard which was ornamented, of course, by a flagpole and pyramids of cannon balls. The whole was surrounded by a high open picket fence also painted black.

But the enduring memory of my generation will be the machine shop built in 1864 or 1865 on the Chauncy Street lot. This was occupied about 1876 by the Cambridge Dramatic Club, the aftermath of those private theatricals of Professor Greenough's. The young and enthusiastic members made it over with their own hands into a theater. The entrance was on Garden Street, up a flight of steps. The theater had the wonderful arrangement of graduated seats down to a real stage with a curtain, footlights, and scenery. No electricity, of course, but plenty of gas. The walls were painted a light color, and the windows had long curtains of burlap with cross stripes of color painted on them. Here in 1877 was given the first play.

This was maintained until 1887, when the whole place was bought by Mr. Edwin H. Abbot, who built the stately stone house on Follen Street, now occupied by the Longy School, and a stone wall all around the lot. Here is now the Hotel Continental, which has absorbed everything except Mr. Abbot's house.

At the west side of the so-called square stands an 1860 or 1870 type of mansard-roofed house in which lived Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Perrin and

their handsome son, Arthur. Mr. Perrin was the president of the Cambridge Savings Bank at one time, and, in my memory, occupied, to me, the more important position of the Superintendent of the Sunday School of the First Parish Church, Unitarian.

Next to their house on Garden Street is a similar house built presumably about 1876 by J. Marcow. Next to that is the house which the late Frank Gaylord Cook gave to the Shepard Memorial Church as a parsonage.

The corner of Garden Street and Chauncy Street, opposite the Arsenal, was vacant and was used as a cow pasture for many years. Next to it on the corner of Walker Street (once Wallace Street) was a double house which I think must have been quite old. I remember two very pretty doors side by side and lilac bushes between them and the street. One of these houses was occupied by DeQuedville, a carpenter and upholsterer, who had two daughters. The older astonished and excited all Cambridge, when she was one of the first students at Radcliffe, by marrying LeBaron Russell Briggs, her instructor.

On the Chauncy Street corner, in the early years of this century, the present house was built by Mr. Erasmus Darwin Leavitt, a civil engineer connected with the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company. Here he and his daughter, Margaret, lived for many years. He had another daughter, Mary, who was the second wife of Dr. William Wesselhoeft, and who built the house now occupied by Miss Constance Hall. These two sisters were very agreeable and popular, but as they had lived for some time in Germany and were intimate friends with the Krupps, they were extremely pro-German and were rather under a cloud during World War I. After Dr. Wesselhoeft and Mr. Leavitt had both died, the two sisters sold these houses and built another nearer Norton's Woods. Mr. Leavitt's house has lately become the International Student Center.

On the western corner of Walker Street Miss Helen Upton, sister of Mrs. Rufus Allyn, built a very pretty small house for her old age. When that period was ended, the house was bought and enlarged by Professor Morris Hickey Morgan.

The next house on the corner of Shepard Street was lived in, in 1889, by Miss Needham, one of the founders of, and the first president of, the Cambridge Plant Club. This club is the oldest Garden Club in the United States and has just celebrated its sixtieth birthday. The house at that time

was all on side of the front door. An addition has since been made to it, and so Miss Elvira Needham's lovely garden has been destroyed. She had a vast knowledge of plants and flowers, and some member of the Plant Club who went to call on her in the winter said her house was so full of beautiful flowering plants that there was only room for the two chairs she had.

The north side of the block, that between Shepard Street and Linnaean Street seems almost all to belong to the middle nineteenth century. Most of the houses were built in the seventies. On the corner of Shepard Street is the house built by Mr. William Brandt Storer.

William Brandt Storer

William Brandt Storer was born in Boston, April 2, 1838. "He was the son of Robert B. Storer, a prominent merchant of Boston, who for a long time was engaged in the Russia trade, and he was a nephew of Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, his mother being the latter's sister. He was a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1859. Mr. Storer retained a warm interest in his alma mater, and, besides serving as chief marshal on commencement day, was ever ready to aid in promoting the welfare of the university. On the breaking out of the Civil War he entered the army and served on the staff of General Devens with the rank of colonel. He afterwards went into business with his father, whom he succeeded as Russian vice-consul. During the administration of Governor Claflin, Mr. Storer was a member of his council. He was at the time of his death Russian vice-consul, a director in the National Bank of Commerce, treasurer of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, director of the reform school at Thompson's Island, and vice-president of the Union Club."

(From the *Cambridge Tribune*,
October 17, 1884.)

His two unmarried daughters, Elizabeth Winslow and Helen Langdon Storer, still occupy the house, and like their father are interested in various charities, particularly the Animal Rescue League.

Next comes the house formerly that of Reverend Charles Carroll Everett, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, 1879–1900, whose daughter, Mildred, was one of the prominent members of the younger set. Then comes number 55, built by my uncle, Uriah Tracy Howe, about 1870, in

whose parlor this Society had a meeting, in 1939, when his granddaughter, Mrs. Sarah Folsom Enebuske, read us a paper about her Folsom ancestors.

The big house next door, the most modern in the block, was built in 1905 by Mr. Benjamin Vaughan. This Society will remember the delightful hospitality it has received from his daughter, Miss Bertha Hallowell Vaughan.

The smaller house just beyond was built by Mr. John Rayner Edmunds, M. I. T. '69, who was assistant at the Harvard Observatory, and one of the founders of the Appalachian Club. Great interest was felt by the neighbors, as he was building the house for his bride. She died when her first child was born. He never married again, but a delightful ex-school teacher, Miss Fanny Staples, kept house for him. She was a devoted member of the Shakespeare Club.

Four of these houses have been absorbed by Radcliffe College, which crept into Shepard Street and has advanced all across to Linnaean Street, leaving only the William B. Storer house on the southeast corner and what we might consider its parent house, that of Mr. Robert B. Storer, on the Linnaean Street corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boyd Storer came to Cambridge in 1856, with their son, William, and three daughters. He bought this house which I have been credibly informed was built by the architect Henry Greenough. He was engaged in trade with Russia and was Russian vice-consul. Two of the daughters, Fanny and Elizabeth, never married. They were among those who grew up during the Civil War, belonged to the "Club," one of the two sewing circles which started at that time. Their keen interest was specially aroused by the colored race, whose good or ill fortune met their unfailing sympathy. The third daughter, Margaret, married Mr. Joseph B. Warner, one of our foremost citizens.

The house is now owned by their son, Langdon Warner, who is an explorer and authority on Chinese and Japanese art, connected with the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard. He writes me that at present he has let the house, and he and his family are inhabiting the wood shed on Linnaean Street.

On the other side of Garden Street, China was also represented, for about 1913 there came, with his family, Mr. Edward Bangs Drew, who had been Senior Commander under Imperial Maritime Customs of China,

for many years. He could read and speak Chinese and held the 2d Rank of the Red Button and the Decoration of the Double Dragon, both conferred by the Emperor of China. All of this sounds very colorful, but he and his family fitted into Cambridge as if they had always been there and proved a great addition to the community. They lived in a house, now a school, next to that house which Mr. Cook gave the Shepard Memorial Church for a parsonage.

The character and charm of the Street were much injured by the brick apartment house numbered 52. This and the three smaller houses between it and number 58 occupy a lot in the middle of which once stood a comfortable old-fashioned house belonging to Theophilus Parsons, Dane Professor of Law in Harvard College.

He had four daughters, the oldest of whom, Emily Elizabeth, born in 1824, was an unusual woman. I quote freely from a memorial of her written by her father after her death in 1880.

"From childhood she manifested more than common energy and a disposition to earnest and persistent activity.

"At five years of age she ran a sharp pair of scissors into the pupil of her right eye, destroying that, and weakening the other eye.

"At seven years old she was extremely ill with Scarlet Fever. This left her totally deaf. In adult life she was able to hear whatever was distinctly addressed to her.

"At twenty-five years she injured an ankle, breaking some of the cords. This was never entirely cured. She suffered much from lameness but never complained.

"None of these hindrances prevented her from doing all in her power to relieve suffering of any whom she could reach.

"In 1861, when the War of the Rebellion broke out, she at once declared her desire to enlist in the Army as a nurse and entered the Massachusetts General Hospital as a volunteer nurse.

"She had great fearlessness, entire absence of nervousness, and faced wounds without shrinking.

"She served in several Military Hospitals from 1862 to 1864: Fort Schuyler in New York, the Barton Barracks in St. Louis, and a Floating Hospital in which she had charge of the nurses from St. Louis to Vicksburg.

"She was presented, in June, 1864, with a goblet or vase of silver, lined with gold and beautiful in form and workmanship.

"It was said of her that she was a true and generous Christian philanthropist, embracing all of every race and condition and never sparing herself."

After her return to Cambridge she began to make efforts to have a hospital in Cambridge, and was able to form a corporation under the name of the "Cambridge Hospital" in February, 1871.

It was many years before the hospital came to function, but she can always be considered the founder of what is now known as the Mount Auburn Hospital.

After Professor Parsons' death it was difficult for his widow and her three remaining daughters, Katherine, Sabra, and Caroline to keep up the house.

It was Caroline who showed the energy and ability of her elder sister. She became famous for the jellies and preserves which she made, and it was she who organized taking boarders and "paying guests." The house became known as an agreeable and homelike place by many Harvard students, chiefly in the Law School.

After they had all gone, no one would buy the house, so it was torn down and the land came into the market. Suddenly, the neighbors found that apartment going up, just before the region was zoned. They were able to prevent another, but the beauty of the street was ruined.

More fortunate was the fate of the Dixwell property next door. Mr. Epes Sargent Dixwell, who kept a desirable school for boys in Boston, built number 58 about 1840. He had five daughters and one son. His oldest daughter, Susan, married Gerritt Smith Miller of Peterboro, New York, breeder of Holstein-Friesian cattle and founder of the first organized football team in America, as set forth in a tablet on Boston Common. Fanny married Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. Esther married Charles H. Owen of Hartford, Connecticut. Arria married Archibald Murray Howe of Cambridge, and Mary married George Wigglesworth of Milton. Mrs. Dixwell was a Bowditch. She and her daughters will ever be remembered for their kindness and generosity.

Mr. Dixwell died in 1899, and the house was bought by Henry O. Houghton, of Houghton and Mifflin, a widower with three daughters. The house was much remodeled, bringing into it Mr. Houghton's fine

library. His daughter, Justine, married Francis Kershaw. Elizabeth, who was a noted social worker, was killed by an automobile. Alberta was the most beloved. She made one room of the house into a Memorial Room for young men she knew who had been killed in World War I. After her death, the house was sold to Professor James B. Munn, who again remodeled it and has entertained this Society there.

Next comes Bond Street, named for the first head of the Observatory.

The Harvard Observatory was first established in 1839, in the Dana Palmer House on Quincy Street. As this situation proved not to be high enough for good observation, it was moved to its present site where Andrew Craigie had once had a summerhouse. The Observatory House was ready for the Bond family in 1844. Miss Elizabeth Bond has told us the story of its first years and how soon her delicate father died.

Joseph Winlock was Director from 1866 to 1875. After his death came Edward Charles Pickering, who for about forty years presided there and increased the usefulness, the value, and the prestige of the foundation enormously. He married Lizzie Wadsworth Sparks, the daughter of Jared Sparks, herself said to be the original little girl whose mother took a tuck in her dress whenever she was naughty, so that sometimes she was ashamed to go to school because her skirt was so short.

She was a remarkable social leader, sought for as chaperone at all the Assemblies, and in her own home a fascinating hostess. With such a host and hostess, there was a great deal of entertaining at the Observatory, for there was a stream of distinguished guests from all parts of the world. Mr. Pickering died in 1919, "full of years and honors," and a notable chapter of Cambridge life was closed.

Mr. Harlow Shapley, who succeeded Mr. Pickering, carries on the great traditions of the Harvard Observatory, though much of the work has been moved to Harvard, Massachusetts.

That last bit of Garden Street has always been beautiful, but alas, now the enchanting Botanic Garden has been made into a housing project, and nothing is left to tell the tale, except the Gray Herbarium.

The Gray Herbarium, a brick building given by Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, contains 500,000 botanical specimens gathered from all parts of the world and kept in practically fire-proof files, as are many valuable letters from botanists in remote and distant places. Wherever possible, these

have pictures of the writers with dates of their births and deaths, the plants named after them, and accounts of their chief works. The oldest letter was written in 1586, many were written in the eighteenth century, but none was written later than Dr. Gray's time.

Here is also a bronze basrelief of Dr. Asa Gray, so long the distinguished head of the Herbarium, by Augustus Saint Gaudens, a portrait of Linnaeus, in middle life and a smaller one in his youth, and busts and pictures of many generations of botanists.

Harvard College founded the Botanical Garden, and the first botanist in charge of it was William Dandridge Peck of Kittery, Maine, who was appointed in 1788. He was sent abroad in 1804 to look into the foreign botanic gardens. While he was gone, the present ground was purchased and plowed up, and it awaited his return with his knowledge and the head gardener he was to bring back with him.

Over three acres was bought, which grew to nine. Mr. Peck laid it out in 1806 and reigned there until 1822, when he died. He was a botanist known to fame, and various plants which he discovered are named after him. He followed the Linnaean system, in which plants were classed by the number of stamens, rather than the natural system, which was introduced by Dr. Asa Gray when he took charge in 1834.

Dr. Peck was probably also a conchologist, for his picture shows him with shells hugged up in his arm.

Dr. Thomas Nutall came to the chair in 1822, and lived in the house which was first built upon the grounds, from 1822 to 1828. It is said that he kept the conditions of a legacy for equal residence in two hemispheres by spending the end of one year and the beginning of the next abroad, thus insuring a longer term to devote to the work he loved best, that in this country.

He was a peculiar man and preferred birds and plants to contacts with his fellow men or fellow boarders. He occupied two rooms in the house, mounting a ladder erected in a closet when he went to bed. This closet had a small opening and a shelf on which Dr. Nutall's food was placed from the outside of the locked door.

The same house was occupied by Dr. Asa Gray and his wife from 1834 to the time of his death in 1888. Mrs. Gray lived on in the house until her death, when it was bought by Allen Howard Cox, an architect, and moved across the street, to the corner of Madison Street.

At the very end of the north side of the street is an old white house, once the Wyeth family farmhouse.

Between that and the Botanical Garden and the Observatory all the houses are of this century except that of Mr. Cox.

The street would seem to have some special appeal to artists and architects. Near the Wyeth farmhouse is the studio of George Plowman, the etcher.

In a little dead-end place, perched almost on the Observatory grounds and called Garden Terrace, is the interesting house build by R. Langford Warren when he was the head of the Harvard Department of Architecture. It is now occupied by Arthur Boylston Nichols, himself an artist. The house opposite was built as a studio by Roger Noble Burnham, the sculptor.

The little house picturesquely located at the top of the street was built by John Nolen, a well known town planner.

Built about the same time as these houses is that on the east corner of Garden Terrace, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Alva Morrison, and on the west corner is that of Mrs. Munroe Day.

The old Dresser estate, coming across from Raymond Street, was opened up in the '20's of this century. This has been cut up into house lots and is known as Gray Gardens East and Gray Gardens West.

THE OWNERS OF ELMWOOD

A History and Memoir [1]

By Lucy Kingsley Porter

Read May 31, 1949

HOUSES are as individual as people, sympathetic or cold, understanding or indifferent to those who come to live within their walls. At the same time they reflect like mirrors the natures of their owners. How is it with Elmwood?

The first person to live at Elmwood was the man who built it in 1767, Thomas Oliver. When he was four years old, in 1738, his parents migrated to the Province of Massachusetts Bay from the Island of Antigua in the Caribbean Sea. The intercourse between that Island and the North American colonies was of long standing. It went back at least to the time of Samuel Winthrop, a Quaker planter in Antigua who became its Deputy Governor in 1667 and who was the youngest son (by the third wife, and there was a fourth) of John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts Bay.[2] It was to continue through the next century until about 1848, when Free Trade in England disrupted the prosperity of the Island. A rich Antiguan merchant wrote of his travels in this country in the 1750's,[3] and in the 1790's "the nabobs from far off Antiqua" were coming, with their creole women servants and "black men in abundance," to take the cure of the famous warm springs at Lebanon, New York.[4]

The founder of the Oliver family in Antiqua was Colonel Richard Oliver, a successful sugar planter. He had three sons by his first wife, Richard, Robert and Rowland. The second of these, Robert,[5] was the

[1] Among the many who have generously assisted me in the preparation of this paper, I wish to thank Dr. Walter Muir Whitehill, Director and Librarian of the Boston Athenaeum, Natalie Hoyt, and Eleanor Barker, my secretary and collaborator.

[2] Vere Langford Oliver, *History of the Island of Antigua* (London, 1896), III, 250–252.

[3] *Some Cursory Remarks made by James Birket in His Voyage to North America 1750–1751* (Yale Historical Publications, New Haven, 1916).

[4] Frederick Tupper and Helen Tyler Brown, eds., *Grandmother Tyler's Book: The Recollections of Mary Palmer Tyler 1775–1866* (New York, 1925), pp. vi and 168.

[5] Oliver, *op. cit.*, II, 318, with Robert Tracy Jackson, *History of the Oliver, Vassall and Royall Houses in Dorchester, Cambridge and Medford* (Boston, 1907), p. 5.

father of Thomas. He was the first of the family to leave the Island, and the only one to come to New England. Richard, the heir of the family, left Antigua a few years after Robert, but settled in the mother country, in Leyton County, Essex. Rowland, the third son, went from Antigua to the Island of Nevis in 1762 and later, after Richard's death, he too made his home in England. However, although they lived elsewhere, all three brothers kept their plantations in Antigua and enjoyed the revenue therefrom.[6] Richard's son, Richard III, or Junior as he was known in England, was destined to carry the Oliver name to its highest distinction. He became alderman of London and was M. P. for that city 1770–1780. In 1768 he was an active supporter of John Wilkes, although later he felt Wilkes' "political aims were not similar to his own." In that year the Lord Mayor and the two aldermen, Wilkes and Oliver, as three who were "united in the Cause of Liberty," were given large silver cups by the Liverymen of London.[7] This presentation to freedom loving gentlemen in England had its parallel in New England. Paul Revere executed the famous Liberty Bowl to commemorate an event of that same year, when ninety-two members of the General Court in Massachusetts Bay Province, in defiance of the King's command, voted not to rescind the circular letter which had been sent to all the colonies urging action against the Townshend Acts. "No. 45" engraved upon the Bowl was the number of the supplementary edition of *The North Briton*, the newspaper in which Wilkes attacked George III's message to Parliament.[8]

Thomas Oliver's mother was Anne Brown, daughter of a wealthier planter, James Brown, and Elizabeth, who later became Mrs. Isaac Royall. It was probably this grandmother of Thomas who influenced the Oliver family to come to New England. Her second husband, Isaac Royall, had extensive holdings in Boston and left the West Indies in 1732 to settle in Medford, which was then a part of Charlestown. There he bought five-hundred acres of land, including the simple homestead which had been built by Governor Winthrop and later enlarged by Governor Usher.[9] He converted the house into a spacious and handsome residence

[6] Oliver, *op. cit.*, II, 318.

[7] *Ibid.*, II, 341.

[8] Edwin J. Hipkiss, "The Paul Revere Liberty Bowl," *Bulletin of the Museum of Fine Arts*, XLVII (Boston, 1949), p. 20.

[9] Sidney Fiske Kimball, *Domestic Architecture of the American Colonies and of the Early Republic* (New York, 1922), p. 38 fig. 19, pp. 283–284.

commensurate to his wealth. Nowhere in the vicinity was there a more elegant mansion. He built slave quarters, said to be the only ones still standing in New England, for the twenty-seven slaves whom he brought with him from Antigua. The astute Isaac petitioned the General Court to exempt him from the custom tax on these slaves, saying that he brought "a parcel of negroes, designed for his own use and not any of them for merchandise."[10] Isaac Royall's two children, Isaac and Penelope, both figure in the history of Cambridge. Penelope, an heiress, married Colonel Henry Vassall, the fascinating spendthrift, and lived in the Vassall House on Brattle Street. Isaac, Jr., was destined to play an important part, indirectly, in the development of Harvard.[11] When upon the death of his father in 1739 Isaac Royall, Jr., inherited the Medford estate, he made the mansion even more sumptuous by further architectural improvements and elaborate interior carving. This must have been finished by 1750 when Captain Francis Goelet described the house as one of the grandest in the colonies.[12] In beautifying the garden at the back of the mansion, Isaac added an unusual feature, a summer house, which excited the admiration and curiosity of all. There was a trap door in the floor which concealed a cellar for the storage of ice.[13] On the top of the roof was a figure of Mercury. What is left of the wooden figure can be seen today, hidden away in a closet of the Royall House. The once beautiful summer house of Thomas Oliver's grandmother, where probably the Olivers were often entertained, is depicted at Elmwood in the frescoes which Barry Faulkner painted in 1926 to adorn the front hall.

The ties between the two families were very close, although Robert Oliver chose for his home the more settled town of Dorchester rather than Medford. Here in 1745 he built a commodious dwelling, also with quarters to accommodate the slaves he had brought with him. Subsequently it became famous as the home of Edward Everett, and attained a certain reputation in the time of a still later owner, John Richardson, because

[10] Samuel Adams Drake, *Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex* (Boston, 1874), p. 120.

[11] See below, p. 91.

[12] Kimball, *op. cit.*, pp. 139–140, 283–284. "Grandmother Tyler's" mother, Elizabeth Hunt Palmer, gives us a commentary upon its unhappy fate only a few years later. In describing (Tupper and Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 45) a dinner party which she attended there in the summer of 1775, she says "General Lee, during this summer, took up his headquarters at an old shell of a house between Charlestown and Cambridge which, with characteristic eccentricity, he called 'Hobgoblin Hall'" because (according to Drake, *op. cit.*, p. 129) of its echoing corridors.

[13] Drake, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

of the unusual specimens of flowers which were grown in its gardens.[14] Today only a plaque indicates where the old house once stood.[15] New England confronted Oliver with a new problem, that of keeping out the cold.[16] In Antigua houses were built to keep out the heat, for the thermometer never registered "below 74 degrees and . . . the ladies seldom walked the streets or rode in their whiskys without veils or masks." [17] A late seventeenth century house (now owned by Americans) in Antigua suggested to me what the residence of the owner of a sugar plantation in the time of the Olivers was like. It is in the country about five miles from the town of St. John's, on the crest of Jolly Hill which once overlooked a two to three thousand acre plantation. The original building is of stone, with additions, probably eighteenth century, of wood. Although it is only one story high for protection against earthquakes and frequent hurricanes, it is nevertheless imposing. A map of Antigua made between 1786 and 1788 by John Luffman [18] indicates a windmill on the estate, doubtless one of several which are still standing in the valley below the hill. Three hundred or more such windmills for grinding sugar cane and fodder for the cattle were scattered over the Island. Because they were built of good, sometimes superlative ashlar, which has enabled them to withstand the wild play of the elements, a surprising number remain, sturdy sentinels of the past. Public buildings were almost always built of stone, which was plentiful in the Island. The most beautiful is Parham Church, distinguished for its ashlar and the Palladian window of the apse. Although built as late as 1840, it is falling into ruin, which is especially to be regretted as it far excels in architectural interest any other church of the West Indies.[19] The court house at St. John's is also of masonry, and has the characteristic quoins. When building in the vicinity of Boston, the Antiguans used, as did the other New Englanders, the local material, wood. In order to make a more elaborate and impressive design, they often adapted the patterns of masonry as decorative motives. In the Royall

[14] Robert Tracy Jackson, "John Richardson: His House and Garden" reprinted from *Transactions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for the Year 1904*, Part I.

[15] At Edward Everett Square.

[16] His son Thomas, in building Elmwood, met this problem by lining the walls of the house with brick.

[17] Oliver, *op. cit.*, I, cxxx, Letter IX of forty quoted from the traveler John Luffman, written between 1766 and 1768.

[18] Oliver, *op. cit.*, Vol. III.

[19] A. W. Acworth, *Treasure in the Caribbean* (London, 1949), pp. 15–16.

house the wooden siding of the western facade was scored to represent blocks of stone.[20] The effect of masonry in the Robert Oliver house was confined to the structural device of quoins. What a feeling of strength and solidity the corner blocks of wood give to a house, as seen for instance in the eighteenth century part of the Lee-Nichols House on Brattle Street, now the home of Mrs. William Emerson, or The Larches of a later date,[21] the home of Mrs. Henry Tudor. The facade of Elmwood, Mr. Rupert Lillie[22] thinks, may also have had quoins, since it was a common feature of the better homes built at that time in New England. Certainly they would have given it a richer, more stately appearance. But as the house stands today it has an aristocratic air with the green lawns and the long gravel pathway. It seems to fit Oliver Wendell Holmes' description of colonial houses, "square fronted edifices that stand back from the vulgar highway with folded arms."

Cambridge, when the Robert Olivers arrived in New England in 1738, was only a small village consisting of Harvard College, a few farms and even fewer large houses.[23] It was but a hamlet when Spencer Phips, the adopted son of the fabulously rich Sir William Phips, bought in 1706 a farm of three hundred acres in Cambridge. Later, in 1714, after he purchased another estate with the Gookin House, which he converted into an extraordinarily elaborate residence,[24] Boston people of fashion, attracted by his luxurious living, began to follow him to Cambridge to establish summer homes. It is a striking coincidence that from three of the islands of the West Indies came the wealth of some of the most famous families in the village of Cambridge. The Phips fortune was pulled out of the

[20] Kimball, op. cit., p. 38 fig. 19, and p. 283. The facade was probably built by Isaac Royall, Jr., after 1739.

[21] Built between 1801 and 1808 as a summer home for William Gray, a merchant of Salem, it is one of the few Cambridge houses which has remained continuously in the same family. Gray thus became next door neighbor to Elbridge Gerry at Elmwood, as there were no other houses between them, and was eventually to serve as Lieutenant Governor to his friend during Gerry's two terms as Governor of Massachusetts, 1810–1812.

[22] Mr. Lillie's special field of study has been the Cambridge of the last half of the 18th century, which he has depicted in maps and dioramas. His published articles on the subject are: "Georgian Gardens of Early Cambridge," *Landscape Architecture*, vol. xxi, no. 1 (1940); "The Gardens and Homes of the Loyalists," *Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society*, vol. 25 (1940), pp. 49–62; *Cambridge in 1775* (Cambridge, 1949).

[23] Samuel Francis Batchelder, *Bits of Cambridge History* (Cambridge, 1930), p. 115, note 2. In 1765 Cambridge numbered a white population of only 1492.

[24] Hannah Winthrop Chapter D. A. R., *Historic Guide to Cambridge* (Cambridge, 1907), p. 82.

sea by William Phips in the incredible recovery of treasure from a sunken Spanish galleon wrecked fifty years earlier off the coast of Hispaniola (Haiti).[25] The Vassalls' wealth came from Jamaica, the Olivers' and Royalls' from Antigua.

Robert Oliver's son Thomas entered Harvard in 1750 at the age of fifteen and a half, and was placed ninth in a class of twenty-one freshmen. The rating of the students had nothing to do with their scholastic standing. The most important factors were public office of the father (if he died, the placing of the boy was lowered), the English pedigree of the family, and wealth, which loomed large as the new colony expanded. Already they had drifted far away from the founders of this land who could bring with them little more than inner possessions. The profession of the father also determined the placing of the students. It is surprising that that of inn-keeper stood high on the list. The legal profession fared well, but clergymen's sons were given no advantages whatsoever in a land where the college was founded and largely taught by the clergy. The sons of doctors were not even considered in the laborious task of placing students. These facts throw light on the positions allotted to the following students in their respective classes at Harvard: Thomas Oliver's friend, John Vassall, was rated *second*, Elbridge Gerry, who succeeded Thomas Oliver at Elmwood, *just below the middle*, while Spencer Phips and William Brattle at an earlier date shared the honor of *first* place in the same class. We do not know what place Isaac Royall, Jr., might have been given had he gone to Harvard.[26] The decision of the arbiters was not announced until six or nine months after admission to college. Disappointment or elation among the boys, which was shared by their

[25] Francis Bowen, "Life of Sir William Phips," *The Library of American Biography* (Jared Sparks, ed., Boston, 1837) VII, 5–102; Alice Lounsberry(*Sir William Phips* (New York, 1941). Born in Maine of poor parents, William Phips was the twenty-first son, a fact which presaged a career of fame in which he himself believed and which the events of his life justified. He knelt before three kings of England, Charles II, who sent him on his quest for treasure, James II, who knighted him for the success of his venture, and William III, who, at his request, restored and improved the annulled charter of the Massachusets Bay Province and made him Royal Governor of that Province.

[26] Batchelder, *op. cit.*, pp. 120 and 136, says that there is certainly evidence, from references made to him in the accounts of his father's New England agent, that Isaac, Jr., lived in this country from the time he was ten years old. That he "went to the School in Cambridge at one and the same time" with William Fessenden, Jr., we know from that gentleman's affadavit to a conversation which he had many years later with Isaac's mother, but why Isaac did not go to college is a mystery.

parents, made it difficult for the class to settle down to the college routine. The same social precedence existed at Yale, but was abandoned in 1767 for the adoption of the more democratic one of listing students alphabetically. Not until five years later did the more reasonable practice go into effect at Harvard.[27]

Thomas Oliver was chosen class orator on the completion of his three-year course at Harvard. In 1756 he received an M.A. In 1760, at Trinity Church in Boston, he married the wealthy Elizabeth Vassall, sister of his friend, John, who a year later married Thomas's sister, Elizabeth Oliver.

The people of influence in Cambridge wished to have an Anglican church in the little college town. Thomas was one of the eight to sign a petition in 1759 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, asking for moral and financial aid in their project, and later in the same year sat on a committee with full powers to build the church. He also contributed £50 himself to a local subscription for its construction. After the church was completed, he took an active interest in its affairs, holding from 1765 until 1774 either the office of vestryman or that of warden. It might be said that Christ Church in Cambridge was designed by mail. The committee wrote, in 1759, to Peter Harrison, the gentleman architect of Newport, asking for a plan. He sent them in all five letters, which included a complete set of drawings and plans, and both exterior and interior elevations. I am glad to say that "the committee opined to express their gratitude by presenting him with £45." The "masterly architect" had received no financial recognition from Boston for the more elaborate designs of King's Chapel, constructed earlier. It is remarkable that it took only a year and a half to build Christ Church. The plans arrived March 1760, and the first service was held in October 1761. The members of the community felt they had a handsome church. Indeed today the building is considered to be more representative of the individuality of the architect than any of his other works.[28]

If we add that Thomas Oliver was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel in the first Middlesex Regiment in 1771, succeeding his friend Colonel

[27] Franklin Bowditch Dexter, "On Some Social Distinctions at Harvard and Yale Before the Revolution," *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*, New Series (Worcester, 1893–1894), IX, 34–59.

[28] Carl Bridenbaugh, *Peter Harrison, First American Architect* (Chapel Hill, 1949), pp. 61, 114 and 115.

Henry Vassall, we have the sum of the known facts in his life up to this time. Probably he wrote verses. At least one poem commemorating the accession of George III is ascribed to him![29]

There are many questions about Oliver's life, the answers to which are not to be found in documented history. Where did he live on finishing his studies at Harvard? Did he build the Walter Baker House as the guide books of Dorchester affirm? Or did he and his bride live with his parents? His first three daughters were baptized at Christ Church in Cambridge; why is there no record of the baptism of the second three? Why did he wait until 1767 to build Elmwood, his beautiful home in Cambridge? Certainly all of his activities were in the college town, certainly all of his wife's relatives lived there, and certainly he had sufficient means. His father's will of 1761 states, "To my son Thomas Oliver a suit of mourning, a ring and twenty shillings and no more because his grandfather, James Brown [first husband of Mrs. Isaac Royall, Sr.,] and his great uncle, Robert Oliver, gave him a greater estate than I am able to give." We also know that in 1763 Oliver took a trip to Antigua, where he spent £900 on slaves, silver and pictures.[30] So wherever he and his wife were living at that time, it must have been in a luxurious setting. Even the fact that Thomas built Elmwood has been questioned by Samuel Adams Drake, who says that until 1770 Oliver only leased the land, acquiring the title by purchase in that year from the heirs of John Stratton, and that "the messuage itself was there named." [31] However, Robert Tracy Jackson answers Drake's argument by proving that the land bought in 1770 from Stratton's heirs was further to the westward on Mt. Auburn Street than the land on which Elmwood is built. He makes the additional point that previously, in 1766, Oliver had bought parcels of land from Christopher Grant, among which were six acres with a dwelling house and barn where Elmwood now stands. As there is no evidence that Christopher Grant was a man of wealth, nor probability of his owning or building such a house as Elmwood, Jackson argues that Oliver must have torn down Grant's house to build the present edifice for his own family.[32] The conclusive evidence, however, comes from Oliver's memorial (testi-

[29] Oliver Elton, "Lieutenant Governor Thomas Oliver, 1734–1815," *Publications of The Colonial Society of Massachusetts, Transactions 1930–1933, XXVIII* (1935), p. 43.

[30] Elton, *op. cit.*, p. 44.

[31] *Op. cit.*, p. 318.

[32] *History of the Oliver, Vassall and Royall Houses*, pp. 8–9.

mony given before a Parliamentary commission in London in 1783–1784),[33] which includes the expenses incurred in building his house at Cambridge and a statement that the stone (the so-called Portland stone) came from Connecticut and the glass from England.

After the family were settled at Elmwood, Thomas Oliver continued to buy land in Cambridge until his property amounted to ninety-eight and one half acres. He anticipated a long life of ease and prosperity in his new home. All went smoothly until May 28, 1776, when he accepted the position of Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts Bay Province, and with it the presidency of the Mandamus Council. The fact that the King had appointed the members of the new Council irked the freeholders of Massachusetts, for that colony was one of three which had the right to elect both president and members. A president elected at that time would have been a Whig; Thomas of course was a Tory. He had been suggested to George III by former Governor Hutchinson, who favored him because he was politically virgin timber and because he was in no way related to Hutchinson, unlike the latter's son-in-law the late Lieutenant Governor Andrew Oliver and his brother Chief Justice Peter Oliver. Hutchinson's family had been hated or, as he himself put it to the King, "envied" in Massachusetts.[34] Thomas held these two positions for less than a month, from August 8th when he was sworn into office until September 2nd, the eventful day in his heretofore quiet life. On that Friday morning, Thomas Oliver's swift decision and quick action prevented the Revolution from breaking out in Cambridge and postponed it for seven months. The postponement was valuable to the Colonists for, among other things, it gave them time to organize the Minute Men. The Mandamous Council, meeting on August 31st, had "usurped the Seats round the Council Board in Boston," and British troops had taken powder and arms from storehouses in Charlestown and Cambridge. Convinced that a large crowd on Cambridge Common had gathered without malicious intent and merely for the orderly discussion of their grievances, Thomas willingly complied with their request to ride in to Bos-

[33] Hugh Edward Egerton (editor), *The Royal Commission on the Losses and Services of American Loyalists 1783–1785*, being the notes of one of the commissioners, Daniel Parker Coke, M.P. (published in Oxford, 1915, by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid for presentation to the members of the Roxburghe Club in memory of her husband), p. 227.

[34] Elton, *op. cit.*, pp. 45–47. The interview between Hutchinson and George III is quoted from the satires of "Peter Pindar," John Wolcot.

ton to dissuade General Gage from sending Redcoats to disperse them. When he returned to Cambridge, the leaders of the crowd received with gratitude his assurance that no troops would be ordered out against them. To Thomas, however, their gratitude seemed short-lived, for they suddenly asked him to resign his post as president of the Mandamus Council. His explanation was accepted that he would do so only if the other counties of the Province joined Middlesex in the request, and he returned to Elmwood confident in the people's word that they would not press him further. Thomas's confidence would doubtless have been justified had it not been for the untimely appearance upon the Cambridge scene of Hallowell, hated Comptroller of the Port and Commissioner of Customs. This incident roused the crowd to action. By afternoon it had become a mob, which proceeded to Elmwood demanding that Thomas sign a document of resignation. He refused even if it should cost him his life. They harassed him for five or six hours, with increasingly audible insistence that he sign, until finally the mounting fears and consequent entreaties of his wife and six daughters caused him, reluctantly, to yield. To the resignation he added, "my house at Cambridge being surrounded by four thousand people, in compliance with their command I sign my name." [35]

Within a few days he and his family left Elmwood never to return, taking to Boston what valuables were easily transportable, and the womenfolk soon set sail for England. The house and estate were confiscated. Oliver remained in Boston, still in the capacity of Lieutenant Governor, until, on March 17th, 1776, General Gage was forced by Washington to evacuate the city. Oliver accompanied the British troops to Halifax and from there proceeded to England, where eventually he made a home for himself and his family in Bristol. The plantations in Antigua remained a good source of income, and the Crown continued his Lieutenant Governor's salary of £300 a year until 1782, with a pension thereafter of £200, and granted him £2320 for the loss of his house and land in Cambridge. In 1774 he asked £5167/17s for the latter, but his friends John Vassall and Richard Lechmere, and other Loyalist emigrés who were called upon to testify, estimated its worth at £2500.[36] After the death

[35] For full accounts of Oliver's appointment to the lieutenant governorship and of his "day of decision" see Elton, *op. cit.*, pp. 46–59.

[36] Egerton, *op. cit.*, p. 228; E. Alfred Jones, *The Loyalists of Massachusetts, Their Memorials, Petitions and Claims* (London, 1930), p. 25.

of his wife, Elizabeth Vassall, Oliver revisited Antigua to oversee the overseers of his property, in the hope of increasing his wealth. He was entirely successful, as in 1781 he married Harriet Freeman, the twenty-three-year-old heiress of the Island! The remainder of his life was spent in Bristol. There the two children of his second marriage were born, thus giving him a total of eight daughters, and there, in about 1804, Charles Lowell, who was later to live at Elmwood himself, found him "regretting his old home." [37] Thomas Oliver died in Bristol in 1815 at the age of eighty-one. He was buried at St. Paul's Church in the city of Bristol.

After Elmwood was evacuated by Oliver in September 1774, it was controlled by the Committee of Safety. For a week in April 1775, Benedict Arnold made his headquarters there. His company of sixty well-trained men in uniform lived in tents on the grounds. Here he worked on the plans for the attack on Ticonderoga. According to the records, in July 1775, "it being represented that the present hospital is not large enough to contain the sick, Lieutenant Governor Oliver's house is to be cleared for that purpose and care to be taken that no injury is done it," and on November 24th, 1779, the estate (of ninety-six acres) was sold to Andrew Cabot, Esq., of Salem.[38] There is no evidence that Cabot ever lived at Elmwood. From him in 1787 Elbridge Gerry purchased "the Homestead, containing by estimation thirty-four acres, more or less," and the other bits of upland, farmland and marsh which made up the whole estate.[39]

Gerry, the second resident owner of Elmwood, had so different a political background from Thomas Oliver that it is difficult to believe the two men were contemporaries and lived only some thirty miles apart. Gerry, born in 1744, was ten years younger, but Oliver outlived him by one year. His father's home in Marblehead where he was born is still a gracious home, and, although it has undergone many changes since the Gerrys' time, was probably equal in importance to that of Oliver's

[37] Oliver, *op. cit.*, II, 351.

[38] Lucius Robinson Paige, *History of Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1630–1877* (Boston, 1877), pp. 418 and 170.

[39] See the deed to the land, entered at Middlesex Registry of Deeds May 16, 1787. The original document is among the Gerry family papers in the possession of Annette Townsend Phillips of Goshen, New York.

father in Dorchester.[40] To be sure, Gerry's father made his money himself, whereas the fortune of the Olivers had been handed down through several generations. The Tories' inherited wealth of long standing may account in many cases for their zealous loyalty to the Crown and their remoteness from the political issues in the colony. They were the gentry who drank the tea which the middle class dumped in the sea.[41]

Marblehead was one of the most active ports in New England at this time. It followed Boston in all its patriotic activities. Gerry had the good fortune as a young man to come in contact with the astute and persuasive politician, Samuel Adams, who played the role of John the Baptist to the Revolution and whose inspirational speech in Boston in 1771 gave birth to the Committees of Correspondence, his unique contribution to the cause of liberty. Marblehead was one of the first of the eighty towns in Massachusetts to form such a committee, and Gerry, his father, and his brother all became members. Thomas Oliver probably knew nothing of this new organization to which, in any case, he would have been antagonistic, as would the other loyalists of Cambridge. The Court party was still living in luxury, "enjoying chilled purple grapes and little soft crabs" [42] at their afternoon gatherings, and ignoring the Country party which was endeavoring to unravel the tangle, daily worsening, between the colonies and the mother country. Then, too, Cambridge was a small village with only a ferry to connect it with Boston. The inhabitants of Marblehead, on the other hand, were for the most part merchants and ship owners who were in constant touch by sea with the big city, and immediately affected by the British Government's tax and trade restrictions. By February, 1774, all the colonies except Pennsylvania had Committees of Correspondence, which proved a valuable means of communication.

How extraordinary were the steps which led from the establishment

[40] The Gerry House at 44 Washington Street is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Morse.

[41] Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Comager, *The Growth of the American Republic* (New York, 1942), I, 164. Thomas Carlyle, in *History of Frederick the Great* (London, 1898), VIII, 155–156, gives a detailed description of the Boston Tea Party. His reason for dragging this interesting account into the history of the Prussian monarch hangs on the coincidence that on that day, Thursday, December 16, 1773, Frederick happened to write one of his delightfully chatty letters about the Russian court and Voltaire to D'Alembert, his chief correspondent.

[42] Catherine Drinker Bowen, *John Adams and the American Revolution* (Boston, 1950), p. 206.

of these Committees to the calling of the First Continental Congress in Philadelphia in September 1774, to which all but one of the thirteen colonies, Georgia, sent delegates. Their aim was to bring unity out of their differences in order to send to the King and Parliament a declaration of their rights and grievances. It was not independence that they sought, but equal rights, the liberty, as they expressed it, which other British subjects enjoyed. A month later the first Massachusetts Provincial Congress was called at Watertown. It assembled in defiance of the Governor and undertook to collect taxes, reorganize the militia, and administer civil authority in the province. Edmund Burke spoke in the British Parliament with surprised and alarmed admiration that such a government was functioning by its own authority. John Adams, having just returned to his home in Braintree, worn out at the close of the long session in Philadelphia, was called to Watertown that he might give the Congress the benefit of his legal knowledge. He found "two hundred and sixty volunteer consciences," composed of blacksmiths, bakers, other artisans and small shop-keepers, governing the Province. What a contrast to the distinguished gentlemen in knee breeches and ruffled shirts of the Continental Congress.[43] Gerry represented Marblehead in the Provincial Congress, and pulled more than his own weight as one of the nine members of the executive Committee of Safety and as a member of the Committee of Supply. His great energy and firsthand knowledge of foreign markets, plus the fact that he could put his company's ships at the disposal of the Committee of Supply, made him outstandingly valuable.

A second Provincial Congress convened in Cambridge February 17, 1775, but adjourned to the meeting house in Watertown. Again Gerry, representing Marblehead, was peculiarly useful, especially in his efforts to obtain gunpowder. To this end he advanced his own funds with pecuniary loss. It was Gerry who, in a letter of June 4, 1775, suggested to the Massachusetts delegates in Philadelphia that "the beloved Washington" should be made generalissimo of the colonial forces.[44] His signal contribution, however, was the proposal of a measure "to encourage the fitting out of armed vessels," which was passed November 10, 1775, by the

[43] Bowen, *op. cit.*, pp. 507–511.

[44] James T. Austin [son-in-law of Gerry], *The Life of Elbridge Gerry* (Boston, 1828), I, 79.

Provincial Congress and is said to have been the official beginning of the United States Navy. John Adams spoke of it in a letter from Quincy dated 1813, when Gerry was Vice President, as "one of the most important documents in history." [45]

Gerry was elected January 18, 1776, to take Cushing's place at the second Continental Congress. At the age of thirty-four he was one of its youngest members. He lost little time in getting to Philadelphia, considering the inclement winter weather and bad roads, and arrived on February 9.[46] Here was a gentleman who liked to go to Congress. As it meant no emolument and paying one's own travelling expenses, which were heavy, it grew harder and harder as time went on to find men willing to accept appointment to Congress. Gerry upon his arrival was named to a committee of five for superintending the treasury, one of the many hard nuts which the Continental Congress had to crack. Throughout his long term he was to take an active part in the work of that committee, serving frequently as its chairman. He served also on the standing Committees for Army Supplies, the Issue of Bills of Credit, and the Procedure for Conducting Legislation in Congress.[47] Of course the most immediate and difficult question was that of independence, which the Congress formally declared on July 4, 1776. Gerry was one of the fifty-six signers of the document. It became necessary, having severed the connection with England, to establish some form of government in the colonies, and this naturally was the chief concern of Congress for the next two years. It was finally worked out through the Articles of Confederation, in the adoption of which Gerry was indefatigable. Under this federation, which proved an unwieldly form of government, the last two years of the Revolution were carried on and the young nation endeavored to meet the ever increasing difficulties of its economic situation.

Gerry's life from then on began to show contradictions. When the

[45] *Ibid.*, p. 69.

[46] Even as late as 1800 when " a tolerable highway" existed between Boston and New York, the trip could not be taken in fewer than five days under the most favorable conditions. "When spring rains drew frost from the ground the roads became nearly impassable, and in winter when the rivers froze a serious peril was added," for there were few bridges and the rivers must be crossed in open boats — "an affair of hours at best, sometimes leading to fatal accidents. Smaller annoyances of many kinds were habitual." — Henry Adams, *History of the United States of America During the First Administration of Thomas Jefferson* (New York, 1889), I, 11–12.

[47] James Grant Wilson, John Fiske, eds., *Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography* (New York, 1887), II, 630–632, article on Elbridge Gerry.

Annapolis Convention was called in 1786 for the purpose of considering common commercial interests of the states, Gerry refused to attend. However, the next year he accepted election to the Federal Convention in Philadelphia. The object of this assembly was to revise the Articles of Confederation, but the result was the writing of the Constitution of the United States. The creation of this system of federal government is the greatest original gift of the new nation to the Old World. Gerry's contrary nature again came to the fore. He at first refused to sign the document, but after eleven of the states had ratified it, he came out strongly in its support. This led to his election to the first United States Congress, held in New York in 1779, of which he, forty-one years of age, was the oldest member.

Gerry had meanwhile married Anne Thompson of New York, "the most beautiful woman in America," [48] and established his home at Elmwood, which he called "The Mansion House," and which Mary Palmer Tyler described as his "elegant country seat at Cambridge" where "beautiful carpets and splendid pictures and furniture adorned every room." [49] Incidentally, Mary's recollections of the winter of 1789,[50] when at the age of fourteen she accompanied the Gerrys to New York in the capacity of nursemaid, throw an interesting sidelight upon their life there. She enjoyed few of the social advantages which her parents had anticipated for her from association with the family of a Congressman whom they had long known. She did witness the inauguration of Washington as the first President of the United States, but almost her only other excitement was that of hearing Mr. and Mrs. Gerry and the latter's sisters, upon their return from the theatre (Mary stayed up to mind the fires), discuss and reenact the plays which they had just seen. The great hit of that season was *The Contrast*, the second play by an Anglo-American ever to be put on professionally.[51] Its author, Royall Tyler, was an old friend of Mary's father and was one day to become the husband of the little nursemaid.

Gerry after four years of public service in the Federal Congress retired to Elmwood, where his wife and their young children had preceded

[48] Austin, *op. cit.*, I, 502.
[49] Tupper and Brown, eds., *op. cit.*, pp. 112 and 115.
[50] *Ibid.*, pp. 113–137.
[51] Morison and Commager, *op. cit.*, I, 250.

him. Once again installed in the Mansion, away from the responsibilities of public life, Gerry hoped to live quietly at last, to enjoy his estate as Oliver before him had hoped to do. But his seclusion was intruded upon. The President of the United States, John Adams, with whom he had been associated throughout his public life, in June 1797 asked him, as a non-party man, to be the third member of a peace commission to France with John Marshall and Secretary of State Pickering, both Federalists. Thomas Jefferson, Vice President and also a close friend, wrote to Gerry saying, "Make then an effort, my friend, to renounce your domestic comfort for a few months and reflect, to be a good husband and a good father at this moment you must also be a good citizen." [52] Gerry had no desire to go, he wished there were an ocean of fire between the old world and the new, but he accepted the appointment. The commission, known as the XYZ Commission because the Frenchmen who saw our envoys wished their names withheld, was a failure from the start. Gerry's part was particularly disastrous as he ignored the other two commissioners at Tallyrand's insidious suggestion and negotiated alone with that unscrupulous minister of foreign affairs. Disgusted, Pickering, the chairman of the Commission, and Marshall left for Washington. Gerry, alone in France, was in an untenable position. Austin describes it as hazardous, but Gerry could have returned with the other envoys on the dispatch boat sent by the U. S. Government to fetch them. While he prolonged his stay in France, his family at Elmwood was harassed by the people. At night mobs gathered about the house yelling to frighten the young mother and her large family of children (reminding us of the scene to which the wife of Thomas Oliver, the former owner of Elmwood, had been subjected), and in the morning a model of a guillotine with the effigy of a headless man was erected near Mrs. Gerry's window. When Pickering and Marshall arrived in Washington, President Adams recalled Gerry. Upon his return he and his family were ignored by the Federalists, which isolated them from most of the people of wealth and prominence in Cambridge, who regarded him as a renegade. With composure and dignity he bore all the disdain that was heaped upon him, convinced that his conduct on the Commission was always honorable even if his critics believed his judgment to have been flagrantly mistaken.[53]

[52] Austin, *op. cit.*, p. 156.
[53] Cf. Austin, *op. cit.*, Chapters VI-IX.

Harvard, strongly Federalist, suspended the granting of the degree of Doctor of Laws which it had intended to confer upon him in 1799. I am glad to say that Timothy Pickering's degree was also withheld.[54] However, in 1810, when Gerry was for the first time Governor of Massachusetts, both he and Pickering received their degrees.

If the Federalists looked at him askance, the Republican Democrats considered that he had saved the country from war with France, and in 1800, although Gerry in no way solicited the nomination, chose him as their candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. He was defeated, but he has the distinction of having been the only Jeffersonian who ever carried the City of Boston.[55] In each of the next three years he was nominated, but he took no active part in the campaigns and was three more times defeated. This respite from public activities should have given him time and peace to enjoy with his wife and children the Mansion House. Unfortunately two anxieties entered with heavy feet. One was the long and serious sickness of his wife, the other was of a financial nature. He had backed a friend who failed in business, leaving Gerry with his debts to pay. Notwithstanding this calamity, he still entertained, but with "elegant frugality." [56] Two political events in a measure alleviated the misfortunes. He was chosen a member of the electoral college of Massachusetts in 1804 and had the satisfaction of seeing Jefferson returned to the presidency. The other event occurred towards the end of Jefferson's administration. Gerry happened to be at the house of a friend in Boston, when he was unexpectedly called upon to preside at a meeting to whip up patroitism on account of the attack on the American frigate *Chesapeake* by a British ship. Before he knew what had happened he found himself on the steps of the State House, totally unprepared for the crowd of thousands which had gathered there, but he delivered a memorable speech. It was under these circumstances that he uttered the sentence which is engraved upon his tombstone.[57]

When James Sullivan died in 1808, Gerry became again the most likely Republican candidate for Governor, and won the election for each of two successive terms, 1810 and 1811. It was the second of these that his

[54] *Records of the Overseers of Harvard College* (original), Book 8, pp. 274, 283.

[55] Samuel Eliot Morison, "Elbridge Gerry," *Dictionary of American Biography* (Allen Johnson and Dumas Malone, eds., New York, 1931), VII, 226.

[56] Austin, *op. cit.*, II, 303–304.

[57] *Ibid.*, pp. 311–312. See below, p. 76.

signature to a bill added a new word to the English language for which he will always be remembered. The bill provided for redistricting Essex County in such a way as to increase the Republican vote. The resulting topographical map, with a few touches from an artist, resembled a salamander, which some wit of the opposing party quickly dubbed *Gerrymander*. The device won the majority of seats in the General Court, but Gerry himself, in his seventh run for Governor, was defeated.

Fate had something bigger in store for him — the vice presidency of the United States in Madison's second term. He felt at last his highest ambitions had been realized. At Elmwood he took the oath of office on March 4, 1813. He presided over the Senate with dignity and prudence at a critical time when the United States was at war with Great Britain. He enjoyed fully the social life of Washington and this dapper little man was, as always, a favorite with the ladies because of his courteous and elegant manners. Madame Jérôme Bonaparte, née Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, was especially gracious to him. It has been suggested [58] that she smiled upon the septuagenarian in the hope that, should Gerry suddenly become President, he might make her the mistress of the White House, a slight compensation for having missed being a queen through Napoleon's annulment of her marriage to Jérôme. It is an amusing rumor, but the circumstances which conditioned it were frailer than the health of Mrs. Gerry and of President Madison. Not only did both recover from their illnesses, but Mrs. Gerry lived to be the last surviving widow of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Moreover, Gerry's letters to his family while Vice President at Washington shatter such a report. Few men with the heavy political duties of President of the Senate, which he eagerly combined with the social life the Capital offered even during a war, would have found time to write so often to his "dearest Life" (as he always addressed his wife) and to his numerous daughters (he had, in all, nine children) if he had been having a serious affair with another woman. No passage in them is worth remembering, yet the letters show a solicitude for his wife's health and a devotion to his children which is hard to forget.[59]

On November 23, 1814, Gerry, driving in his carriage to preside over

[58] Samuel Eliot Morison, "Elbridge Gerry, Gentleman-Democrat" (reprinted from *The New England Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 1, 1929), p. 32.

[59] "Letters of Elbridge Gerry, 1797–1814," *Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings*, June 1914, pp. 480–528.

the Senate, died of a heart attack. Congress decreed that he should be buried in Washington at Government expense, and the members of all three branches of the Government attended the funeral. On his tombstone in the Congressional Cemetery were incised the words he had spoken so spontaneously in Boston several years previously (1808): "It is the duty of every man, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country." [60] To his family Gerry left fame and debts. Since Congress refused to pay Mrs. Gerry her husband's salary for the remainder of his term of office, it was impossible for her and her children to continue to live at Elmwood. With sad eagerness, therefore, Mrs. Gerry sold the house and some eight and three quarter acres of land to the Reverend Charles Lowell of the West Church in Boston. Thus ended, in 1818, the second chapter in the history of Elmwood.

The Lowell family were the most celebrated owners of Elmwood. It was given its name by Charles Lowell, as he states in his will: "I, . . . having my domicile at *Elmwood*, as I have styled it . . ." His son, the poet, spoke of the English elms as the "sturdy islanders." They still stand guarding the grounds, although truncated by age and several hurricanes. From time to time the purchase of more land by the Lowells brought their holdings to thirty and three-quarters acres, approximately one-third of the original estate.

Little did his parents realize that their sixth and last child would make Elmwood a literary shrine. James Russell Lowell, named for his father's uncle, James Russell [61] in Bristol, England, was the only one of the children whose birth took place at Elmwood. He was born on February 22, 1819 — with a caul,[62] as he liked to remind his friends. Of all the men of letters Cambridge boasts, none of them belongs more entirely to her than Lowell. Writing to Charles Eliot Norton in 1873 he says, "I like Cambridge better than any other spot of the earth's surface." How often in Cambridge his verse is brought to mind, in the marshes he loved so well, under the willows, and especially, of course, at Harvard —

> There in red brick, which softening time defies
> Stand square and stiff the Muse's factories.[63]

[60] See above, p. 74, note 57.

[61] Curiously enough, his wife was related to Thomas Oliver's wife; her mother, Mrs. Lechmere, and Elizabeth Vassall Oliver's mother were sisters, daughters of Sir William Phips.

[62] Unlike that of *David Copperfield*, his was never put up for public sale!

[63] From *An Indian Summer Reverie*.

But Lowell is best remembered at Harvard for reading his *Commemoration Ode* on July 21st, 1865, in the Yard between Holden Chapel and Hollis Hall. He had written this poem of five hundred twenty-three lines in one breath, so to speak. In a letter to J. B. Thayer Lowell says:

> The poem was written with a vehement speed, which I thought I had lost in the skirts of my professor's gown. Till within two days of the celebration I was hopelessly dumb and then it all came with a rush *me fece magro*. I was so nervous that I was weeks in getting over it.[64]

And Mrs. Lowell described the event to her friend, Mrs. Herrick:

> Mr. Lowell, although he had agreed to deliver the poem for the Harvard Commencement, had tried in vain to write it. The last evening before the date fixed he said to me: "I must write this poem tonight. Go to bed and do not let me feel that I am keeping you up, and I shall be more at ease." He began at ten o'clock. At four in the morning he came to my door and said: "It is done and I am going to sleep now." I opened my eyes to see him standing haggard, actually wasted by the stress of labor and the excitement which had carried him through this long poem full of passion and fire.[65]

His own personal loss in the war was a poignant grief to him. Three of the most promising young Lowells, his nephews, are numbered among the ninety-three soldiers that Harvard honors in Memorial Hall. In spite of Francis O. Matthiesen's refusal to include the *Ode* in an anthology "solely because it once passed for poetry in Cambridge," [66] one cannot help remembering passages from it:

> I with uncovered head
> Salute the sacred dead
> Who went and who return not. Say not so!
> 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay
> But the high faith that failed not by the way;
> Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave,
> No ban of endless night exiles the brave;
> And to the saner mind
> We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
> Blow trumpets, all your exaltations blow!

[64] December 8, 1868. See Charles Eliot Norton, *Letters of James Russell Lowell* (New York, 1894), II, 10.

[65] Horace Elisha Scudder, *James Russell Lowell, A Biography* (Boston, 1901), II, 65, footnote.

[66] *Oxford Book of American Verse* (New York, 1950), p. ix.

Lowell was the first of the leading American writers to understand the greatness of Lincoln, but even with Lowell it had been a slow growth, not the divination of a poet. In the *Commemoration Ode* as read by Lowell at Harvard, there was no mention of Lincoln, but when the poem was published, it included the sixth stanza which ends by describing our "martyr-chief" with the words, "new birth of our new soil, the first great American."

Intense as was Lowell's affection for Cambridge, the flame of his love was Elmwood. In the frequently quoted letter to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was living at Elmwood when Lowell was travelling in Europe, he wrote, "Don't get used to it. I often wish I had not grown into it so. I am not happy anywhere else." Here he was born, here he wrote himself into fame, and here he died, as was his wish. Here, also, to the low-ceilinged rooms of the third floor he brought his beautiful bride, Maria White, whom Amy Lowell ranked higher than James as a poet and of whom Fredrika Bremer, a Swedish author,[67] wrote, "She, like him, has a poetical tendency, and has also written anonymously some poems, remarkable for their deep and tender feeling, . . . but her mind has more philosophical depth than his." She described Lowell himself as "a perfect Apollo in apearance" and added, "As one of his merits I reckon his being so fascinated by his little wife, because I am so myself . . . She is gentle as delicate, and as fair as a lily — one of the most lovable women I have seen in this country." [68]

This same Fredrika Bremer, interested in abolition and other forward movements, came to America in 1849–1850.[69] As a well known writer she was entertained cordially, perhaps too cordially for her health, in our hospitable land. Her admiration for Lowell's poetry brought her to New England and to Elmwood, where a sympathy of interest caused her to visit for some three weeks. She was received in many other homes, including that of Emerson, and her letters to her sister in Sweden de-

[67] *Our Neighbors* was translated into English (1842) and widely read in the United States.

[68] *The Homes of the New World*, translated by Mary Howitt (New York, 1853), I, 131.

[69] Another Swedish woman, Tora Nordstrom-Bonnier, in 1949–1950, one hundred years later, retraced in two months Frederika's two year American journey, with the exception of Cuba, which had been of importance to the earlier traveler because of her interest in the problems of slavery. Mrs. Bonnier has written of her experiences in the book *Resa Kring Resa: I Fredrika Bremers Fotspär* (Stockholm, 1950). She was younger at the time of her journey than was Fredrika, who was fifty, and unlike her she did not travel alone nor wear hoop skirts, and when she went to Minnesota it was not with the purpose of studying the Indians!

scribing the visits which she made here were published in America [70] and subsequently translated into several languages. Her excerpts from Emerson's essay on self-reliance are said to be the first appearance of his writings in Sweden.

Because of Maria's failing health, Lowell sold some property in 1851 and set sail for Italy with her, their two children, a maid and a goat. When they returned in November of the next year, Thackeray was on the ship with them, and in a letter to friends wrote "There is an awful superior woman aboard, a Mrs. Lowell with a clever husband, very pleasant." [71]

Mingled with the happiness Lowell enjoyed at Elmwood was much sadness. Together he and Maria suffered the loss of two baby girls in the house he loved so well, and later in Rome the death of their only son, Walter, not yet two years old. But the greatest sorrow for the poet was the death of his wife, his inspiration, which occurred the year after their return from Italy, and this Lowell had to bear alone. One daughter, Mabel, who fortunately had inherited her father's robust constitution, was now his only joy and solace at Elmwood, where they continued to live with his sister, Rebecca, who was mentaly ill, and his father, whose health had been broken by a paralytic stroke. Charles Lowell's mind, however, was certainly clear and crisp, as was shown several years later when, in 1860, he wrote with his own hand and in his own words his eight-page will. In this unusual document he provided first of all, and tenderly, for his beloved daughter, Rebecca, and for his nurse who, he says, "has attended me so faithfully in the long time she has been with me." The last paragraph, more like a sermon than a legal declaration, is deeply touching:

> Finally, I do fervently give to my children and grandchildren the blessing of a loving father and grandfather to whom they have been most dutiful and affectionate, and invoke upon them an infinitely greater blessing from our Heavenly Father, earnestly desiring and praying that, however, or whenever we may be separated from each other on earth, we may be united with each other, and with the beloved departed in Heaven.

Despite the poet's difficult responsibilities at Elmwood after Maria's death, he found relief in his absorption in books and in preparation for

[70] Page 78, Note 67.

[71] Gordon N. Ray, *The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray* (Cambridge, Mass., 1946), IV, appendix XXVI, 434, Letter to Mrs. Elliot and Kate Perry.

the Lowell Lectures which he gave in 1856. They were so successful that they led to his unexpected appointment to succeed Longfellow as Abiel Smith Professor at Harvard. Lowell accepted the position, which, among other things, gave him the munificent salary of twelve hundred dollars a year! It also gave him a year abroad where, at the end of seven months in Dresden, he realized his goal of the mastery of the German language. On his return, he could not again face Elmwood without Maria, so he joined his daughter and the charming Miss Frances Dunlap, who had taken care of the little girl since her mother's death,[72] at the home of Dr. Estes Howe, whose wife was Maria's sister. The following year he married Miss Dunlap. He wrote of her to Mrs. Howe, "She has only one fault that I know of — she is not rich. But this I believe I can pardon." [73] It was another happy marriage for Lowell, and again with a woman of physical beauty and unselfish character, although without Maria White's genius and power to inspire.

A famous dinner party at the Parker House on May 5th, 1857, gave birth to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Lowell was surprised and pleased to be appointed editor of the new magazine, which gave him a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars. While still teaching at Harvard, he carried on successfully for four years the editorship of the *Atlantic*, and later (1864) the co-editorship with Charles Eliot Norton of the *North American Review*.

After his father died in 1861, Lowell with his family returned from the home of Dr. Howe to his beloved Elmwood. How strong had been its influences in his youth. From his mother, one of the Traill Spences of the Orkney Islands, came an early feeling for mysticism and poetry. From his father, who took him as a little boy on parochial drives, he gleaned a knowledge of pristine New England and of the vernacular of the country folk. From long hours of solitude, he acquired a zeal for reading. From the country setting of the place itself, he developed a keen observation of birds, trees and flowers. "How I love the earth," he wrote. "I feel it thrill under my feet . . . I feel somehow as if it were conscious of my love, as if something passed into my dancing blood

[72] It had been her mother's wish that her intimate friend, Elizabeth Dunlap, might care for the child, but because of Elizabeth's death soon after that of Maria that duty had fallen to Elizabeth's sister Frances. See Ferris Greenslet, *James Russell Lowell* (Boston, 1905), p. 121.

[73] Mark A. DeWolfe Howe, *New Letters of James Russell Lowell* (New York, 1932), p. 121.

from it. Not a goldenrod of them all soaks in the sunshine or feels the blue currents of the air eddy about him more thoughtlessly than I." [74] And again, "The crickets have come and are cheerful enough in their monotonous way. I venture to think they have told me the same thing before. But that makes them the more like human society." [75] Perhaps his most characteristic trait, unless it was his power to make and keep friends, was his delight in books. He read with passion where others read only to read. Ten hours a day was the least he allowed himself, and he read authors through, whether in Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, or German, as he read, for example, the forty volumes of Goethe which he had bought in Dresden. The last year of his life, when too sick to leave the house, he read Terence through in Latin. When too weak for serious reading, he turned to Calderón, who had never failed to bring diversion. Lowell has been called the last great American reader.

He thought of himself as a poet, he lived to write poetry and wrote poetry to live. Today its appeal is somewhat fading, although there are lines which are indelible. His great year of flowering was 1848, when Maria White was alive and he was twenty-nine years old. The *Biglow Papers*, when ultimately published in book form, sold fifteen hundred copies in a week and exhausted the first edition. They exposed in Yankee dialect the iniquities of the Mexican War which extended the boundaries of our country to slavery. One of the many surprises in Lowell's surprising life was his ability to write a second series of *Biglow Papers* that proved equally successful. When Fields urged him to continue the series for the *Atlantic Monthly*, he demurred saying, "We hear no good of the posthumous Lazarus," but he consented at last because the grave issue of the Civil War in the darkling year of 1862 was like fighting serpents in the dust and might lead to the disruption of the Union.

Lowell's letters are delightful. They were quickly written, as were his poems and prose. They are so readable it seems as if the ink were hardly dry, and they are dappled with his swift humor: "Bostonians generally . . . seem to have two notions of hospitality — a dinner with people you never saw before nor ever wish to see again, and a drive in Mount Auburn cemetery, where you will see the worst man can do in the way of disfiguring nature. Your memory of the dinner is expected

[74] Norton, *op. cit.*, I, 273.
[75] *Ibid.*, II, 415.

to reconcile you to the prospect of the graveyard"; [76] "George continues to worry the lawn with his two machines, one of which perfects the roughness left by the other." [77] It is said his conversation was even better than his letters. Bronson Alcott suggests that if Shakespeare had visited Cambridge between 1856 and 1872 there is no doubt but that he would have inquired first for Lowell.[78]

Lowell's literary essays, of which those on Dryden, Walton and Dante are perhaps the most famous, rank with the best American criticism and make good reading for the layman. Some of his characterizations stick fast in our memory:

> Wordsworth, . . . — that divinely inspired, wise, deep, tender, grand — bore.[79]

> Gray is the one English poet who has written less and pleased more than any other.[80]

> I think that Walton's prose owes much of its charm to the poetic sentiment in him which was denied a refuge in verse, and that his practice in meters may have given to his happier periods a measure and a music they would otherwise have wanted.[81]

What he said of Dryden might well have been a description of Lowell himself:

> In poetry to be next best is, in one sense, to be nothing, and yet to be among the first in any kind of writing, as Dryden certainly was, is to be of a very small company. He had beyond most the gift of the right word.[82]

One cannot think of the life of Lowell without some mention of his long and intimate friendship with the poet Longfellow. From Dresden Lowell wrote to Charles Eliot Norton, "Give my love to Longfellow, and tell him that to know him is to be somebody over here. As the author of various esteemed works I am nothing in particular; but as his neighbor — it is as good as knowing a lord . . . I suppose I may say at this distance

[76] *Ibid.*, II, 163.
[77] *Ibid.*, II, 438.
[78] Ferris Greenslet, *James Russell Lowell, His Life and Work* (Boston, 1905), pp. 270–271.
[79] *Poems of James Russell Lowell* (Oxford, 1912), "Preliminary note to the second edition of the 'Fable for Critics,'" p. 160.
[80] Riverside Edition of *The Writings of James Russell Lowell*, Prose Works VII (Cambridge, 1900), p. 42.
[81] *Ibid.*, p. 70.
[82] *Ibid.*, III (Cambridge, 1890), 189.

without blushing how much I admire and value Mrs. Longfellow. For dignity I think of her and the Venus of Milo together." [83] It was Longfellow whom Lowell succeeded in the Smith Professorship at Harvard, and Longfellow was a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* under Lowell's editorship. Longfellow, when Maria Lowell died, sent comfort to his bereaved friend in the poem *Two Angels*, and Lowell sought to dispel the loneliness of Longfellow in a similar situation by suggesting to him that he should translate *The Divine Comedy*. Elmwood and Craigie House, joined together at birth by ties of blood, came in time, through the fortuitous moving of the shuttle of fate, to weave a more permanent pattern by the threads of poetry.

Lowell's diplomatic career began with an offer of the ministry to Austria under Hayes.[84] This he refused, but his comment that he would like to see a play of Calderón led to his appointment to Spain. In the three years in Madrid he performed with both punctiliousness and an amazing spontaneity his diplomatic duties, and at the same time made use of the opportunity to perfect his Spanish. During the last year there he was tortured by the sickness of Mrs. Lowell which eventually affected her brain. For this reason, and also because of his inherent sympathy for England, he was glad to accept in 1880 the promotion to the Court of St. James. Although Mrs. Lowell's condition improved at first, she was never well enough to enjoy the social life that her position offered. She died in February 1885, a few months before the election of President Cleveland and the consequent recall of Lowell. In spite of his personal anxieties, however, Lowell was a success in England. Greenslet, writing of him in 1905, described his ministry there "as subtle and far-reaching public service as the history of American diplomacy has to record." [85] His culture and his wit made him popular with the English. To their surprise they found nothing of the backwoodsman in this polished scholar, and his pride in his own country — as he said of himself, "If I am not American, who ever was?" — but added to his favor. No one was more in demand than he as an after-dinner speaker. He made life-long friendships with many Englishmen of note. He was even offered a professorship of English Language and Literature at Oxford, but, although his

[83] Norton, *op. cit.*, I, 240.

[84] He was subsequently offered those to Germany and Russia, as well. Cf. Howe, *op. cit.*, p. 224 and Norton, *op. cit.*, II, 194.

[85] Greenslet, *op. cit.*, p. 194.

love for England tempted him to accept it, his roots were too deep in American soil to be transplanted.

After his return to America, Lowell went to live at Deerfoot Farm with his daughter, Mabel Burnett, and her family of children. He did not resume his professorial duties at Harvard and therefore had no regular occupation, but he travelled a great deal about the country lecturing, wrote many articles and a few poems, and devoted more and more of his time to reading. In 1889 Mrs. Burnett arranged to make a home for her family at Elmwood in order that the poet might return to the house he loved so passionately. Here after less than two years' residence, he died in August 1891.

Among Lowell's English friends was "the long-legged, mountain climbing, free-thinking Leslie Stephen," who had first sought him out when he came to America in 1863 to see what the Civil War was about, as the author of the *Biglow Papers*, which were much admired in England. Through correspondence and an exchange of visits the friendship became an intimate one. Lowell was godfather to the youngest Stephen child, the little girl who became the great English novelist, Virginia Woolf. In the summers after his wife's death and when he had ceased to be minister to England, Lowell never omitted the Stephens in his visits to his English friends, and a year before Lowell's death, when he was not well enough to make his annual trip across the ocean, Leslie Stephen came to him. Stephen gives us the essence of Lowell in his letter of 1892 to that other close friend, Charles Eliot Norton:

> To see Lowell in his home and the home of his father was to realize more distinctly what is indeed plain enough in all his books — how deeply he had struck his roots into his native earth. Cosmopolitan as he was in knowledge, with the literature not only of England, but of France and Italy at his fingers' ends, the genuine Yankee, the Hosea Biglow, was never far below the surface . . . Lowell's ardent belief in his nation was, to an outsider, a revelation of greatness both in the object of his affections and in the man who could feel them. I could realize more clearly after knowing Lowell the great national qualities which could call forth such a devotion, and could value him for appreciating them so profoundly. The 'Commemoration Ode,' with the fine passage upon the necessity of the poet 'keeping measure with his people' explains all this far better than any clumsy analysis of mine.[86]

[86] Norton, *op. cit.*, I, 409–412.

The fourth and last person to own Elmwood was Kingsley Porter. He bequeathed to Harvard College, upon my death, the house and grounds, together with a fund to maintain them. When it comes to writing of him, my pen falters, yet surely I may suggest the debt I owe him. When I took the hand of this tall, fair young man, I knew as little of the road we should travel together as Tobias when he set forth with the Stranger on their journey. I was led into a new world where buildings ask the questions how and when, and where the beauty and symbolism of the sculpture of the Middle Ages reveal themselves and poverty, as Kingsley put it, "was not as for us a curse, but a blessing." He went on to say, "The spark [of Gothic architecture] was kindled in poverty, at a modest hamlet on the marshy banks of the river Sesia in the Lombard plain. The story of its birth is as exciting as that immortal passage at the beginning of the 'Agamemnon' in which Aeschylus describes the beacon fires by means of which the news of the fall of Troy was signalled from mountain to mountain top around the Aegean Sea to much-golden Mycenae." [87] Just so the Gothic vault spread through the plain of Lombardy until the beacon fire burst forth in all its glory in S. Ambrogio of Milan, and thence to even greater heights in France.[88]

Both Kingsley and I were born in Connecticut, far from the great churches of the Middle Ages. His Alma Mater was Yale, as it was of his father and older brothers. Perhaps we both might be called apostates, as my brothers also went to Yale. It had been planned that on graduation from college and after travel in Europe, Kingsley should study law and join his brother as partner in his successful New York firm. However, when he stood before the Cathedral of Coutances, it came to him as a revelation that he must dedicate his life not to law but to mediaeval architecture. While he was pursuing his graduate studies in this field at Columbia University, he felt compelled to convince his family that his dream was practical, and secretly he wrote a history of the architecture of the middle ages [89] which was accepted for publication when he was twenty-four. It still ranks as one of the standard works on the subject. In writing this history he discovered how little known the churches of Lombardy were, which led him to an intensive study of that region and resulted,

[87] *Beyond Architecture* (Boston, 1918), p. 71.
[88] Cf. *Ibid.*, p. 72.
[89] *Medieval Architecture: Its Origins and Development* (New York, 1909), in two volumes.

seven years later, in the four volume work *Lombard Architecture.*[90] It was awarded the *Grande Medaille de Vermeil de la Société Francaise d'Archéologie.* He was called to lecture at Yale, and in 1918 was made an assistant professor.

During the first World War the government of France invited Kingsley to become a member of a commission to study the preservation of French Monuments. The honor touched him deeply as he was the only foreigner appointed to the commission. At the end of the war he decided not to return to Yale, but to live in Italy in order to devote his whole time to archaeology and writing. Then to his surprise came an offer of a professorship at Harvard. This he could not refuse. It was followed by another surprise, that Elmwood was to let. So two unforeseen events brought us to this famous house, which Kingsley later, in 1925, purchased from the Lowell heirs. The three acres which came with the house were all that were left of the original estate. Oddly enough, we each independently had always thought of Cambridge as the most desirable place in all the world to live.

Kingsley was now a recognized authority on Romanesque art and stood tall among archaeologists. It has been said that this modest man was the last of the giants in the history of art. While teaching at Harvard, he continued his "pioneer" work, which usually was provocative in character and upsetting to orthodox theories. Harvard generously allowed him to combine with his teaching trips to Europe in term time, in order that he might work and study in his laboratory — the libraries of Europe and the mediaeval monuments themselves. As if he had foreseen that his life would end abruptly at fifty, he worked without respite. He published five monumental art histories.[91] All of them are generously illustrated with photographs, since Kingsley realized that photography would become increasingly important in the study of art. *Lombard Architecture*, for instance, contained 954 illustrations, *Romanesque Sculpture* over 1500. The majority of the photographs he took himself, with some assistance from me, and they appeared for the first time in these volumes. This was in the time of glass plates and before the invention of light

[90] New Haven, 1915.

[91] In addition to the two already mentioned, *Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Roads* (Boston, 1923) in ten volumes; *Spanish Romanesque Sculpture* (Florence and Paris, 1928) in two volumes, translated into German and Spanish in the same year; *The Crosses and Culture of Ireland* (New Haven, 1931).

meters. Frequently a huge bulky camera and another smaller one, with all the accompanying paraphernalia, had to be carried to monasteries or pilgrimage churches on the tops of mountains, and in the evening, after a long day's work, the photographs had to be developed so that we could know how successful we had been and whether or not the trip should be repeated. The problem often arose of transforming into a darkroom a bedroom which had no running water and whose ill-fitting doors admitted streaks of light. But how rewarding those expeditions were! Once in Spain, following a lead discovered in the National Library at Madrid, we found a mediaeval church, entirely unknown by archaeologists. It is "characterized by a precious and unique feature, an inscription cut in the very stone of the building, over the portal, stating categorically that the church was built by the count Sancho and his wife Urraca, and that it was finished in 1072." Not only did it possess carved capitals, but a wooden virgin of the same date which had never been removed from the church.[92]

Kingsley also wrote over ninety articles in Italian, French, German and Spanish, as well as English. He published, likewise, two books of essays[93] and two plays, one of which, *The Virgin and The Clerk*,[94] has been successfully produced. His books have been translated into German and Spanish.

When he had been elected to thirteen learned societies in France, Italy, Germany, Spain and America, and had received two honorary degrees, one from Marburg University in Germany and one from Williams College, he wrote thus of the rewards of men:

The Archivist. And now when you have —
Theophilus. What have I?
The Archivist. Success.
Theophilus. And what is success?
The Archivist. The dream of men.
Theophilus. Success is only — being thought.
The Archivist. Why not be thought?
Theophilus. So soon as we are, we want to be thought, and so soon as we want to be thought, we no longer are.[95]

[92] Porter, *Spanish Romanesque Sculpture*, I, 63 and plate 47.
[93] Under the same title, *Beyond Architecture* (one in 1918, one in 1928), but containing different essays with the exception of one, "Against Roman Architecture."
[94] The other was *The Seven Who Slept* (Boston, 1919).
[95] *The Virgin and The Clerk*, Scene VII, p. 80.

It is difficult to suggest the caliber of Kingsley's mind. The slow laborious patience of a scholar tempered his flashing insight and kept in abeyance his quick judgment of the quality and date of mediaeval sculpture until research should substantiate it. Before citing instances I venture to say that probably no other man has ever seen with his own eyes so much of the sculpture of the middle ages in France, Italy and Spain and, to a lesser degree, in Germany and England. If necessary, he would travel any distance at any time to study a work of art pertinent to the immediate problem. Once when we were in Spain and Kingsley was writing *Spanish Romanesque Sculpture*, he wished to see again for comparison's sake the ninth-century head of the stone crucifix from St. Martin, now at St. Pantaléon-les-Autun.[96] We boarded a train for Autun, France, saw the fragment of early sculpture, and returned as quickly as possible to our work in Madrid.

One instance of his instinctive reaction occurred when for the first time Kingsley saw at Cluny, in the Ochier Museum (a part of what had been the Abbot's Palace), the eight ambulatory capitals from the great abbey church which had been ruthlessly destroyed in the nineteenth century for building material. He was immediately overwhelmed by the "mannered" beauty of the carved capitals and recognized, in their sophisticated naiveté and flowing lines, characteristics of the eleventh century. The French had labelled them twelfth century. Prolonged study of the delicate carving of the capitals, two of which represent the eight Greek modes of music, gave to this young American scholar enough confidence to stand out alone against the established French chronology which had been accepted without question by all archaeologists — "l'erudition est moutonnière." [97] Kingsley's earlier dating [98] was not generally accepted until Professor Kenneth Conant of Harvard proved conclusively, in the course of studies and excavations at Cluny begun in 1927 and still under way, that Kingsley was right in believing that the capitals were carved before being placed, and therefore before 1095 when the high altar was consecrated in the presence of Pope Urban II. Orthodox archaeology,

[96] *Spanish Romanesque Sculpture*, I, 24–25 and plate 12.

[97] Georges Daux, in a lecture on the freize of the Parthenon given at Harvard University in 1949.

[98] Kingsley's upsetting of the applecart of French archaeology was announced in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, 5th Series, II (August–September 1920), 73–94. Three years later, in order to strengthen his position, he published further historical data and more examples in *Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Roads*, I, 77 ff.

accepting the documentary evidence of the consecration but clinging to the later dating of the capitals, dodged the issue by asserting that the capitals were placed uncarved for the ceremony and carved *in situ* at a later time, although this is contrary to the practice in Romanesque building. When the capitals in the Museum were taken down to be photographed, Mr. Conant was provided with an exceptional opportunity to study them at close range. It was then incontrovertibly clear that the carving could not have been done after they had been put in place.[99]

The other instance I wish to cite to illustrate Kingsley's astuteness in regard to mediaeval sculpture centers around sculpture from Notre Dame-de-la-Couldre at Parthenay (Deux-Sèvres), a small but beautiful church also destroyed in the nineteenth century. Three reliefs from this church are in the Louvre, two of crowned figures more than life-size representing elders of the Apocalypse, the third one depicting the angel appearing to the shepherds. Three complementary reliefs are in the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston, two of which are crowned figures and the third "The Entry into Jerusalem."[100] Kingsley and I went together to the Louvre early in January 1919 to see the Parthenay sculptures. He had studied them before, but he wished to investigate further that "something" which made him feel the statues were wrong. It was not their provenance nor their twelfth century date which troubled him, it was a certain soft, sentimental quality that enhanced their beauty but seemed to him incompatible with mediaeval art. He felt confident that the lower halves of the crowned figures were new, and that even the upper halves had been subjected to too much surface treatment. A trip

[99] Kenneth J. Conant, "The Third Church at Cluny" in *Medieval Studies in Memory of A. Kingsley Porter* (Cambridge 1939), II, p. 327 ff. Perhaps the truest light is thrown on Kingsley's position as regards Cluny by Mr. Conant's own words: "Kingsley Porter's name will never be forgotten by those who are concerned with Cluny studies because of his beautifully appreciative writing on the role of the great Burgundian abbey, and because excavation of its site was suggested — indeed, necessitated — by the questions raised in Mr. Porter's bold solution of the Cluny problem. It is a work of what he called 'creeping scholarship' to follow where his intuition led the way." The excavations at Cluny were sponsored by the Mediaeval Academy of America and officially published in the Academy's journal, *Speculum*. The most recent article (Vol. XVII, No. 4, October 1942) gives a list of the earlier articles.

[100] The sculptures had been given to the Louvre by Les Amis du Louvre and Les Musées Nationaux in July 1914, a few weeks before the declaration of war. At about the same time the Gardner Museum had acquired its three reliefs. Because of the war, the Louvre was closed, but in 1916 it was decided to open the section of mediaeval sculpture to the French people as a way of accentuating the crime the Germans were committing in the destruction of churches, rich with sculptured decoration and, at the same time, of presenting an opportunity for giving prominence to the Parthenay reliefs.

to Parthenay brought forth damaging evidence against the sculptures as exhibited at the Louvre. In the library of the town Kingsley found a book,[101] published in 1876, about the sculptures of the region which showed engravings by Sadoux of only the upper halves of the elders — kings, as the crowned figures were then called. An engraving of the Louvre tympanum showed that the head of the boy and heads and hands of the two shepherds were missing. Although the Louvre authorities knew of these drawings, they were convinced by the art dealer through whom they acquired them that the lower halves of the figures and the heads, those parts of the sculptures which were missing in the engravings, were not new but were the original ones which had been found somewhere else at Parthenay. I begged Kingsley to expose these facts in *Romanesque Sculpture of the Pilgrimage Roads* which he was then writing, but he felt his shoulders were not broad enough to sustain any more criticism than that which the changing of the date of Cluny and other controversial matters would bring. He consequently merely published the Sadoux drawings [102] with the photographs of the restored sculptures in the Louvre [103] without comment.[104]

It is impossible to speak of Elmwood and not stress its connection with Harvard students. We do not know whether they were entertained by the first owner, Thomas Oliver, during the brief seven years in which he enjoyed his beautiful new home. As he was related to the families on "Tory Row," whose sons all attended college, one can easily picture the students mingling in the afternoon garden parties at Elmwood. We know Elbridge Gerry delighted in receiving them at the Mansion House. It was here that James T. Austin, his future biographer, while an undergraduate at Harvard first met the second owner of Elmwood — as well as his daughters, one of whom he later married. He says, "No one was a greater favorite with the young than Mr. Gerry. He accommodated his manners to their feelings, habits and taste. With a dignity of deportment and an elevation of character that commanded their respect, there

[101] Bélisaire Ledain, *La Gatine Historique et Monumentale*, dessinés d'après nature et gravés par E. Sadoux, (Paris, 1876 and Parthenay, 1897).

[102] Plates 1053, 1055, 1056.

[103] Plates 1054 and 1057.

[104] I shall not here go into the rumors and scandal which gathered about the attractive but dishonest dealer, Demotte, regarding these sculptures and others. It is enough to state that the result was three law suits followed by two sudden deaths, one of which was his own. See *The Boston Herald* for June 2, 1923.

was a freedom of manners and an indulgent disposition, which won their affections and secured their confidence." [105] James Russell Lowell held his famous Dante class at Elmwood, and through his numerous relatives and later his own grandsons, the front door of the house stood always open for Harvard students. Kingsley Porter carried on the good tradition. He and I were at home every Sunday afternoon to students, where they were wont to meet professors in many different fields. Kingsley also held graduate classes in his study at the top of the house, far from the sound of doorbell and telephone. In an adjoining room, a duplicate of his own study in its simplicity and its books heavily lining the walls, the students were free to make use of his library and extensive photograph collection. The passageway which connected the two studies had more than a physical significance, as is indicated by Kingsley's dedication of the last book he ever wrote,[106] "To my Teachers, my Harvard Students."

I have given to Harvard College the A. Kingsley Porter collection of mediaeval photographs, some twenty to forty thousand (they have never been counted). The majority were purchased, but the rarest are the many thousands which we took ourselves. I have also presented the greater part of Kingsley's art library, which consists of thousands of books and pamphlets. Many of the former are duplicates of those in the Treasure Room at Widener Library, and a large number of the latter are especially valuable because they were published in the localities concerned and do not exist elsewhere in America. In this connection I like to recall James Russell Lowell's gift of books to Harvard. In his will he said, "I give to the Corporation of Harvard College for the Library thereof my copy of 'Webster on Witchcraft' formerly belonging to Increase Mather, President of the College; and also any books from my library of which the College Library does not already possess copies." Seven hundred volumes on old French literature which Lowell had collected form the nucleus of the James Russell Lowell Memorial Library of French and Romance Languages. The collection has been added to until it is now the third largest special library at Harvard. To go further back in Harvard's history, Thomas Oliver's uncle, Isaac Royall, Jr., of Medford, although he did not go to Harvard himself, contributed generously to the purchase of books when the entire college library with the exception of

[105] *Op. cit.*, II, 305.
[106] *The Crosses and Culture of Ireland.*

one book was destroyed in the disastrous fire of 1764. Isaac was perhaps not as brave as he was generous, for just before the Battle of Lexington he fled from his beautiful Medford home — "not that he loved the colonies less but England more" [107] — and never returned, but in his will he left two thousand acres of land near Medford to Harvard College for the endowment of a professorship. This bequest led to the creation of the Royall Professorship of Law in 1817 and eventually to the establishment of the Harvard Law School.

From the beginning Elmwood has been associated with Harvard. Thomas Oliver, Elbridge Gerry and the two Lowells were all Harvard graduates, and both James Russell Lowell and Kingsley Porter were professors there. It is fitting that Harvard should be its last owner.

What reflections will Harvard find in Elmwood's mirror of the past? Certainly Thomas Oliver impressed upon it the stamp that leisure and luxury of slave labor bring, by which both his wife's ancestors, the Vassalls, and his own had been pampered in the islands of the Caribbean. Naturally he made the house in all its details English. The profiles of its wooden moldings are copies of those in stone of the Georgian manor houses. The tiles of the fireplaces are either by Sadler of Liverpool or from Delft. Oliver's Tory conservatism was carried over to the square colonial wooden structure of the house. James Russell Lowell once warned a friend who rented it while he was abroad, "It will make a frightful conservative of you before you know it. It was born a Tory and will die so." [108] After the Revolution, when Elbridge Gerry became owner, he revived the aristocratic life that the Mansion House had enjoyed under the Olivers, but he gave it a republican facade. From the Lowell owners Elmwood took its warm friendliness and a love of books. What consolation these qualities brought to the poet in his last long sickness. To Kingsley Porter Elmwood gave seclusion for his work, with his books surrounding him, and provided space for his extensive collection of architectural photographs. In turn, his impeccable taste and "perfect pitch" in color made of the house a haven of beauty. When I was left alone at Elmwood, I feared the size of the house would accentuate my aloneness, but instead it seemed to shrink to my stature, its memories and

[107] James H. Stark, *The Loyalists of Massachusetts and the Other Side of the American Revolution* (Boston, 1910), p. 293.

[108] Norton, *op. cit.*, II, 100. The tenant was Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

mine were mysterious companions. It reached out its arms to comfort me. During the second World War, this old Tory responded quite naturally to democracy. My work in selling war bonds brought here to meetings and rallies the working people of Cambridge, especially those of foreign origin, who seemed as much at home as the Lechmeres and Vassalls had ever been. What the next chapter in Elmwood's history will be is behind the veil of the future.

CAMBRIDGE TREES

By Lois Lilley Howe

Read January 25, 1950

IN the records of The Cambridge Plant Club I find that on February 25th, 1901 "Miss Prince of Boston," no further identified than this, read "an Interesting paper on Trees in our neighborhood." This was a report of the investigations of herself and friend in the town of Brookline in which they found 214 different kinds of trees — native or exotic.

I do not know, nor do I care to know, how many kinds of trees there are in Cambridge, but I am amazed to find myself constantly identifying a new one or finding a new specimen of an old one. I want to tell you of the pleasure I have had in studying, very superficially, the trees in a little bit of Old Cambridge.

Winter is a good time to study trees. Then we can get some idea of their typical shapes, their sturdy trunks, their picturesque, sprawling boughs (which have always had a fascination for me), especially when seen against the sky, with beautiful halos of interlaced twigs.

The best shaped trees are those which grow in gardens or inside fences. They are not so crowded and pinched as the street trees.

An expert knows trees by their barks as well as by their leaves. I do not aspire to this, and the wonderful knowledge of "winter buds" is too high in more than one way for me to grasp. In this brief space I cannot say much about their families or inquire too closely about their private lives.

My first thought of the trees in Cambridge was that they must be mostly elms. This probably arose from two reasons: because my nursery window looked out on a magnificent old elm, the kind whose humped-up roots form a good base for it; then, in my early years, I was frequently in the College Yard with its lovely elms and I remember how the canker worms ate all the leaves off them just at Class Day time one year and how in the cycle of canker-worm life the creatures came down to earth in such quantities that they lay in unattractive heaps along the fences. The answer to this, by the way, was the introduction of the English sparrow!

The elm suffers a good deal in being used as a street tree for although

we appreciate the beautiful arch of its boughs across the street, it really needs room on all sides to develop its beautiful wine-glass shape.

The Washington Elm originally must have had this shape although the earliest photographs show that it had begun to "go back," as the saying is. It stood in its glory one hundred feet in height, its trunk six feet in diameter, and its spreading branches ninety feet.

To quote from "Cambridge in the Centennial" (the Centennial of 1875), "Tradition says that when the surrounding forest was felled by the axe of the woodsman this tree had already attained so great a size that it obtained an immunity from the fate of its neighbors and kin." If we knew the age of the Washington Elm we might find out if it came after the Common was cleared or was indigenous.

But, the elm is not a forest tree. It grows in meadows and is fairly solitary. Is it possible that when Governor John Winthrop and his company on that chilly December day of 1630 came down from Mount Auburn to find a site for a fortified city they may have been favorably impressed by a large open space in the forest with many springs about it and with only small scrubby plants upon it which they could not know were blueberry bushes, wild roses and other plants such as William Blaxton found on Boston Common?

There was also the Whitefield Elm near the Commander, and some of us remember a huge elm which took up the whole sidewalk on Linnaean Street, and which may have come up by the ditch around the second palisades.

The old oak, on the contrary, which stood near the Holmes Place gate, was, they say, "probably a full grown and magnificent tree when the Washington elm was but a sapling." An oak is a forest tree and is able to grow in the forest to a great size and live to a great age. There are many kinds of oaks and I do not pretend to know much about them. In the Norton's Woods region are many fine young red oaks undoubtedly set out there. There is a large red oak in Lowell Street, a magnificent pin oak on Highland Street, and several at Elmwood.

But the prevalent street trees *are* elms, maples, and ashes. A maple, like an elm, needs a whole field to develop its fine bold head, such as I have seen in maple sugar groves in New Hampshire, and, like the oaks, there are many kinds of maples — more than can be told about in such a small space as this.

We all recognize the maples with their early spring blossoms and their interesting bunches of keys or samaras, as the botanists say; also their wonderful fall coloring. How many of us know the little green blossoms of the ash and the lovely colors of their bunches of samaras? These trees all have flowers exquisitely designed and delicately tinted but so minute that they are scarcely noticed, although they bloom profusely in the spring. They scatter their seeds most extravagantly and prolifically.

If the Russians commit genocide and remove all the citizens of Eastern Massachusetts to Siberia or some such place, the explorers of sixty years after will find a forest of maples, oaks, horse chestnuts and other trees. I have in my small lot four seedling oaks, one at least twenty feet high, some horse chestnuts, a honey locust, an ailanthus and countless maples on which I wage continual war.

It is interesting to note how many trees have either been planted or have planted themselves more or less in groups. Such a group is that of honey locusts. Beginning with those picturesque, gaunt, witch-like trees by St. John's Chapel, they stretch across to the other side of Mason Street and down Ash Street.

At the corner of Ash Street we begin to find the remnants of old gardens on Brattle Street where trees are not so much crowded as are the street trees.

There is a fine horsechestnut back of the Vassall House which must be a relic of that Old Garden of which Mrs. Gozzaldi has written; and on Acacia Street, which is back of it, is an unusually beautiful wine-glass elm which has had enough room to develop characteristically. There are several other fine elms, but none so perfect as this. There is a large one at the old entrance to the Botanical Gardens, one on Reservoir Street, and two or three others I could mention.

Did Andrew Craigie, like Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, intend to keep open the view of Charles River from his front windows? There are only lilac hedges and young trees there now; farther on by the site of Craigie's, or Worcester's, Pond is one of the largest and finest catalpa trees in Cambridge.

There are beautiful trees all along here. Beyond comes Mr. Thorwald Ross's garden — not one of the old Revolutionary gardens but at least eighty years old and wisely and discriminatingly planted. The largest magnolia, beech trees, and a cladrastis or virgilia are here.

Catalpa Tree, Worcester's Pond

Sophora, Brewster Street

Horsechestnut in Front of Jackson House

Virgilia in Front of Ross House

Magnolia and Apple Tree in the Ross Garden

Pines, Lowell Street

Craigie Street has many fine maples, a magnolia, an ailanthus, and the remnant of an old laburnum which once had a mate, in the yard of the house on the corner of Buckingham Street — a mate whose place is now taken by a handsome exotic cut-leaved maple.

I was not in Cambridge at the time of the 1938 hurricane. When I read in the next morning's paper that there were "seventy-five trees down in Brattle Street, Cambridge," I visualized a treeless street and thought more particularly of the old Lechmere (or, I said, Brewster) lindens. I was agreeably disappointed when I came home to find how little seemed to be missing.

Many of the lindens did go and that made us realize that they were originally set out to form a courtyard to the old Lechmere Mansion. I remember when the sidewalk there was high above the street as it is in Elmwood Avenue. This was cut down when the brick sidewalk was laid — about 1890.

James Russell Lowell says in "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line":

"The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade
An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade."

The limes or lindens, from which Linnaeus got his name, blossom after the leaves are out. Their cream-white clusters of blossoms are extraordinarily sweet and beloved by the bees, and the little white fruits which follow are fairly noticeable.

The street trees opposite these lindens are ashes and in back of them are those two magnificent copper beeches which originally stood in front of the old Hubbard house (now destroyed) for almost all of this block between Sparks and Lowell Streets was another old garden — or place — still called Hubbard Park; and here at the corner of the street which bears that name is a large group of tulip trees spreading back into the Park and originally also onto the old Choate or Thomas Lee place. These are fine tall trees with soft yellow and green blossoms shaped like tulips with red spots on them and followed by curious inconspicuous upright fruits.

Not far from this group come the sassafras trees with their queer mitten-shaped leaves, inconspicuous flowers and fruit, but gorgeous autumn coloring.

Now we come to the glorious horsechestnut trees in front of the old Thomas Lee House (known for many years as the Charles Choate house and now occupied by Mrs. Arthur Jackson). These trees the Lees must

have planted, for there is a further row in front of the old Lee-Nichols house. They are not native trees but come from Southern Asia by way of Greece. They were introduced into Europe in the seventeenth century. When we read in the paper that in London crowds are going out to Bushey Park to see the chestnut blossoms, they mean horsechestnut blossoms, for the English never knew our chestnut trees, now gone forever.

But these big horsechestnut trees, we know, begin to be of interest as soon as spring is really here. To quote Lowell again:

> Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold
> Softer'n a baby's be at three days old.
> Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick; he knows
> That arter this ther's only blossom-snows.

And a few weeks later comes the great parade of blossoms among the leaves, and in the fall the fruits, which the botanists call coriacious capsules, holding the shiny mahogany-colored nuts which small boys and girls love and which many people still believe will keep away rheumatism if carried in the pocket.

After the horsechestnuts come the virgilias, or cladratis; I object to calling them "Yellow Wood." It is such a mean name for such beautiful trees. They blossom only every third year, in long white drooping pannicles like white wistaria blossoms. This is said to be the rarest of the trees of Northern America, coming from Kentucky and Tennessee, but it thrives mightily in Cambridge. The largest is in the Thomas Lee place. It is now "going back" but still blossoms bravely.

Then the catalpa, rather an irritating tree to watch for it seems so dead until at the end of June it bursts at once into leaves and blossoms, the blossoms almost hiding the large leaves. There is one at the corner of Brattle Street and James Street, like a Victorian bouquet. Finest of all is that of which I have already spoken, at 121 Brattle Street by the site of Worcester's Pond.

In Lowell Street there are pines and a copper beech, a good tree to have near the house for it is never struck by lightning, whereas the ash is evil (although snakes avoid it). The old couplet says:

> Beware the oak, it draws the stroke;
> Avoid the ash, it courts the flash.
> Creep under the thorn, it will save you from harm.

There is a mulberry tree in Channing Place. Two fine tall sycamores are on Elmwood Avenue, and also the stiff, but beautiful English elms. Since writing this I have found two very handsome sycamores between the end of Berkeley Place and Brattle Street.

But the time to walk up Brattle Street is in May, when all the way from the Judas tree (or red Bud), looking shyly over the fence opposite the Vassall Home, up to Channing Street and beyond are the glories of the early flowering trees and bushes — cherry, dogwood, flowering crab, hawthorn, magnolia, and fruit trees. Turning down Channing Street you will come to the gem of them all — the Japanese bell tree (or snowdrop tree) which forms a tent over the backyard of the house now occupied by a grandson of William James.

And then on Appleton Street at the top of the hill are the scattered remnants of the old Read gardens: an apple orchard back of Mrs. Platner's house at 89 Appleton Street; an old apple tree on Highland Street, one half of which blossoms one year and the other half the next; virgilias, or cladrastis; the tallest tulip tree in Cambridge; beeches, plain and copper; a buckeye (western cousin of the horsechestnut); and other trees in the yard of the tree-loving Hubbards. The climax is a really fine American holly.

Down on Brewster Street is a rare tree, the Sophora Japonica, blossoming in great white bunches in the month of August. There is another in the yard of the Longy School on the corner of Follen Street.

There are not many willows — a large one on the corner of Vassal Lane, Reservoir, and Walden Streets; two weeping willows on Lakeview Avenue; and an unusual and very large one in Gray Gardens West, overhanging Huron Avenue.

THE EARLY LIFE OF SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

By Katharine F. Crothers

Read April 25, 1950

EVERY year interesting historical material about Cambridge and the people born in Cambridge is brought to us; however, as the years go by, we cannot entirely overlook the many streams of immigration that lead to Cambridge. These people came here, liked the town, and settled down for the rest of their lives. *Who* were they? *How* did they happen to come? This question might well be given further study by our Historical Society.

As my father came from the Middle West at thirty-seven years and was one of those who liked the town and settled here happily for the rest of his life, I will endeavor from letters, papers, etc., to give a picture of his "Past" and explain how it happened *he* settled here.

His ancestors were Scotch Presbyterians who were in Ireland during the siege of Londonderry, 1690. A few years later they came to Virginia and finally went out through Pennsylvania to Kentucky. His grandfather Samuel Crothers prepared for the Presbyterian ministry in Lexington, Kentucky, and New York and settled in the small town of Greenfield in Southern Ohio.

The eldest son of this Presbyterian minister was John Crothers, who became a lawyer and moved a little further west to Oswego, Illinois. My father was the youngest of his four children. He was born June 7, 1857, in their house beside the Fox River in Oswego. The two older boys had died and when John Crothers his father died at forty-two his mother took the two remaining children, Alice and Samuel, back to their grandfather's house in Greenfield, where they lived for some years.

Samuel was not a rugged child, and more than once he said he heard his mother's friends tell her not to count on his growing up. He grew stronger in spite of their dreary prophecies. At five years he was sent to a small school taught by a neighbor. He wanted to read a Greek book he found at home. The teacher did not know Greek. His mother said, "Miss ———, he is such a *little* boy, couldn't you just learn a *little* Greek

for him?" The teacher undertook it reluctantly and very literally; the interest quickly faded.

He evidently spent a great deal of time reading the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, history, and books from the Sunday School Library. At the age of nine he started writing rhymes. This one was obviously written for his mother and shows very distinctly the influence of the Sunday School Library:

Greenfield, Feb. 14, 1867

PARENTS CARE

It is very rare
To see a parent who has no care
What would be a mothers feeling
If her child was found stealing
I dare say she would cry
If her son would tell a lie
To see him on distructions brink
And know that whiskey he will drink
Tears she will freely drop
When he goes into a whiskey shop.
When at last to prison he is compeled to go
She can hardly imagine it is so.
When she thinks of him in his prison cell
Who can her sorrows tell
But these thoughts must be forsook
And at the bright side we will look
Now there is another little child
Who is not so very wild
With pleasure his parents look on his course
He is of Happiness their source
To see him a true deciple of Christ
Who for their sakes was sacraficed
And to eminance does arise
Greatly to his parents surprise
This piece is written by Sam Crothers
Who has one of the best of mothers

During the Civil War there was much concern in Greenfield over the drinking of some of the soldiers when they came home on furlough. The women in the Presbyterian Church went over the list of temperance measures, among which there was a campaign to get every man to sign the pledge. Finally at one of the meetings his mother said, "I think the best

thing to do would be to close the saloons. If Mr. Linn saw the things that we see, he might help us." There was great enthusiasm for this direct approach to their problem. The ladies left the church in a body singing the hymn "Give to the Winds thy Fears." They must have been an astonishing sight to Mr. Linn. The expected illumination of his mind and heart did not take place and he finally descended to personal abuse. One woman knocked over a whisky bottle. In a moment others were knocked down and broken and the young and ardent kept it up. His mother was overcome by the result and the infuriated Linn had them summoned to the County Seat. His mother stayed with the judge who tried the case and the other ladies with other friends. In Greenfield it was considered the historic beginning of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Father proudly pictured his mother as a militant leader. The following is from one of his poems:

S. C., June 26, 1867

THE WHISKY TRIAL

Now the whisky sellers did say
They would make the ladies for their whisky pay
These gentlemen thought it a sin
To destroy the whisky of good Mr. Linn
And many storrys they did tell
About Mrs. Caldwell
Among verry many others
They did not sue Mrs Nancy Ann Crothers
The reason was that they knew
That her friends were not few
For this was a family of Preachers
And they feared these holy teachers
S. D Crothers looked so grim
That they didn't like to offend him
They liked "Vallandingham"
Better than my uncle Sam

He was absorbed in history and wrote down the historical facts he read in rhymes. There were no capitals or punctuation, but plenty of facts. The History of England was very complete. These rhymes grew into quite a history of the world starting with creation and finally ending up with the abolition of slavery in Ohio.

Occasionally he lingered over favorites. He wrote several poems about the Empress Josephine and Hortense. One ends as follows:

The intellect of Hortense was clear
Yet her love for Louis was not sincere
And it is true
That her eyes were blue
She had beautiful eyes
And was about of middle size
Neither loved each other
But Hortense married to please her mother
And Louis sighed
To see his unhappy bride
Thus Hortense so fair
Was caught in a snare

When he was about ten the family moved to Springfield, Ohio, where there were better schools and many relatives. His mother bought a small house near them. His domineering invalid grandmother lived with them. Although she spent years in bed she took a keen interest in living and when a young minister called and in his prayer asked for release of this aged servant, she said briskly, "Young man, it is not for you to advise the Almighty as to when it is time for me to depart."

One by one other relatives appeared, some with the thought that their financial contributions helped his mother. There was Uncle Shepard, a widower with two little girls. There was Uncle Will and his bride. The house was small but evidently life was fairly harmonious, for father in later years continued the family habit of asking people to visit before he knew where they could sleep.

One June in Cambridge he came back from a trip and told my mother that he had found two couples from different places who were coming on to the Harvard Summer School. He asked them both to stay in our house. Of course, mother had already asked two teachers from Helena, Montana. It certainly was a surprise to the three sets when they met in what was pictured to each as a pleasantly empty house. Mother introduced them to each other, hoped for the best and left for New Hampshire. When father was eleven, his last year in school, he tried keeping a small diary. It was his only attempt and lasted from January 1 to September 1, 1869.

The entries are largely facts about school, books he was reading, going to church, and the relatives who were endlessly kind to the four children, father, his sister and two cousins.

Saturday, January 2. Rained all last night. Uncle Will gave me a bunch of fire crackers This afternoon I am reading Prescotts Conquest of Mexico. I like it very well. I find that virgil is a good deal harder than Caesar. I have chosen my speech for next week. It is "the responsibilities of our Republic." I can not think of anything else to write.

Saturday, January 16. When I got up this morning the ground was all covered with snow so that Lula and I had a nice time sliding down hill all morning but this afternoon we staid in the house. Uncle Alexander got home last night He has been operating on a woman in the northern part of the state.

Sunday, January 17. Our girl Maggie went away yesterday. Don't know whether she will come back or not. Went to church. Rev. Mr. Fullerton preached. The text was "Thou must be born again." I liked it very much.

One Saturday Aunt Sallie took all the children to Black's Opera House to see The Tableaux which ended up with "Dear father come home with me now" which he wrote was the best of all.

The following Saturday Uncle Shepard took them all to see "The Drummer Boy" at Black's Opera House. He wrote, "It commenced at 2 o clock. The house was lit up with gas. The prison scene was verry affecting The prisoners were all in rags and looked verry pitiful. We staid till all was dark."

Sunday, February 14. When we got up this morning it was so rainy that we neither went to church not to Sabbath School. I commenced to read Pilgrims Progress and got as far as the middle of the book. It is the fourth time I have read it but I always like to read it.

Monday, February 15. Went to school this morning. Recited in Greek, Latin. Sallie had got in a bad humor and tore up her carpet and threatened to leave which I hope she will do.

Monday, May 10. To day the last rail was laid on the "Pacific Railroad" at about twelve o clock.

Thursday, June 3. This afternoon after I came home we took some of the hay to the stable but it commenced to rain before we got through.

Monday, June 7. This day I am 12 years old Grandma is some better

Tuesday, June 15. This morning Bob Dunlap Charlie Dunlap and I went out with George Jones to the Lutheran Sabbath School picnic. We had a nice time There is a little lake down there with a boat on it. We got home about five o clock.

Saturday, August 7. This is the day of the eclipse of the sun the first I have

ever seen it was verry gloomy but not dark this afternoon. Ma and I went up town to prayer meeting and this evening we got a set of croquet I expect we will be playing all the time.

Wednesday, August 18. This morning we sent one of our little kittens up town but it soon came back I went to the Library I got the second volume of Irvings' "Life of Christopher Columbus" Fannie and I played editing a paper

Wednesday, September 1. Wednesday, Wednesday Wednesday Wednesday School will commence to morrow

Friday, September 3. Went to School. I am in the Freshman class

Saturday, September 11. This morning I went into the Society I am on the debate next Saturday The question is "Resolved that the Barkeeper is a worse character than the gambler"

This was the last entry in the diary. The above is the simple transition from school days to Wittenberg College.

At twelve he was ready for Princeton but the Princeton authorities thought he was too young and advised waiting a few years. It happened that Wittenberg, a Lutheran College in Springfield, had the same requirements. With a little of his mother's gentle persuasion they accepted him and he spent four years there, graduating with the class of 1873.

One of his school papers on Imagination ends with this paragraph:

Some say that "imagination is powerless in everyday life." This is not true. Show me the one who never lived the life of another day, who never lived his own life over again, who built no castles in the air, in short who never dreamed, and I will show you one who has lost the best part of life, the life of dreams.

With all his imagination he was very practical. He still wanted to go to Princeton and in the fall he was accepted and later admitted to the senior class. The following letters are to his mother and his sister:

West College, Princeton, N. J.

Dear Mother

I got here at 3 o clock this thursday-afternoon, and write this in Reeces room. I left Pittsburgh on the 11.40 train, and did not have to change cars till I got to Philadelphia. Some how or other we went faster than the time table, and when I woke up about half past four we were just leaving Altoona and I missed seeing the Alleghenies after all. But I got to see some mighty high hills for all that, and I will never ask for a nicer ride than from Altoona to Harrisburgh. The road winds around with the river on one side and the mountains on the other I had enough to keep one busy. Harrisburgh looked like the most delapidated place out. They are all three cornered wooden contraptions, for there is not a single right angle in the place. And then about half way between Lancaster and Philadelphia they

have had landscape gardiners at work and laid out a park city. From Philadelphia to Trenton we kept along the river past the fine houses of the aristocracy and could see their boat houses and sail boats through the trees. Trenton looked even more ancient and delapidated than Harrisburgh, and I was just wondering if anything could be more dismal when the conductor yelled out "Princeton". I got out and looked about me.

All I could see was a little shanty with a little partition in it for bagage and a thicket on each side. A little more diligent search and I discovered another shanty bearing the title "Princeton Post Office and grocery store." The post office consisted of a cigar box with a slit in the end, and the grocery of a little of everything. I got up on a car to look over the country but could see no signs of any other town. I saw a steeple however in the distance and determined to see if it was the "college." My enthusiasm was by this time considerably cooled and I would have given considerable to have got in sight of Wittenberg instead. I had to cross the canal on a rickety draw bridge and when I had walked about three miles I came on a second collection of shanties, and a little ahead wrapt in the forest the roof of the Theological Sem. I never wanted home so bad in my life. To come so far just to be set down in the woods was too much. However I kept on and at last come upon the college buildings — finer and larger than I had expected, and instead of being off in the woods is just in the centre of the town. The houses are as fine as you can find anywhere and all have large old trees.

Princeton, New Jersey
Monday Eve, 1874

Dear Sister,

This is my easy day as I have nothing at all to do in the afternoon. This noon Cowan and I walked around the big triangle.

After dinner I went over Rocky Hill to Pennington about six miles off. By rambling around I have explored the country around Princeton pretty well.

I would like to know how, in the name of common sense, every one gets the idea that I am to be a preacher. The other evening Dr. McCosh (the President) asked me to come over to his house, and when I went he wanted to know what I intended to get at after commencement, and went on to tell how I ought, by all means, to be a preacher. I intimated that I didn't see things in that light and then he went on for about half an hour, about how my mother or my father would like for me to be a preacher, and how he thought I could do a great deal of good by being a preacher, etc. He wanted me to think about it and tell him my decision before I left. I am afraid my mind is just about as well made up now as it ever will be on that point. He seems to have been particularly pleased with my chapel stage contraption as every time he meets me he says something about it. I am glad I got into his good graces at first, as if I hadn't I wouldn't have got

along so easily. He is one of that sort of men who go a good deal on first impressions, and if a fellow fizzes the first few times he will have rather a hard time all the way through.

Everybody thinks your new picture an improvement even on the other. Hart wants to know if you have got any more pictures of Fannie and Lula as he seems very much struck with them. Four or five fellows who have as usual been trying to show their skill as phrenologists have each agreed that Fannie had the "most intellectual head of any one of that age they have seen for a long time and they would be willing to bet that she stood first in her class all the time". Didn't have the statistics at hand so was not able to show them the true state of the case. Don't you wish we had that "Dunlap forehead" and then people might think we were awful smart too!

Reece says that he knows a fellow on the Cincinnati Gazette and that he thinks he could easily get me a place there in July. Have not much faith on Reece's ability in a good many things, but have a great respect for his "push," as he generally continues to do whatever he sets out to do. By the way, I can't help but think what a nice place it would be for Aunt Isabella to come to Princeton. House rent is cheap of course in such a place as Princeton. There are eight or nine hundred fellows I suppose in Princeton. All of them of course have to board at club — so there is no danger of running out of boarders.

Father never questioned doing what had to be done, but he was never interested in meaningless sacrifice. His mother sent word to take the first train home after commencement. He had other plans; he wrote his sister:

Am ever so much obliged for that $15. It is all I need. There is one thing I don't understand. You say that "Ma says to take the first train after you are through and come home straight." If the reason for that is that Grandma is worse, and it is absolutely necessary to be home immediately of course I would start right off. But if it only means that Mother wants to see me that is another question.

From what goes after, it makes me believe that it is because Uncle Samuel is there. Now I would like to see Uncle Samuel first rate, but I confess that I would like to see Niagara & the Hudson River just now better, and I believe you would too.

Reece, Cowan, Williamson, Wells Hart and I have been laying our plan all summer for our trip, and it would be the greatest disappointment in the world to have to give it up just for the sake of saving a day or two. I wouldn't give a snap for going alone back over the same road that I came by.

If there is any *absolute necessity* for my being home at just that time, telegraph *as soon as you get it*, and I will start at once. I wish you would speak to Will before you telegraph.

The career of a journalist did not materialize after his graduation from Princeton in 1874. The following fall he entered Union Theological Seminary in New York.

From his room at 9 University Place he wrote his sister Alice:

No. 9 University Place, New York, 1874

Dear Sister,

I suppose that you would like to know how I am settled, so I will forthwith go on to tell. It is in any event a nicer situation than I had any idea of. When I got off here I invested 25 cts in a guide book with a large map of N. Y. in it, so I send you my old one. I made a big blot in it at the place where I am. It is just opposite Washington Square, the oldest park in New York, and which contains 9½ acres several fountains, a good many trees and a lake (when there is any water in it). Right across the other side of the other street is the "University of the City of New York." The New York Free Academy is stuck in on one corner of the block we are in. The Cooper Institute with its museums and free training schools in art, and there are any number of law & medical schools scattered around rather loosely. So much for the general literariness of the neighborhood. As far as aristocracy is concerned — we are a square from 5th Avenue. Broadway runs within 3 blocks, Stewarts big store is about as far away as from our house to Uncle James. The Astor House, Astor Library, the Mercantile library, the Grand Central Hotel (where Fisk was shot) are all in sight.

During the following summer the theological students were sent out to small churches or groups of people to get a little experience. Father was sent to Kansas. It was that summer that he first tried preaching without notes. He was asked to conduct an extra service one Sunday evening. He had no sermon written but he enjoyed the experience. Afterwards although he usually wrote out his sermons he always preached without notes.

The following letter to his sister is from El Dorado, Kansas:

El Dorado, Butler Co., Kansas
Wednesday

Dear Sister,

Will begin my history of the frontier where I left off. Got to Wichita last Friday. Talk about this dry warm climate. We had one almost continuous rain last week, and it is just pouring down today. I made a mistake in bringing such a light overcoat. Found a great many nice people in Wichita. Mr. Harson introduced me to everyone we met. Tuesday evening, when Mr. Harson & I came home we found the Ladies Society in Session in his Parlor. They were getting up a Strawberry Festival. The President of the Society was a Mrs. West. She thought

my home was in New York, and asked if I had any relatives in Ohio. I said I had and she wanted to know if I was a relative of Samuel Crothers of Greenfield & James Crothers. I told her that I was and she said that she was well acquainted with a half brother of theirs, John Crothers, of Oswego, Ill. When I told her that he was my father she would hardly believe that I was "little Sammie the baby"!

Wednesday afternoon as I was standing on Main Street watching a party of Mexicans, I saw a fellow on horesback coming up at full gallop. From the way he came I thought he must be another Mexican cattle man. When he got within a block, I recognized the classic form of Scofield, (a classmate.) I never laughed so much as to see the frontier aspect he had assumed. A better picture of an old fashioned Methodist Circuit Rider could not be imagined. He was on a Texas pony, slightly afflicted with the Epizootic. Had a pair of Texas spurs, about the size of a water wheel, a Mexican saddle, a big white bundle (containing his personal property) strapped on behind him, and jumped off with the air of a man who had been forty years in the business.

Father was not well his last year in the Seminary and the doctor advised his leaving New York immediately for a dry climate. The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions arranged for him to go out to Nevada, where he could possibly start a church among the miners.

He spent two absorbing years in Nevada. He wrote:

Gold Hill, Nevada
Sunday Eve

Dear Mother,

Will try and answer all your questions. (1) They do take up collections. (2) Had one wedding and two couples came for me when I was in Virginia.[1] (3) I board at Gold Hill and room at Gold Hill also. (4) Pay $12 a week for board room etc. (5) No. I would not buy stock. (6) Mr. Grahame is coming to Virginia next week. (7) Sutro Tunnel stock is not on the market. Am afraid you wouldn't get rich on it. (7) About the house. I would sell if I possibly could. (8) About the taxes. I think I can pay them for you in about two months.

I have not taken any commission from the Board yet as I didn't want to bind myself to stay here till I saw whether it would stick. I intend now to write on as soon as possible, and when the first quarter is due, which will be in about two months after I write (I suppose) I think I can send you at least a hundred dollars. I have got along a great deal better than I had any reason to expect, in Gold Hill, but then you know it is a very different thing starting in with absolutely nothing

[1] He said he married a young couple one morning at sunrise out on the hills. They had confided they were eloping and he was most sympathetic. Later in the morning the bride's father met him with "So you married them. No reason why they couldn't have been married in the front parlor——just too damn romantic!"

to begin with, and going to a church where they have Trustees and everything in working order. They have to pay thirty dollars a month for the Hall.

As soon as Gold Hill gets into working order I think it will be first rate. You can see that it is a big field for work. In Gold Hill there are seven or eight thousand people at the very least. The only churches are the Methodist that don't have a congregation which averages more than a dozen, and the Episcopal who have not many more. We have now a great many more adherents than either and a larger congregation than both put together.

When I came everything was blue but now times are brighter than they ever were before. People now think that the Comstock will last "for centuries," when I came they thought it would play out this winter. They have so far struck nothing in Gold Hill, but they expect to and all the mines are putting up new works and increasing the force of men. People who left are coming back again and the signs "to let" & "For Sale" are taken down & new houses beginning to go up again.

All the north end mines of Virginia have gone up. Yesterday the excitement was "Ophir" which went up from $60 to $100 in a few hours . I will give you a diagram of the position of the mines, as I see you are wanting to invest in stock.

Virginia City, Nevada
June 6th '78

Dear Mother,

Didn't think of getting letters so soon, so I did not go to the Post Office till today, and got both of your letters. I am feeling first rate. Have come to the conclusion that that half sick sort of feeling that I had when at home was all imagination.

Yesterday I climbed up to the top of Mt. Davidson. The view from the summit is grand. To the west the Sierras covered half way down with snow. Down below in Carson Valley, Carson City & Empire City. Beyond them Washoe Valley & Reno. Then to the East I could see far as the eye could reach — mountains, canons, alkali flats. &c.

In the fall of 1878 he received a call to the Presbyterian Church in Santa Barbara, California and he decided to leave Nevada the first of January, (1879).

He wrote his mother from Santa Barbara:

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer."

I will proceed to give you an account of the last week.

Monday — Got up at 1 P. M. Had a bad cold & slept late. Weather clear & cold. Went up to Virginia at 3 o'clock. Mr. Graham told me they expected me in Santa Barbara Sunday, so I would have to start at six o'clock if I wanted to stop at Davisville. So I jumped on a Gold Hill Bus, packed my trunk, made eight hurried calls and got to the depot at six o'clock in time for train.

Thursday, San Francisco — Got up at five A. M. At half past seven went to

the wharf and on board the steamer "Senator". At eight we were going out of the "Golden Gate". Weather clear, sea smooth. Not a bit seasick. Sea gulls, mountains, passing ships &c. &c.

Friday — Coming into Santa Barbara found half the wharf stove out by a schooner which was wrecked in a tornado here day before yesterday. One man was killed in town. The Methodist Church had its steeple blown down.

Have been here only an hour or so, so I will not give more than passing impressions. Wide streets, fine houses. Gas, street cars, big hotels, &c., &c. Flowers in full bloom. Weather just warm enough to be pleasant. Trees overhanging the streets, &c., &c. Just the opposite of a Nevada Mining town.

Will write in full when I see more.

Ojai Valley, San Bueonaventura Co., Cal.

Dear Mother,

Sent you a postal from Carpenteria day before yesterday. I started down on horseback. Had a beautiful ride. Took the road through "Casetas Pass" over the Mts. two or three thousand feet above the sea level.

When I got to the top of the Mt. I was told to turn off on a trail that went over through the woods & mountains & saved five or six miles, but I was also told that "few there be that find it." It was just wide enough for a horse. Just as I was jogging along on the level road again, the horse stumbled and fell, landing us both on the ground. No casualties, however, except that he skinned his knee & nose.

After winding through the mountains all at once I came to the Ojai. It is almost oval in shape, about ten miles by five. Look which way you will and the mountains seem to shut you in as by a great wall. It answers more perfectly to the "Happy Valley" of Rasselas, than anything which I have ever seen.

Am going tomorrow to San Buenaventura and the next day back to Santa Barbara.

In 1878 mother's family, which consisted of Mrs. Bronson, one son, and two daughters, were members of the Presbyterian Church in Santa Barbara. They had moved to California from Connecticut eight years earlier. Father at twenty-one was socially painfully shy. Mother at seventeen was not at all shy. She worked up a little skit called "The new minister makes his first call," which was a little too good and she soon regretted it. Everyone rode horseback and before long they were exploring the canyons and mountain trails together.

Ministers in the Presbyterian Church are checked whenever there is a question of doctrine. Twice father was called up to the Presbytery for

examination. He was beginning to question the Westminster Catechism. He wrote his mother the following:

It was only about the end of the year that I thought of comparing my present views with those of the Westminster Catechism and I found that a great many of these articles seemed to me to have no foundation.

First in regard to the Bible itself. We are taught that all our beliefs, even in regard to common morality, the existence of the Soul, everything else, rest on the idea that the Bible is infallible. I asked myself, suppose I lay aside this notion I have received from education and look & see what remains. 1st the Bible itself remains just where it was before. History, prophecy, poetry, the history is evidently genuine history. If I can find that the prophecies are fulfilled then they are genuine prophecies. If the poetry is higher than any written by men, then I can believe it to be inspired. If the doctrines are such as appeal to one as true, then I can accept them. If a thing is true it does not make any difference who said it.

And I was convinced that the Bible was grand enough & true enough to stand this test. In regard to Christ, I would look upon him just as the people of His day were able to do. Peter & James & John followed Him becuase they loved Him, because they believed Him to be good & true. Leaving out all ideas of infallibility.

Taking the Gospels just as they are, I look upon them as the honest recollections of the disciples of Christ. Giving a correct idea of his life & teachings. This is all they claim to be and this seems to answer all purposes. In looking at the Bible thus I do not feel that I have less reverence for it than before. For it seems much grander & more worthy of thought.

As to Christ — I believe that the account given of Him in the gospels is true and I believe everything that he said of himself. I believe him to have been Divine. But as to the Orthodox doctrine of the Trinity, I prefer to leave the whole subject just where Christ left it. He asserts that He is one with the Father & also with his disciples. We of course understand the latter statement in a spiritual sense, why not the other also. I would quote with Uncle James "His ways are past finding out." The only difference is Uncle James thinks theologians in the past have found them out & know all about them. I don't think they knew any more about it than I do — which is nothing.

As to Future Punishment, I don't think there is any "justice" in requiring of any creature what he is utterly unable to perform & then roasting him eternally because he can't perform it. If I really believed that was the character of God — I would prefer to worship the Devil. I think this notion is exactly contrary to the teaching of Christ who teaches that God is "Our Father" and that "to whom little is given little is required".

I consider that the truths necessary to a Christian life are very few and simple, and that in laying stress on them & not on theological speculations of which we know nothing, we are doing nearer what he would have done.

I don't think Christianity is a matter of opinion but a matter of life and because opinions such as Uncle James holds seem untrue to me, I do not feel that either

his Christianity or mine is at all affected by our different opinions. As to my ideas of the work of Christ, I send you a tract of Phillips Brooks, pastor of Trinity Episcopal Church, Boston.

I have preached here in Santa Barbara more than a year and we have some very orthodox people, but they all say I am orthodox enough for them and so if we had a longer opportunity to talk together you might find that we don't differ so much as it might appear on first sight.

As for Unitarianism, I know that with the local prejudice that has been cultivated against it in Ohio, many people who don't know anything about it look upon it as a kind of infidelity. I have myself none of this prejudice, and look on it as thoroughly Christian as Presbyterianism is. I send you a volume of sermons of Dr. Martineau, the leading Unitarian of England. I only ask you to read them and if you find in them anything so very anti-Christian, you are of a different spirit from what you were. I think you will like them.

I will take this to the mail & write another for tomorrow. So ends the theological part. I was glad to get Uncle James' letter though he could scarcely expect it to be convincing.

Santa Barbara Nov. 1880

Dear Mother,

Got back last night from Presbytery. Rode yesterday sixty two miles from Mr. Howards's ranch on the Conjo. I went to Presbytery with the intention of being dismissed from the Presbyterian Church. But Judge Hall on behalf of the church here objected and the Presbytery decided that I ought to remain, and I did so. I stated however that it was only a matter of time.

I have felt that my whole religious belief was based more or less on what I now feel to have been a mistake. I had no idea of remaining in Santa Barbara or in the Presbyterian Church. The action of the Presbytery was unexpected and different from what it would be in the East . . .

I don't think I have ever felt just so in my life before. I suppose that such a conflict must come to every one who is compelled to break away from the teachings of his childhood. There are some who like Henry Ward Beecher drift away so gradually and insensibly from their original beliefs that they themselves don't know it, but in my case I felt I ought to try and start right from the beginning or rather as near right as I could find out.

Dr. and Mrs. Francis Peabody spent one winter in Santa Barbara, and it was through Dr. Peabody that later Father decided to come East to the Harvard Divinity School and enter the Unitarian Ministry. He returned to Santa Barbara to be married in September 1882 and they went directly to his first Unitarian Parish in Brattleboro, Vt.

Mother said she found Vermont very cold but Father persuaded her to continue their California ways and at least once a week all winter they

broiled bacon or chops in the shelter of a stone wall on some hillside. Father's mother came to live with them as soon as they were settled in Brattleboro.

After three years in Brattleboro, he was called to the Unitarian Church in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Soon after their arrival in St. Paul they had dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Charles Ames. He was chairman of the church committee. At dinner they were talking about old periodicals. Both mentioned *Young Folks*. Mr. Ames said, "I wrote to The Letter Box in the back of the magazine for an unknown correspondence and had a number of replies." Father said, "Did you ever live in California? I believe I answered yours." Mr. Ames then went upstairs and came down with an old note book. He turned over the pages and there it was — Samuel M. Crothers, Greenfield, Ohio. "I take my pen in hand from this inland town to let you know that I am not in the least acquainted with you, but I would have you know that I am of a fiery and resolute disposition." This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship, in spite of the early deception.

Father had eight stimulating years in St. Paul, preaching throughout Minnesota and the neighboring states to groups of people who were just starting churches of their own. These were usually Sunday evening services in rented halls. Occasionally Bronson or I being too small to require a railroad ticket were taken along against Mother's better judgment.

It was in 1893 that Father seriously considered coming east. He was in Boston for the Unitarian May meetings and wrote Mother:

Boston, Mass. 1893
May Friday, P. M.

Had a beautiful evening yesterday with Prof. Everett & a sister of Prof. Agassiz. Late in the evening Edward Hall came in & stayed till 11 o'clock.

This morning a Trustee of the 1st Parish Church Cambridge (this is in strict confidence not to be mentioned to any one) came on behalf of the Parish to know, in case they should wait till next fall & then give me a call, if I would "consider." The upshot was that I said I would talk with you about it.

Do you know I feel like Sancho Panza "I have given up all thoughts of being a Governor but I still have an ambition to be an earl." Somehow Cambridge seems different — no ritual, no traditions of the stiff kind, perfect intellectual freedom. And it is just the home like place you would love . . . .

I will be back by Friday. A day or two won't be so much more & it will mean a good deal to have them here.

Truly,
S. M. Crothers

Isn't that funny it was automatic, but I do love you, dear, more than anything in all the world.

On his return to St. Paul he received a "follow up" letter from President Eliot, who did not encourage indecision.

Harvard University,
Cambridge, May 20th, 1893

My dear Sir, —

As a member of the First Parish in Cambridge, I was very glad that you received last Tuesday a unanimous call from the Parish. I venture to say a few words on the subject, as President of the University. I believe it to be for the interest of every denomination to have a vigorous church and an influential minister close beside the University. The traditions of the University, and the present mode of carrying on the Chapel, give a free field for all the various communions and for all their local representatives. The pulpit of the First Parish ought to be by far the most influential liberal pulpit in the country.

The minister of that church ought also to be a contributor to the work of the Divinity School. Taking the whole situation into account, is it not clear, that the opportunities in Cambridge for giving direction to the minds of young men who are hereafter to hold places of influence all over our country are unique?

You are invited to this important work absolutely without suggestion or responsibility on your part. Others take the responsibility of saying that you are fit for this work. I venture to submit to you the propostion that no man has a right to decline such a proposal, unless for lack of health or strength, any more than an officer on the battle field has the right to decline a higher command to which he is assigned by his superior. In accepting, you give effect to the act of others; in declining, you would take on yourself the whole responsibility of withholding a service which good judges think you competent to perform.

Very truly yours,
Charles W. Eliot

Father was thirty-six when he received this vigorous call to the First Parish Church. In September the family arrived bag and baggage from Minnesota.

His thirty-three years in Cambridge were absorbingly interesting and happy ones. May I add one more letter from President Eliot:

Cambridge, Mass.,
18 November 1924

Dear Mrs. Crothers:

I thank you warmly for your note of November 13th. The Service on November 7th seemed to me, as to you, beautiful and comforting. I am grateful to you for telling me that Mrs. Eliot and I have contributed in some measure to making Cambridge an interesting and stimulating place for you and Mr. Crothers to live in during the past thirty years; and we are glad for ourselves and for Cambridge, as well as for you.

I inquired Sunday whether any progress had been made towards making an arrangement satisfactory to Mr. Crothers about an assistant minister or a secretary to relieve him of administrative work in the Church; but the answer I received was that no progress had been made. Is that because Mr. Crothers is not clear in his mind as to just what he does want, or is it because he does not see the right person for his assistant or colleague? If he does see the right person, has the Committee in charge of the matter made vigorous efforts to get him?

Some years ago I proposed the name of Samuel M. Crothers as a member of the Saturday Club, and stated my grounds for believing that he was a very suitable person for membership. He was duly elected; but several years later I was a good deal amused to learn that a considerable number of the members of the Club had never discovered that he was a minister. They had voted for him and enjoyed him at the monthly luncheons just as a man of letters!

Sincerely yours
Charles W. Eliot

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

Anecdotal Reminiscences

By Jerome D. Greene

Read May 25, 1950

THAT one should be reading a paper before an historical society about President Eliot is significant of a fact, almost bewildering to us older folk, namely, that the life and work of that great man, still so vivid in our memory, have for a new generation assumed the aspect not of contemporary awareness but of history. The Harvard Memorial Society, founded in 1895 by my classmate, Arthur Train, under the presidency of Justin Winsor, held an annual dinner in 1934 at which the undergraduate president began his speech with the words, "Last March, when we celebrated the hundredth anniversary of President Eliot's birth — or was it the two hundredth?" — he was not sure which! The one man who would not have been surprised by that was President Eliot himself. He remarked more than once that the name of a college president was "writ in water," the metaphor used by Keats of himself, and by Shelley of Keats. Only the other day I was told of a normally well-informed young person that such names as George William Curtis and Charles Eliot Norton meant nothing to him. Thus, for the general community, time erases memories that once seemed secure; and history has to take the place of contemporary knowledge. Happily, for many of us, that time has not yet come, so far as President Eliot is concerned.

Dr. Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, at a recent Harvard Commencement, made an autobiographical address, the theme of which was the element of chance in determining the successive phases of his own career, culminating in the accidental dropping of a bit of mold from his laboratory ceiling on a slide bearing bacteria, with sterilizing effect. This factor of chance has probably influenced the lives of most people, and it was certainly the factor leading to my employment by President Eliot. In June, 1901, I attended a reunion luncheon of my class and sat next to a classmate who remarked, "I understand that Ed Warren [later famous as Professor E. H. Warren of the Law School] has been offered

and is seriously considering the position of Secretary to President Eliot." Now Warren, who was one of my closest friends, and my roommate in the Law School, graduated at the top of his class and was making a promising start at the New York bar, and I could not imagine his exchanging his prospects in New York for those of a clerical position at Harvard. There must have been more to that position than I had imagined. So I called on President Eliot, learned that Warren had declined the appointment, and after two interviews I was given the job. Before accepting it I said to him, "There is one thing that might be a bar to my giving satisfactory service — I am married." I thought it might become my duty to be free at all times for work in evenings and perhaps on Sundays, or to accompany the President in travel about the country. "Why should that be a bar?" he almost thundered in reply. "Have you a baby?" Had I known as much as I did later I should have known that telling him that at the age of twenty-five I was already married was probably the strongest point I could have made in my favor. He believed in early marriage and was wont to reproach his young relatives by warning them that too late a postponement of marriage would deprive them of the pleasure of seeing their grandchildren.

As for accompanying President Eliot on journeys, no man had less use for a suite or retinue. In eight years I travelled with him only twice. The first time it was to take some speaking engagements he could not meet on his route through the South, and the other time it was through sheer kindness to me on his part. He had accepted an invitation to speak in Montreal and Ottawa where he was to be the guest of the Governor General, Lord Grey. I was convalescing from appendicitis and the President thought the trip would be beneficial and pleasant for me. I was forbidden to carry anything heavy so whenever it happened that the services of a porter were not immediately available the President carried my bag as well as his own, while I was allowed to carry his umbrella. Our two-day stay at Government House was very pleasant and we both found the brief experience of vice-regal splendor and formality amusing. The question of tips to the servants of vice-royalty troubled us a bit but we managed to surmount that difficulty.

On two occasions President Eliot asked me to act as his proxy for the acceptance of medals awarded to him. One of these medals was that of the Roosevelt Memorial Association and I received the medal at the

White House, at the hands of President Coolidge. When I got to the East Room I found a number of members of the Association, including relatives and friends of Theodore Roosevelt; and then, somewhat to my surprise, Elihu Root and Oliver Wendell Holmes, who were also to receive the Roosevelt medal. Presently those great men and President Eliot's proxy were lined up at the middle of the room. A door swung open and President Coolidge appeared, with his military and naval aides. Standing about ten feet in front of us he addressed himself first to me as if I were President Eliot in person, using the second person singular and referring to "your" great services to education. Similar eulogies of Mr. Root and Mr. Justice Holmes followed, and then we all adjourned to the south portico for photographs.

The other occasion was that of the conferring of the Civic Forum gold medal at the Town Hall in New York, where I was then living. I asked President Eliot what I should say on his behalf in accepting the medal, but he said he preferred to have me write the speech. This I did, saying, among other things, that the medal would be cherished by President Eliot and his descendants. I sent him a copy of the speech with my report of the proceedings, and in acknowledging it he said he approved of all but one statement, namely, that he would "cherish" the medal. "I have found," said he, "that the only way to cherish a valuable gold medal is to place it in a safe-deposit vault at the Charles River National Bank."

The resolution of the Board of Overseers recommending the appointment of a secretary to the President had, indeed, invested the position with at least potential importance; for it defined the position as a permanent one, and authorized the President to delegate to the secretary such duties as he saw fit to delegate. I began work in University Hall without one word of instructions, the President having gone to Northeast Harbor for the summer. So I applied myself to absorbing the contents of the University Catalogue, as the best way of beginning to know the organization and personnel of the University. But a fortnight later my wife and I were invited to Asticou Foreside for a two-weeks' visit during which began an acquaintance and intimacy that were to last as long as Mr. and Mrs. Eliot lived. During the summer President Eliot relieved Mrs. Eliot of the daily ordering of provisions. I woke up after my first night at the Eliots' to the sound of conversation on the porch. I looked out of the window, and there was the President, in his dressing gown, discussing

meat with the butcher. Work at Asticou, always light, was subject to President Eliot's announcement on any clear and promising day, that a picnic was in order, the hour of departure being fixed. One or two carriages, with the President often driving, carried family and guests to the chosen destination — Great Head, Prettymarsh, Seal Cove, or other familiar picnic sites. Picnics were rarely arranged days ahead. The weather prospects in the morning settled the question one way or the other.

As guests in the Eliot house or staying in the neighborhood, college presidents were such frequent visitors that it used to be said that you could find one under every blueberry bush. President Hadley of Yale liked to tell a story about being offered at breakfast the choice of coffee or Postum, the Eliots being addicted to the latter. He told them, on the authority of a Yale chemist, that Postum contained an ingredient of real coffee. Thereupon, Hadley said, Mr. Eliot reverted to coffee, while Mrs. Eliot abjured both noxious drinks. But the sequel to this story was a painful one for President Hadley; for having told it pretty freely, he received one day a lawyer's letter from the manufacturers of Postum in Battle Creek, informing him that Postum contained no coffee and that he would be held liable for damages unless he stopped telling the story. I think the Eliots went back to Postum.

President Eliot had strong views about the habitual drinking of stimulants, whether alcoholic or not. He was especially sensitive to coffee. On the day following an after-dinner speech in New York I asked him how he got along. "Badly," said he, "I was garrulous and diffuse — the fact is, I was intoxicated. I had just drunk a large cup of coffee." One may doubt whether his audience shared that opinion. It had some support, however, from his brother-in-law, Francis G. Peabody, who told me that when he was an undergraduate Mr. Eliot called on him in his college room one day and was so talkative Peabody thought he had been drinking. So he had, but then too it was a large cup of coffee.

Moderate and unhabitual use of stimulants President Eliot considered harmless and sometimes beneficial, a doctrine that proved painful to his audience when he uttered it at a temperance rally to which he had been invited. His candor was sometimes thought to exceed the limits of tact, but the forthrightness and dignity of his utterance so far disarmed offense as often to lessen the shock to those who might have passionately dis-

agreed with him. In the words of Lavater, the Swiss poet and mystic, "He who when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice and never ceases nibbling." President Eliot never nibbled at the truth.

President Eliot was fond of sailing and gave endless pleasure to his guests aboard his sloop, the "Hearty," skippered either by himself or by his man Orrin Donnell, that sturdy and laconic son of Maine whose wife was the daughter of John Gilley, lighthouse keeper on Baker's Island, one of the "Forgotten Millions" whom President Eliot has caused not to be forgotten.

Once a boy and girl in a motorboat without sail or oars were faced with a stalled engine off Baker's Island. The occupants of a sailboat nearby, seeing that the motorboat was in trouble, and was being rapidly carried out to sea by the tide, hastened to the rescue. The boy and girl clambered aboard the sailboat and, their craft having been taken in tow, were introduced to the skipper and his two guests. They were overawed and somewhat embarrassed to find that their rescuers were the President of Harvard University, the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the British Ambassador, James Bryce.

Mr. Bryce, whom we knew later as Lord Bryce, and Mr. Eliot had been friends and correspondents since the time in the 'seventies when Bryce was making his study of the American commonwealth. He had visited the Eliots on several occasions. Being a great walker, he enjoyed the many fine walks and glorious views on Mount Desert. I think it was on one of these walks that I heard Mr. Bryce refer to Dr. Cook's false claim of having reached the North Pole and he remarked that it was only then that he attached significance to the fact that when he himself climbed Mount Ararat — the first recorded ascent of that mountain since the Ark ran aground there — he was without witnesses, for his Turkish guides or porters had abandoned him some distance short of the top.

Among the public men with whom President Eliot had frequent correspondence were two Presidents of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. During the early stages of the First World War, when President Eliot's speeches and writings were among the first to support the cause of the Allies, he, like many others, was distressed by Wilson's slowness to recognize and assert our vital interest in

the war. He wrote very frankly to Mr. Wilson, who replied in defense of his inaction that his opinions were "very deeply rooted." President Eliot rejoined that there was such a thing as having one's opinions too deeply rooted. After Mr. Wilson's death Mr. Eliot wrote an article about him in somewhat eulogistic terms and asked me to read the manuscript before it was sent to the editor. Having myself felt a "deeply rooted" antagonism to President Wilson because of his intellectual obstinacy and his unwillingness to expose himself to advice from men of opinions contrary to his own, and partly because of his humiliating treatment of Ambassador Page, for whom I had the utmost respect and affection, I expressed myself pretty frankly to President Eliot. While he did not deny the force of my criticisms he thought they were outweighed by Mr. Wilson's ultimate leadership in defining the issues of the war and in promoting the League of Nations; but he made me the concession of prefixing to a final laudatory statement the qualifying phrase, "In spite of certain fierce and unlovely qualities."

At the close of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905, when President Roosevelt's mediation was accepted by both parties and the Portsmouth peace conference was about to take place, Mr. Roosevelt sent to President Eliot through the ordinary mail letters the Oyster Bay imprint of which clearly disclosed their source, letters of such astonishing frankness and indiscretion as would, if published, have gravely compromised his position as mediator.

On quite a different occasion there was correspondence between Eliot and Roosevelt that momentarily interrupted their generally good relations. It was near the end of Mr. Eliot's presidency that a serious case of college discipline occurred. Two undergraduates purloined a reserved book from one of the departmental libraries where, during a period just before the final examinations, books were reserved so as to give all students concerned a fair chance to share their use. One of the boys in question passed a book through a window to a confederate outside. Both boys were caught in the act and gave false names when asked to identify themselves. The faculty suspended both youths, a normal penalty which became a tragedy when they proved to be valuable and probably indispensable members of the varsity crew squad, about to go into final training at New London. This brought down on President Eliot a telegram from Washington signed by two eminent graduates, Theodore Roosevelt

and Robert Bacon of the Class of 1880. The telegram complained of the severity of the punishment inflicted, as one that also penalized all the alumni of the College, whose hopes of a victory over Yale were thus destroyed.

President Eliot briefly replied by a telegram explaining that the two culprits had done a dishonorable thing, that they had given false names when caught, and were proper objects of severe discipline. Mr. Eliot added that it was the duty of the University — to which Mrs. Eliot suggested adding the words "and of the Alumni" — to inculcate a high sense of honor in the undergraduates. This was a sharp enough rebuke, even as a private telegram to the President of the United States and the Secretary of State; but when both telegrams were published word for word in the *New York World* the next day, the rebuke became a stinging whiplash. Mr. Eliot at once telegraphed Mr. Roosevelt regretting the publication and disavowing responsibility for it; but I am sorry to say that Mr. Roosevelt did not take the disavowal very graciously. On the contrary he suggested to the newspaper reporters that President Eliot's disavowal was in the nature of a diplomatic denial (a device, I may add, with which Mr. Roosevelt was not wholly unfamiliar), and anyway, the disclosure was probably made by Mr. Eliot's entourage. As I was the entourage I flattered myself that I had been duly qualified as a member of the Ananias Club, which consisted of some more or less respectable people who had been called liars by Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. H. H. Rogers, the oil magnate, who cordially hated Mr. Roosevelt, derived such pleasure from the two telegrams that he pasted them on his shaving mirror as a sure way of starting every day in a happy mood.

In spite of the loss of two Varsity oarsmen Harvard won the boat-race. This produced in New Haven after the race the natural query, "How could President Eliot have known that the two substitute oarsmen were better than the men they replaced?"

It was nearly a year later that another disclosure of the contents of a private telegram led to an investigation that convicted a local telegraph operator of habitually selling to the *New York World* choice bits of news he found in private telegrams. The offending operator was of course discharged. As for my personal grievance against Mr. Roosevelt, it did not rankle too badly and I did nothing to vindicate my honor and thus to terminate my membership in the Ananias Club.

In 1909 President Roosevelt was elected President of the Harvard Alumni Association to preside at its annual meeting on Commencement Day. He was then on his African hunting trip and as acting secretary of the Alumni Association I notified him of his election. His acceptance was written at Khartoum. Later, during his visits to the crowned heads of Europe, he sent me a letter from Stockholm, making no specific reference to Commencement, and saying "Tell me just how you think I ought to act. I will be more than grateful. Give me the directions and I will follow them to the letter." I have preserved the letter and framed it, to the utter confusion of future historians who will have seen no other evidence of Mr. Roosevelt's subservience to the dictation of any man alive.

President Eliot was a militant Unitarian. His understanding of the part played by the minutiae of doctrine and by emotional and esthetic feeling in the adherents of other faiths was limited; but his admiration and respect for their outstanding leaders like Phillips Brooks, Bishop Vincent, and George A. Gordon was hearty and outspoken. A few years ago Bishop Sherrill received from Phillips Brooks's heirs a collection of his papers, among which were a number relating to Harvard College. These the Bishop kindly sent to me as being of interest for the Harvard archives. Among them I found some interesting correspondence occasioned by the Corporation's invitation to Phillips Brooks to leave Trinity Church, where his great reputation as a preacher was made, to become permanent minister to the students of Harvard College. In opposition to an eloquent plea from President Eliot, magnifying the potential influence of Mr. Brooks on the thousands of promising youth passing through Harvard, there was an almost fiery letter from Henry L. Higginson, not then a member of the Corporation, imploring Mr. Brooks to pay no heed to Harvard's invitation. Mr. Brooks finally declined the appointment. All this was a few years before a Board of Preachers to the University was appointed. Mr. Brooks, as Bishop, served on that Board for five years, until a year before his death in 1893. On the day of his funeral in Trinity Church, which overflowed into Copley Square, the funeral procession, by request of the Harvard undergraduates, passed through the Yard on its way to Mount Auburn. The driveway from the entrance in front of old Gore Hall to the new Johnston Gate was lined with students and

Faculty, standing with bared heads. There could not have been a more spontaneous and impressive demonstration of grief and respect.

If I may digress, for a moment, among Bishop Brooks's papers was an envelope marked "Class Day, 1855." It contained the dusty fragments of the sprig of flowers Brooks had managed to win in the free-for-all struggle of the seniors around the Class Day Tree in the Holden-Hollis-Harvard quadrangle, a contest in which Brooks's height and splendid physique must have given him no little advantage. I took the envelope of shrivelled flowers to the Gray Herbarium where a microscopic examination identified them as syringa and a double rose. Apparently there was no young lady with a claim to the trophy, so it has remained for ninety-five years as a treasured souvenir, now to continue its inevitable disintegration in the Archives of the College.

Returning to my early experience as Secretary to the President, my appointment must have been a disappointment to those correspondents whose letters in the form of inquiries or requests of one kind or another were really sent with the object of getting the President's autograph, for I rarely composed a letter for him to sign, nor did he descend to the modern custom of using ghost writers. I answered and signed about three-fourths of the mail myself, at the President's direction, appending a signature that had not the slightest interest for autograph hunters. A frank request for an autograph with an accompanying slip on which it could be written, and a stamped and addressed envelope, was always honored.

President Eliot's method with the mail, except those letters which obviously did not need his personal attention, was to write on the top margin or to tell me in two three words — often only yes or no, the gist of the reply. This I had to expand as politely and fully as necessary. I remember one letter requesting what the writer called "a gem of thought," to be written on a slip of paper that was to be sold or raffled at a ladies' bazar. Two words sufficed to indicate the answer — "No gem!" Another letter read like this: "Dear Sir, I understand that you are one of our country's greatest thinkers — what was your greatest thought?" I am afraid that letter had to go into the "Unanswered" category.

It is an excellent practice for anyone having a large mail to keep a "Funny File," into which one puts a carefully gleaned selection of amus-

ing letters or episodes. I had such a file in University Hall, but unfortunately, after it had been borrowed for the entertainment of Mrs. Eliot's sewing club, "The Bee," it was lost somewhere between 17 Quincy Street and University Hall and has never been found. That was a tragedy, indeed. Relying on my memory I have given two extracts from that file. I remember another letter that came sometime after President Eliot's retirement in 1909. It was from an old gentleman in Kentucky who had recently heard President Eliot speak at a public meeting there. The writer began by saying he was ninety-two years old, expressed his admiration of the address, and ended by saying, "Since hearing you I have wondered whether I too might spend my declining years as a lecturer at old Harvard." Needless to say, President Eliot had no such ambition for himself. On the contrary, he tried to resign at seventy, but the Corporation would not let him and it was not until he was seventy-five that they yielded to his insistence. He often spoke of his dread of being, as he expressed it, "caught in office" with his powers impaired. He was not like the Bishop of Sangrado who, having hired a secretary to warn him when his sermons should begin to deteriorate, received the unwelcome warning some years later and wrathfully exclaimed, "That shows how little you know! As a matter of fact I preach better now than I ever did!"

President Eliot had hardly less dread of surviving the impairment of his powers than of being "caught in office." Happily he was spared the prolonged mental and physical incapacity he so much feared and continued almost to the last his enjoyment of those "durable satisfactions" he had so richly earned.

President Eliot had a strong conviction of the merits of Harvard's organic and administrative structure — a conviction so strong that in his essays on university administration he expressed in general terms a picture of the Harvard system and personnel so recognizable as such that it afforded some amusement to other institutions no less confident of the adequacy of their own organizations. He had a deep and sincere respect for the governing boards and faculties of Harvard University, even though he could not always bring them to his own way of thinking. A popular notion that he dominated them in an autocratic sense had no foundation whatever. What gave that impression was the fact that to the merits of his ideas he added an extraordinary capacity for lucid, ob-

jective, and persuasive statement. Thus he achieved many, but by no means all, of the things he wished to accomplish.

His faith in the persistence of the liberal Harvard tradition was not to be shaken. If Harvard College was going to the dogs, it had been doing so for centuries, without arriving at that destination. After his retirement a graduate who was alarmed by certain changes in the former order of things in the University went to pour out his grief and anxiety in what he hoped would be a sympathetic ear. "Mr. Eliot," said he, "Harvard College is on a toboggan slide!" President Eliot, who felt no such apprehension himself, calmly remarked, "Mr. So-and-So, if Harvard College is ever on a toboggan slide there will be those who will spread ashes on it."

While the Charter and Statutes of the University placed all power in the hands of the two governing boards, that power was very largely delegated to the faculties; and their exercise of it had no stronger champion than the President. He never tried to rush measures through the Corporation or the faculty, or to suppress debate. On the contrary his patience during prolonged or futile debate exceeded that of the faculty itself. He told me of an incident in the 'eighties when he stood by the faculty, to the wrath of a railroad president who had quite another view of a president's authority. A leading Boston lawyer appeared at 17 Quincy Street one evening and said he had come on behalf of a client who wished to protest against the action of the faculty in suspending his son for inattention to his college work. President Eliot asked where the client was. "He's at the front door in my buggy," replied the lawyer. "Then bring him in!" said Mr. Eliot. The lawyer shortly returned with the railroad president, who began at once to storm against the absurdity of suspending his son, who, he said, had nothing else to do if he left Cambridge. Mr. Eliot replied that the matter of discipline rested wholly with the faculty and that he could not possibly interfere with its decision. This was nonsense, in the railroad president's view. "Look here, Mr. Eliot," he said, "you are the head of a university and I am the head of a railroad, and we both know that what we say goes." "Not so, in my case," said Mr. Eliot. "The faculty has exclusive powers in such matters and I shall not interfere." "Very well," said the railroad president, "I have two other sons, but neither of them shall go to Harvard College," and off he went, in high dudgeon.

There are two sequels to this story. The first is that both those sons are graduates of Harvard College. The other is that many years later President Eliot attended a dinner of the National Civic Federation in New York, at which the old railroad president presided. When he introduced President Eliot for an after-dinner speech, he presented him as "the first citizen of the Republic." The old wound had evidently healed.

It may have been at the same dinner of the National Civic Federation that President Eliot had an encounter with Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. Some weeks earlier there had been a teamsters' strike in Boston, attended with much violence. One teamster who had remained loyal to the company, a married man with children, had been badly beaten up. President Eliot voiced his indignation at this cruel behavior of the strikers and publicly characterized the "scab" as a type of "twentieth-century hero." Of course this brought a blast from the unions. Mr. Gompers, at a meeting of the American Federation of Labor in New Orleans, denounced President Eliot as a combination of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold, an epithet more caustic than relevant. In New York for the dinner of the Civic Federation, President Eliot was standing in an anteroom when in walked Mr. Gompers. Seeing President Eliot, he strode towards him, with hand outstretched and a cordial smile. As Professor A. S. Hill said of Mr. Eliot when, not much to his liking, an honorary degree had to be conferred upon Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother, "Mr. Eliot froze to the occasion." Easily divining the reason for that frigidity, Mr. Gompers, unabashed, cheerfully exclaimed, "You mustn't mind what I said about you, Mr. President; I have to get off something like that now and then for the boys."

President Eliot incessantly wrote and spoke against the resort to force and violence by either party to a labor dispute, as he did to war as an instrument of national policy. Shortly after the teamsters' strike and President Eliot's defense of the scab, the Boston Central Labor Union, voicing the rabid indignation of its constituents, invited, or perhaps challenged, him to defend his position before a public meeting in Faneuil Hall. Those of us who had seats on the platform behind President Eliot could not but sense the atmosphere of bitter antagonism, and even feared there might be an unpleasant demonstration; but the presiding officer established the note of impartiality and fair play, and President Eliot, by

sheer force of courage, unmistakable good will and the dispassionate cogency of his speech seemed completely to disarm the hostility of his hearers so that they listened with respect and applauded at the end. I always thought it one of the great moments of President Eliot's life.

I come now to an incident which President Eliot called the funniest in his experience as President of the University. It relates to a play which some of you may remember, called *Brown of Harvard*. The leading part was played by Henry M. Woodruff, a onetime Harvard undergraduate, and the play purported to give a picture of Harvard life, with scenes, romantic or otherwise, that bore no resemblance to anything but a cheap, popular notion of what college life was supposed to be. The first performance at the Majestic Theatre in Boston was attended by a large number of undergraduates who proved to be amply supplied with fruits and vegetables with which to express their dramatic judgment. The bombardment began in the first act and was so violent that the curtain was rung down and the performance closed. It was, of course, a disgraceful exhibition of collegiate manners. Not least disturbed by it was Major Henry L. Higginson, who suggested that the presidents of the three upper classes should appear on the stage of the theatre the following evening and apologize to the actors and to the audience of the second performance. President Eliot was away in Bermuda. Dean Briggs and I conferred on the desirability of complying with Major Higginson's suggestion. Neither of us thought it quite met the situation but in deference to him the young class presidents were persuaded to make the apology. At this juncture I received a cable from President Eliot in Bermuda containing just two words: "Regret Brown." It mystified me because it did not seem in character for the President to intervene during his absence in a matter with which the College authorities were presumably able to cope without his help. On the other hand my only inference was that the Majestic Theatre affair had been so played up by the Bermuda papers that the President wanted us to know that he considered the case very serious and that an official expression of regret should be issued. I therefore wrote a note to Harry Woodruff, whom I had known as an undergraduate, saying that I had received a cable from President Eliot expressing his regret. The next morning Woodruff's manager called me on the telephone and asked permission to publish my note. This I refused, for the rather feeble reason that I could not consult President Eliot who by

that time was on the high seas, on his way home. In that refusal I built more wisely than I knew. I wrote a letter to Mr. Eliot to meet him on his arrival in New York, telling the whole story, including my apology. Then, finding that he was not returning immediately to Cambridge, and having some urgent matters to bring to his attention, I took a midnight train to New York, and presented myself at his hotel room at seven o'clock in the morning. He had received my letter, and greeting me with a broad smile, the letter in his hand, he said, "Jerome, this is the funniest thing that has happened to me since I have been President of Harvard College! Didn't you forward to me an invitation to deliver the Commencement address at Brown University?" "Regret Brown" — that was all. He had never heard a word about the Majestic Theatre affair. The invitation from Brown University had been sent to President Eliot direct, and not through me, but the story has been told so many times at alumni gatherings and has given so much pleasure at my expense that I have rarely had the heart to explain that it was not my memory that was at fault.

I have often tried to define President Eliot's sense of humor to my own satisfaction but have never quite succeeded. He was intolerant of facetiousness and of manufactured jokes, and inclined to be critical of attempts to lighten a serious discourse like a sermon or an academic report with bits of levity or witticism. This revealed a rather austere sense of propriety that limited his tolerance of flippant humor, but did not exclude his enjoyment of humor on a higher level. In what must almost be called a spirit of mischief he once drafted a citation for an eminent divine who was to receive an honorary degree. Not every honorary degree voted by the governing boards had his unqualified approval. In this case he wrote, while Mrs. Eliot and I were standing by, a citation in which he said of the candidate that he had "steered a skilful course between the Scylla of conservatism and the Charybdis of liberalism." To Mrs. Eliot's and my horrified protest he yielded with a smile and proceeded to write a more amiable tribute. I have fortunately forgotten the name of this victim of his playful malice.

Some of the most amusing remarks attributed to President Eliot were those in which he mentioned trivialities in the stately language of serious discourse. Sometimes he was conscious of the incongruity and knew it was found amusing by others; but the fact remained that the words he

used were his natural vocabulary and were not always intended to be what is called funny. Occasionally, in meetings of the Corporation, when its then youngest members, Charles Francis Adams and Nelson Perkins, used some of the picturesque lingo of sport or of the street, he would say by way of mild reproach, "Mr. Adams [or Mr. Perkins], exactly what do you mean by that?"

A lady of his acquaintance living in the favored part of Cambridge where we are meeting today once asked him why he lived on Quincy Street. "Why not?" said the President. "Because it's so far away," said the lady. "Far away from what?" replied Mr. Eliot. There would seem to be plenty of humor there for us, but it reminds one of Phillips Brooks's exclamation to Leighton Parks when the latter said he was much impressed at his first service in Appleton Chapel by seeing President Eliot standing erect in the front pew, lustily singing "Am I a soldier of the Cross, a follower of the Lamb?" "Oh," said Mr. Brooks, "he was just asking for information."

President Eliot abhorred extravagance and inaccuracy of speech and regarded superlatives with grave suspicion. The lapidary terseness that made his inscriptions famous was characteristic of his style. If two words would convey his thought he would not use a dozen. Thus when he told me the story of his being waked up in the middle of the night by a student at his front door who was afflicted with religious mania, and who said he had seen a vision in which he was told that President Eliot was prepared to accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour, I asked the President how he had replied, he simply said, "I told him he had been misinformed."

No one intimately associated with President Eliot could understand a prevalent notion that he was cold and unemotional. A short time after I entered his service one of my college contemporaries, meeting me in the Yard, asked me if I had a gas heater in my office. He thought I would need it in that frigid environment. Many a faculty family could tell of instances of the President's prompt and thoughtful offers of advice or practical help when death, sickness, or other emergency occurred, the President seeing to it that a helping hand, his own or another's, was supplied if needed. A young administrative officer whose house was left without fuel during the coal strike of 1902 will never forget the immediate removal of parents and newborn baby to 17 Quincy Street until other heating devices were installed for the rest of the season.

I am sure that such sympathetic understanding of the personal and private side of academic life had much to do with President Eliot's success in attracting distinguished or promising scholars to Harvard. He knew that when a teacher was asked to tear up his roots where he had been living, something more than the allurements of a Harvard appointment and opportunities for scholarly work had to be taken into account. Important family considerations were involved, the availability of a suitable house in a congenial environment, good schools for children, and the cultural and recreational advantages of this community. The result was that his letters of invitation were very seductive and supplied the practical information the recipient and his wife needed in making up their minds. More than that, they disclosed a humane interest on the part of the President that must have counted for much.

President Eliot's insistence on the right word, both apt and precise, was an outstanding quality of his speech and writing; and he was not always tolerant of the shortcomings of others in this respect. As I have intimated, he rarely found use for a superlative and he disliked the exaggerations of ordinary conversation such as awful, terrible, fierce, and the like. On acquiring a piece of woodland in New York I told President Eliot that it was the first time in my life that I had actually owned a blade of grass or a twig, and that my wife and I had a lot of fun in fixing up the place and roaming our own woods. "Not fun," said Mr. Eliot, "profound happiness." Well, it was a lot of fun too.

I have intimated that President Eliot approved of early marriages. Even in the case of improvident ones distressing to parents and other relatives he urged it as a duty on the two families involved to make the marriage a success and to be generous in moral and financial support. An elderly couple from a city in western New York once burst into his office, accompanied by a young grown-up daughter. It appeared that their son, an undergraduate, had married his landlady's daughter. The parents were beside themselves with grief and indignation and demanded President Eliot's advice on the procedure for securing an annulment. They were determined to spare neither trouble nor expense to upset the marriage. The President, who had some knowledge of the circumstances, informed the parents that the landlady and her family bore a good reputation. The young couple were honestly attached to each other and he thought the prospects of a happy marriage were not unfavorable. So far

from being appeased the parents' fury was redoubled and they flatly rejected the President's suggestion that they might try to make the marriage a success. Abandoning hope of any help from the President, they hurriedly left the room. As they led the way out the daughter, who had remained silent during the interview, fell a little behind and whispered to the President, "Thank you very much, Mr. Eliot, they'll come around all right," an example of the sense of parental responsibility sometimes felt by our grown-up children.

One characteristic of President Eliot's view of human nature was an optimistic belief in what he called the capacity for moral recuperation in boys who go wrong. He told me of an extreme case. An undergraduate was caught stealing from the pockets of fellow-students in gymnasium lockers. He was summarily expelled. Perhaps twenty-five years later, on a visit to a Harvard Club in a western city, arrangements had been made for the President to stay overnight at the house of a leading citizen, a member of the club. On meeting his host Mr. Eliot recognized him as the man who had been expelled. The recognition was mutual and silent, but there was no constraint on either side. For his part, the host clearly welcomed the chance of demonstrating that he had made good.

With this story I shall bring these anecdotal reminiscences to an end. If some of them are new to you, the traits they illustrate I am sure are not unfamiliar. Anecdotes are not a substitute for conversation and they certainly are not biography; but they may help to make recollection more vivid and illuminate some aspects of a great and beloved figure that will remain as one of the glories of our Cambridge heritage.

Forsan haec olim meminisse juvabit.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS OF CHARLESTOWN AND CAMBRIDGE

By Charles F. Whiting

Read October 24, 1950

IN order to determine the causes which brought about the settlement of Charlestown, Massachusetts, by Englishmen, it is necessary to make a brief survey of the explorations of America, of the Puritan movement which forced emigration, and of the patents or grants of conflicting territorial limits.

Exploration of America

The discovery of America and closely following explorations had been underwritten by governments acknowledging the authority of the head of the Catholic Church to dispose of all the kingdoms of the earth. Spain claimed title to the entire new world on authority of his Holiness Alexander VI. This right was recognized by Protestant princes only so far as it was backed by discovery and possession. Thus, through enterprises under her own auspices, England laid claim to the North American continent northwards from the Gulf of Mexico to the limits of like claims of other governments. The rights of Indians to the territory were ignored in general then, as later they were to be by the United States in the disposal of the public domain in the West.

English expeditions began with John Cabot, 1497, and his son Sebastian, 1498, of Bristol, England, who explored the coast from Cape Breton to Albemarle Sound off North Carolina and claimed it for England. Elizabeth's "Sea Kings" were to play an important part in discoveries. In 1562, John Hawkins carried out an exploration in the West Indies, resulting in discoveries and trade. Sir Francis Drake, in 1572, a relative of Hawkins, set out with the avowed purpose of pillaging Spanish possessions in America, crossed the isthmus conecting North and South America and seized treasures from pack trains from Peru. Five years later he made another voyage, sailing down the coast of South America, around the Cape, up the west coast, and eventually crossing the Pacific to consummate the second voyage around the world.

In 1576–77, Martin Frobisher sought a northern passage to India. John Davis undertook a similar mission in 1585. It was not accomplished till 1850 by Captain McClure.

Financed by the Earl of Southampton, a friend of Shakespeare, an expedition was undertaken in 1602 by Bartholomew Gosnold, who made detailed examination of the New England coast, bestowing the first English name on any place in North American territory — Cape Cod. Islands to the south, Gosnold and Martha's Vineyard, were located but no settlement was made, although fishing and trading were carried on off Newfoundland. Largely from the favorable reports of his findings, there came, five years later, a charter from which the ultimate settlement of America is dated.

Exploration of the coast was undertaken in 1605 by Weymouth, who went northerly as far as Maine. George Popham, a kinsman of Sir John Popham, Chief Justice of England and leader of the Plymouth Company, endeavored to make a settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec in Maine but was defeated by the cold of winter.

No further attempts were made in territory to be known as New England until 1614, the year of the three months' exploration by Captain John Smith, previously (1607) associated with the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia. This was the most detailed survey made to this date. It resulted in the establishment of the names of New England, Cape Elizabeth, Cape Ann, Charles River (from the name of Prince Charles, later Charles I), and Plymouth. In earlier expeditions by Sir Walter Raleigh, out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, the name Virginia was applied to that part of North America under British claim. This was loosely defined as the territory along the Atlantic coast north of Florida to Canada.

In the period of Elizabeth, Holland freed herself from Spanish dominion. At this time England had a population of about 5,000,000 and Holland a like number. Holland possessed greater wealth. Together, they overcame the Spanish Armada which threatened the overthrow of England. With the Spanish fleet eliminated and with Spain weakened instead of strengthened by the acquisition of vast American treasure, clearance was made for expansion both by England and Holland.

Puritans

The way for the settlement of America by Englishmen was prepared by the religious controversy. In the sixteenth century under Henry VIII and Elizabeth, England, which had acknowledged the Roman Church for 1000 years, turned to Protestantism and the establishment of the Church of England with the King as head. England had never been wholly loyal in its attachment to the Roman Church. Control by a foreign power had never been agreeable to the English. Henry VIII made marital affairs the occasion for revolt against the papacy, but the country really was already half Protestant anyway. While "Bloody" Queen Mary attempted to suppress the new religion, she could not turn the tide. Elizabeth gave toleration to the cause, which now made great headway.

In the development of religious thought the art of printing, invented by Gutenberg in 1450 in Mainz, and improvement in paper making played a large part. The protest of Martin Luther (1517) could easily be spread to British shores. Likewise the Bible, translated into English by Wickliffe in the fourteenth century, could be given wide circulation. In 1611 came the King James translation. From it readers could contrast the pure teaching of Christ with doctrines developed by theologians.

The seventeenth century, under the Stuart kings, was to witness the struggle for liberalization of the established Church of England and for toleration of those who desired modification. The Pilgrim body desired complete separation, the Puritans a simplification or purification. In the development of Puritan principle and policy the University of Cambridge, and principally Emmanuel College, took a leading part. This university on the east coast was closer to the liberalizing influence of Holland than Oxford. Here many of the leaders were educated, and among them were thirty-five prominent scholars of the emigrants to America.

King James hoped to break down the Puritans and promote episcopacy, and those dissenting from the established forms were persecuted and treated as sinners. At length in 1607 Robinson led a group of separatists, numbering one thousand, to refuge in Delft, Holland, whence they subsequently, in 1620, departed for America. The Puritan emigration came later, in 1630, under the leadership of Governor Winthrop, who

wrote that, despairing of progress, they became pressed, "after sorrowful reluctance," to emigrate to pursue their purpose for a religious and civil commonwealth. "We leave our dear Mother, the Church of England, not loathing the milk wherewith we were nourished there, but blessing God for the parentage and education, and as members of the same body shall always rejoice in her good." And again he wrote, "Whereas God has always gathered his churches out of the world, now the world or civil state must be raised out of the churches."

While the Puritans fled from England to avoid religious persecution, their purpose was not to make a settlement for freedom of worship, but to set up their own religious state to which all comers must conform, and only church members would have the right to vote. Those who had conflicting views, Quakers and Anabaptists, were dealt with harshly but with no more severity than obtained in mother England. Archbishop Laud remarked of the Puritans, "They do but begin with the Church that they might have the freer access to the State."

Colonization

The first settlement in America by the white race was in 1565 at Saint Augustine, Florida, by the Spanish.

By the end of the sixteenth century, colonization of America had become avowed English policy. The first patent granted was in 1583 by Elizabeth to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, whose men perished in Newfoundland. Sir Walter Raleigh, a half brother, took over the patent but his efforts at settlement also ended in failure. When Elizabeth died in 1603, not one white settler was known to exist north of the Gulf of Mexico.

At this time, joint stock companies, the gathering of the capital of individuals into one fund to be employed for profit, were devised. A conspicuous example and one to become famous was the East India Company.

On April 10, 1606, King James I granted a patent to a great joint stock company formed for the establishment of two colonies in America: for a southern colony between North Latitude 34° and 38° — from Cape Fear off North Carolina to Richmond, Virginia — and for a northern colony between North Latitude 41° and 45° — Long Island to Canada. The parent stock company had two subsidiary companies: the Virginia

or London Company for the southern settlement and the Plymouth Company for the northern settlement. The western limit of both was presumed to be the Pacific Ocean, and the intervening territory was to go to the company making the first settlement. Local government was assigned to a council in America, but general supervision resided in the council in England. The settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607 by the London Company was the first permanent settlement in America by Englishmen.

The Pilgrims who had fled to Holland were not content to be absorbed into that country, and turned their thoughts to America where they could establish their concept of a Christian state. From the London Company they obtained a grant of land and a loan of 7,000 pounds. The group from Holland, sailing in the *Speedwell*, were to be joined in England by friends in the *Mayflower*. However, leaks in the *Speedwell* caused a consolidation in the *Mayflower* and delayed the start, so that arrival in America occurred in the bleak month of December. Bad weather caused the ship to go off reckoning and to make Cape Cod and Plymouth instead of the Delaware River as intended, and so the settlers landed in an area outside their grant and within the limits of the Plymouth Company, which, however, the following year gave them a suitable title. Since King James had denied a charter to the Pilgrims — an instrument containing powers of government — they had on the voyage in the *Mayflower* drawn up a compact of government.

The original patent of the Plymouth (England) Company had been made in 1606 to Popham, whose settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec failed from the cold of winter. This patent was superseded by one in 1620 to the Council of Plymouth (in Devonshire) to plant and govern New England in America, the territory to be between North Latitude 40° and 48° (Philadelphia to Canada), "and throughout the main from sea to sea." This was the foundation of all later grants in New England. From it the Pilgrims received the grant confirming their settlement.

Action toward settlement to the north of Plymouth was presently to arise. Sir Ferdinando Gorges, an active member of the Plymouth Company, was responsible for the making of loose grants which were to become the subject of dispute and conflict. One such was to Robert Gorges his son in 1632, embracing the northeast side of the Bay of Massachusetts, an area including the site of Charlestown. He sent out

Thomas Weston heading a group who landed at Wessagusett (Weymouth) and who remained about a year. Also Gorges' agent, Thomas Morton, undertook to form a royalist and Episcopal settlement on the bay, but it had an ill-fated experience at Merrimount. Captain Wollaston stopped briefly at Quincy but moved on to Virginia.

Among those landing in the Bay of Massachusetts under the sponsorship of the Gorges were three men of significance who about 1625 set out singly from Wessagusett (Weymouth) to find habitation. One was Samuel Maverick, who established himself at Noddle Island, East Boston; another was William Blaxton (Blackstone), to be the first white inhabitant in Boston, a place called by the Indians "Shawmut" (Living Abundant Waters); the third was Thomas Walford, the smith, who took up abode in Charlestown (Mishawum to the Indians). These three men, agents of Gorges, were relied on by him to establish claim to the territory. They were in advance of and no part of the Puritan body.

Blackstone took up abode on the hill later known as Sentry, still later as Beacon Hill, on its westerly slope near Spruce and Mount Vernon Streets. His water supply is thought to have been the spring in Louisburg Square. He may have received a grant from the Gorges, although the location was not within the limits of their authority. He was referred to in 1629 as an agent of John Gorges. He at once entered into friendly relations with the Indians and made satisfactory terms for occupancy of seven to eight hundred acres and established a title which proved satisfactory to Governor Winthrop a few years later.

Blackstone was born at Horncastle Parish, near Salisbury, Lincolnshire, England, March 5, 1596. He was graduated from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and his signature appears on the college records as "William Blaxton." He took orders, but being a nonconformist and detesting prelacy, he was without a cure. However, his connection with the church was manifest from the canonical coat he wore. He was scholarly, retiring, a lover of flowers and fruit. He was of independent nature, with courage of conviction but hospitable and amiable, winning both savage and Puritan.

Thus he carried on a hermit's life in Boston, baffling though it be that a man of his culture and grace desired to live apart in the unbroken wilderness. He perceived that disaster might well befall the newcomers to Charlestown on account of lack of good water, and he invited Win-

throp to move across the river to the peninsula of Shawmut where there were springs with abundance of water, as at Spring Lane at the foot of School Street. This offer was accepted and Winthrop took up residence on the north and east sides of the peninsula, while Blackstone remained on the westerly.

Blackstone maintained friendly relations with the newcomers, made them familiar with their new environment, and accepted citizenship from them in 1631, taking the oath of freeman. But the rigors of the Puritan were not congenial to him, and pressures arose, and claims of title which found their way to court. In 1633 it was "agreed that Wm. Blackstone shall have 50 acres of ground set out for him near to his house to enjoy forever." But affairs did not improve. He wore his canonical gown, he did not belong to the church of the Puritans, he was "without," not of the Lord's people. He had left England to flee from the Lord Bishops and he now decided to flee the Lord Brethren. He accordingly, in 1635, sold his property to the Puritans, Boston Common comprising a part of it, and departed on his brindled bull trained to saddle, not to the north to Maine as expected, but southerly to Rhode Island. He remarked, "I looked to have dwelt with my orchards and my books and my young fawn and my bull, in undisturbed solitude. Was there not room enough for all of ye? Could ye not leave the hermit in his corner?"

In Rhole Island, he made his home on a high bank of a river, subsequently to bear his name, six miles from Providence in the locality called Attleboro, Lonsdale, or Rehoboth. After his death in 1675, King Phillip's war broke out, and in its course his house and contents were burned, including his collection of manuscripts presumed to have contained valued writings of his life and thought. A memorial has been placed in Rehoboth. His name is borne by a river in Massachusetts, a bank in Providence, and two banks and a street in Boston. The location of his hut in Boston is marked by a plate at Beacon and Spruce Streets, which recites, "The place of his seclusion became the seat of a great city."

Thomas Walford

Thomas Walford, first English settler on the site of Charlestown, was a blacksmith (one of the "common people"), a member of the Church of England. He built for a home an English house, palisaded

and thatched, on the slope of Breed's Hill in the wilderness, and with his family dwelt in rude independence. He liked not the ways of later comers and chose not to conform to their rigid authority, especially in regard to Sabbath observances. So it came about that he was brought into court with the following charge: "Thomas Walford of Charlton is fyned forty shillings and is enjoined, he and his wife, to departe out of the lymits of this pattent before the twentieth day of October nexte, under paine of confiscation of his goods for his contempt of authorite, and confrontage of officers."

The fine Walford paid by killing a wolf, but order of banishment seems not to have been enforced, for twenty-eight months later the court again ordered that his goods be sequestered to satisfy debts owed. As late as January 9, 1634, his name appears in the list of Charlestown inhabitants. Soon after he departed and made his way to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he lived until his death in 1660, a selectman and warden of the church.

The failure, after Plymouth, to establish colonies brought about the realization that better men must be selected to make effective settlement. Accordingly, March 19, 1628 (in the reign of Charles I), by the council of Plymouth (Devonshire, England) a patent was granted the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England, comprising Captain John Endicott, Humphrey, Whitcomb, and others, for the tract lying three miles north of the Merrimac and three miles south of the Charles River, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Of this group also were John Winthrop, Isaac Johnson, and Sir Richard Saltonstall. This patent was of far-reaching consequence since it provided that the patent itself and the government were to reside in New England and not in England as was the case with the Plymouth colony. This grant is seen to be in conflict with one made to Gorges, Mason, and Oldham, covering land between the Kennebec and Merrimac. An adjustment was made later, restricting Gorges to the area between the Kennebec and the Piscataqua rivers, Mason to the area between the Piscataqua and the Merrimac, and Endicott to the area south of the Merrimac.

Endicott, first governor, was sent ahead in the *Abigail*, and arrived in Salem, September 6, 1628, with a band of about sixty people. He was to serve as agent until Winthrop should arrive. He was joined soon after by Higginson with three hundred and eighty men, eighty women, twenty-six

children, a hundred and forty head of cattle, forty goats, arms, ammunition, and tools, all in six or seven small ships. Here was preparation in earnest for a successful settlement.

In view of the serious conflict of claims to territory around Massachusetts Bay, Captain Endicott was instructed the year following his arrival in Salem to explore the bay and improve the patent of the company. Accordingly, a small group was sent out in the spring of 1629, including three Sprague brothers, Ralph, Richard,[1] William, and three or four others, to make a settlement at the junction of the Charles and Mystic Rivers, at the place called Mishawum (Great Spring) by the Indians and, by the settlers, Charlton or Charlestown. The land was purchased from the Indian possessors, the Aberginians, of whom Wonahaquahem, or Sagamore John, so called, was chief.

Salem was not regarded as suitable for the capital of the colony and Thomas Graves, an engineer, was sent to lay out the town of Charlestown, the original map of which has been preserved. The "Great House" in the square was planned and made ready to be the residence of the governor and the seat of the government. Thus Charlestown became the oldest settlement in the present limits of Boston (Blackstone was but a hermit). It originally extended eight miles into the interior, but by the setting off of fourteen towns was eventually reduced to a mere square mile of territory. Meanwhile, John Winthrop,[2] a lawyer, educated, noble, and high in promise, had been made governor and embarked from England in the *Arbella*, named for the wife of Isaac Johnson, a member of the company. After a long voyage of eighteen weeks, with a fleet of seventeen ships and eight hundred persons, he arrived June 12, 1630, in Salem. (The first of the fleet to arrive made a landing at Nantasket.) He explored Massachusetts Bay, the Charles River, and the Mystic River as far as the spot in Somerville to be called Ten Hills, which became his summer residence. In July he came to rest and settled at Charlestown, the place made ready for him. Later arrivals scattered to Medford, Dorchester, and Cambridge. Saltonstall moved up the river to Watertown.[3] In keeping with their

[1] On his death in 1668, Richard Sprague left Harvard College thirty-one sheep and thirty lambs.

[2] Winthrop has been likened to Washington. Dudley, Deputy Governor, was a strait-laced Puritan.

[3] Sparks Street to Mount Auburn Bridge, originally part of Watertown, was taken into Cambridge in 1754.

religious tradition, an early ceremonial on July 8, 1630, was a Thanksgiving for a safe arrival. Shortly thereafter, on July 30, a covenant for a church was signed. On August 27, John Wilson was appointed teacher and Increase Nowell ruling elder.

As Winthrop's party left England, no bitterness nor indignation was expressed by them, nor any pride in their anticipations. They parted as a dutiful child from a severe but venerated parent. While this emigration was to become an unprofitable speculation financially for the Council of Plymouth, and while its patent was subsequently surrendered to the crown, it was to become a great political achievement.

It had been expected that Charlestown would be the seat of the government of the colony. However, disease appeared and made serious inroads; water was scant, and distress developed. At this juncture, William Blackstone extended his invitation to move across to Shawmut. Accordingly, a migration began, and by November the governor, minister, and many others had departed. Church services were held for a time alternately on both sides of the Charles. The name Shawmut gave way to Trimontaine (three peaks of Beacon Hill), and finally to Boston, on order of Winthrop and the Court or governing body. Services in Boston were held at a site on what is now State Street near Congress Street, and by 1632 the first meeting house was completed for the First Church of Boston (now at Berkeley and Marlborough Streets).

There was difficulty in transportation by ferry, especially in winter, and it became desirable for the Charlestown residents to have their own church. Accordingly, the Charlestown group, numbering thirty-five, and one fourth of the total, was dismissed, and on November 2, 1632, signed a covenant for a church. Thomas James was ordained pastor and services were held in the "Great House." The church which first gathered here July 30, 1630, was the fourth established in New England. The first had been at Plymouth, the second at Salem, the third at Dorchester (organized in England). For 171 years, or up to 1801, this original church was the only one in Charlestown.

The removal of Winthrop and his followers from Charlestown to Boston in the fall of 1630, and the interrelation of the two communities, made new transportation facilities across the river imperative. The only practicable means was a ferry, and therefore one was authorized and was established the next year, about on the course of the bridge used by the

Elevated Railroad. The ferry became Boston's connection with Cambridge, Watertown, and other settlements north and west and through to Connecticut. Edward Converse was for a consideration authorized "to charge two pence per person, or a penny a head if there were two or more; sixpence for a horse or a cow, and man going with." Difficulties arose over rates, free lists, counterfeit tokens, etc.

As a means of relief, the General Court in 1640 granted to Harvard College the operation and revenue of the ferry on the terms of statutory toll charges. This was the only income of the college for a time, and for a considerable time was a substantial one. Competition resulted from the "Great Bridge" of 1662 (replacing a ferry at the foot of Dunster Street), connecting Cambridge and Brighton, but income continued until 1785, when the Charlestown ferry was replaced by a toll bridge hailed as the wonder of the New World. Celebration of the opening of the bridge was unsurpassed by any celebration hitherto; eight hundred people sat down at a banquet at two tables three hundred feet long. In compensation to Harvard College for loss of the ferry income, the bridge company (John Hancock, proprietor) was bound to pay two hundred pounds per year for forty years. In 1828, a new bridge, the Warren Bridge, without toll charges, was built alongside, and caused the failure of the Toll Bridge Company and a termination of annuities to the college. In 1846 the Commonwealth granted Harvard College $3,333 in lieu of five years' income. (In 1793 the bridge between West Boston and Cambridge was built. In 1809 a bridge was built from Prison Point to Cambridge. Prior carriage travel was via the Neck.)

John Harvard and Harvard College

The Reverend John Harvard was admitted an inhabitant of Charlestown August 1, 1637, then a settlement of a hundred and fifty "comly and faire houses," and on November 6, with his wife, was made a member of the church, whereupon he took the oath of freedom. He may have been led hither from England by Nathaniel Eaton, Reverend Thomas James, Reverend Zechariah Symmes, and others, fellow members at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, England.

Harvard was "sometime minister of God's word," and became assistant teacher or Elder to the Reverend Mr. Symmes. He was esteemed for

his scholarship and piety and was placed on an important committee "to consider some things tending toward a body of laws."

A generous grant of land was awarded him, a hundred and twenty acres lying in the present limits of Winchester. Only Increase Nowell, the first signer of the covenant of 1630, and Governor Winthrop received a larger one. In the terms of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, "those coming over at own cost" were granted fifty acres, and each stockholder of the company was given two hundred acres. By agreement "each inhabitant was to have two acres for himself and two acres to plant."

John Harvard was born in 1608 in Southwark, England. He attended Emmanuel College as Sizar (recipient of scholarship) and received the degree of B.A. in 1631 and M.A. in 1635. In 1630, while in college, he married Ann Sadler, the sister of a fellow collegian. In legal documents he was referred to as "Clerk," the equivalent of one with holy orders, but he had no church living. He was scholarly, and he had a comfortable amount of property through inheritance from his father, a butcher, and from his mother, an innholder. He set out for America not for adventure or profit, but for the satisfaction of religious principles.

His residence in America was to be short, about a year, since he was "taken with a consumption" and died September 14, 1638. On his death bed he bequeathed to the college, in an unrecorded will, one half of his estate (total estate 1700 pounds), together with his library of four hundred books.[4] The gift of money was twice the grant of four hundred pounds by the Great and General Court, though half of the total tax levy of the colony. When the college was authorized September 8, 1636, attempt was made by Hugh Peters, minister at Salem and successor to Roger Williams, to have it located in Salem. On November 15, 1637, the Court, John Winthrop, Governor, ordered the college "to bee at Newtowne." This place up the river from Boston had been selected in 1630 to be the capital of the colony since it was away from attack. Winthrop had built a house there, but had soon removed to Boston, which was determined to be a more convenient and suitable capital. On May 2, 1638, the Court ordered Newtowne henceforth to be called Cambridge. The site on the Charles River suggested the river location of the mother college in Cambridge, England.

[4] These books, save one, were destroyed in the fire of 1764 in the college library in Harvard Hall.

In recognition of John Harvard's munificent gift to the college, the Court, March 13, 1639, ordered that the "Colledge agreed upon formerly to bee built at Cambridge shall be called Harvard College." Thus it will be seen that the college was founded prior to John Harvard's arrival here and that he cannot properly be called the founder. But as Cotton Mather in the *Magnalia* accurately and gracefully expressed it, "he laid the most significant stone in the foundation." By September 7, 1638, the college was in operation under the direction of Professor Nathaniel Eaton, a collegemate of Harvard in England and a fellow townsman in Charlestown. Until the end of the seventeenth century it remained the only college in America. The College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia, was founded in 1693.

In *First Fruits* John Harvard is described as "a godly gentleman and a lover of learning." The epitaph by Reverend Thomas Shepard runs: "The man was a scholar and pious in his life and enlarged toward the country and the good of it in life and death."

The exact burial place of John Harvard, presumably on Town Hill, was lost track of; however, graduates of the college provided a memorial shaft in the ancient burial ground, Phipps Street, Charlestown (oldest stone, 1654), on high ground with a westerly view toward Cambridge and the college. The dedicatory address was given September 26, 1828, by Edward Everett, the prayer by Reverend James Walker, pastor of the Harvard Unitarian Church, Charlestown, later president of the College.

Edward Everett said: ". . . he, the first to perceive with a prophetic foresight, and to promote with a princely liberality, considering his means, that connection between private munificence and public education — and well does the example of Harvard teach us, that what is thus given away, is, in reality, the portion best saved and longest kept. Here neither private extravagance can squander, nor personal necessity exhaust it. Among those in the graves about, not a few, in estimate of their day, placed above the humble minister of the gospel, but all would gladly exchange what they enjoyed for the deathless name of the honorable stranger."

Another memorial to John Harvard and with Charlestown association is the idealized sitting figure in bronze presented to the college in 1884 by Samuel J. Bridge, a resident of Charlestown. This was designed by Daniel C. French and was located for many years in the delta west of Memorial Hall. In recent years it has been suitably placed at the front of University

Hall. On the acceptance of this gift President Eliot gave a brief and eloquent biography.[5]

Still another, and the main memorial is the John Harvard Mall in City Square, Charlestown. This covers about an acre of ground, including the residence site. It combines space for recreation and play, and on its walls are legends of Harvard and of Charlestown. It is a gift, made May 8, 1943, of a loyal and generous alumnus, Allston Burr, to the college, which in turn presented it for perpetual use and care to the city of Boston. It is designed by the skilled hand of Arthur Shurcliff, landscape architect. At this spot, July, 1629, the first settlement was planted and hither came John Winthrop in 1630 with his company who crossed the sea in the *Arbella* and other ships. Under a great oak on the hillslope the first public worship of God was held and the Charlestown Church Covenant was signed. The first meeting house, 1783, by Bulfinch, and the first public school house were erected near by. By 1635, a windmill was built on the hill to grind the grains harvested near by. No other hill in New England save the hallowed burial hill in Plymouth has a more varied and rich history.

On one of the faces of the monument in the Mall is inscribed from *First Fruits of New England*: "One of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust. And as we were thinking and consulting how to effect this great work, it pleased God to stir up the heart of one Mr. Harvard, a Godly gentleman, and a lover of learning, there living amongst us to give the one hafe of his estate, it being in all about 1700 pounds, toward the erecting of a Colledge, and all his library."

On another face of the monument is part of the address of acceptance by Charles William Eliot, president of Harvard College, made on October 15, 1884, at the unveiling of the statue of John Harvard on the college grounds: "He will teach that one disinterested deed of hope and faith may crown a brief and broken life with deathless fame. He will teach that the good which men do lives after them fructified and multiplied beyond all power of measurement or computation. He will teach that from the seed which he planted in loneliness, weakness, and sorrow, have

[5] Mr. Bridge was also the donor of the monument on Cambridge Common of Puritan John Bridge, one of the early settlers.

sprung joy, strength, and energy ever fresh blooming year after year in this garden of learning and flourishing more and more as time goes on in all fields of human activity."

Bunker Hill

The British troops returning from Concord and Lexington passed through Charlestown, but without serious disturbance. At this date Charlestown was a settlement of about four hundred houses and of two to three thousand inhabitants. The inhabitants were terrified by the show of force, and began a departure which became almost complete at the time of Bunker Hill Battle.

The Committee of Safety of the province, of which General Artemus Ward was military head, with headquarters in Cambridge and with university buildings for barracks, were considering protective measures and, to that end, the fortification of hills surrounding Boston. Colonial troops encircled the besieged British. Royal Governor General Gage was becoming aware of the plan, and in order not to be outwitted the Committee of Safety decided on immediate action to fortify Bunker Hill.[6]

General Ward believed his committee's course ill-advised since it would draw the British into battle, for which the colonists were not adequately prepared. His views, however, did not prevail and he carried out the committee's order to proceed to fortify Bunker Hill. After prayer by President Langdon of Harvard College on the evening of the 16th of June, 1775, Colonel Prescott with 1200 men set forth from Cambridge, skirting the marshes, by Inman's Woods and Cobble or Prospect Hill, via the old Indian trail, for Charlestown. On arrival there, and on opening the orders, a conference of the leaders was held, and instead of taking a position on Bunker Hill, the highest of three hills in the town, selection was made of Breed's Hill, nearer the Charles River and in closer view of the expected approach of the enemy. General Israel Putnam, on a white horse and the only mounted Colonial officer, took command of the field, Prescott of the redoubt, which was set up after midnight on plans made by Colonel Gridley. As work on the breastwork proceeded through the night, the colonists could hear from the British ships below, six in number, the watch cry of "All is well."

[6] The name Bunker Hill is a corrupted anglicized version of the name of "Boncoeur," a Huguenot refugee in the exodus from France, a settler on the slope of the hill in Charlestown.

A reproduction of the battle scene is to be found at the First National Bank, Boston, also at the Summer Street office of the Charlestown Savings Bank.

As Governor Gage observed the preparations, he inquired from his friend regarding the man Prescott seen atop the breastworks on the hill, "Will he fight?" "Yes, Sir," said Willard, his brother-in-law. "He is an old soldier and will fight as long as a drop of blood remains in his veins."

Meanwhile, within the colonial forward lines the men, weary and hungry, faltered on seeing the new British plan of attack, but were reassured by Putnam, who had the confidence of the army. The heat was intense, ammunition limited, food scant, but beer was available. Additional supplies and reinforcements had for hours been sought from General Ward in Cambridge, but they were too little and too late, and many never reached the lines. Ward held back till assured that Cambridge with its stores was not an object of attack, and then released all but his own regiment. However, Prescott did the best with material at hand and with the odds against him in this first encounter of untrained provincials with the seasoned troops of Great Britain. He withheld fire, save of an occasional enthusiast, till the enemy was within eight rods. "Wait," he said, "until you can see the whites of their eyes." Meanwhile, shells from shore and ship had set Charlestown afire. By the end of the day of the three hundred homes there were left but one or two.

Prescott had not done enough to satisfy himself, though he had done enough to satisfy his counrty. He had not indeed secured victory, but he had secured a glorious immortality. "The modesty of Prescott, sterling patriot, not less remarkable than his heroism," were the words of Edward Everett in the Bunker Hill oration of 1850.

For the building of Bunker Hill Monument commemorating the battle, Solomon Willard, in charge, selected Quincy granite. To move the stone from the quarries to the Neponset River, where it was conveyed by barge to the monument site, rails were laid for horse-drawn vehicles. This railway was the first to be established in America.

An association was created to care for the grounds and to provide memorial celebrations. Of this association, our late respected and beloved member Reverend Samuel A. Eliot was for many years the president.

College Presidents and Professors

The connection of Charlestown with the establishment of colleges is truly remarkable. No fewer than five were associated with residents of Charlestown:

Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota. William Carleton, of 12 Harvard Street and later of Monument Square, a self-made man, acquired wealth in the manufacture of lamps and gas fixtures. He made in 1871 a gift of $50,000 to the college known as Northfield, which was then given his name. Up to this time this was the largest gift to a Western college.

Doane College, Crete, Nebraska, 1872. Thomas Doane was an engineer in charge of the construction of the Hoosac Tunnel through the Berkshires of western Massachusetts for the Fitchburg Railroad Company. He was concerned in other railroad projects across the country, and while engaged with the C. B. & Q. R. R. in Nebraska became interested in the needs of that state in education. He became the benefactor of Doane College by a gift of $50,000.

Colby College, Waterville, Maine. Gardner Colby, engaged in the dry goods business in Boston, in memory of his mother, who brought her family from Waterville, Maine, to Charlestown, gave in 1864 $50,000 for the aid of Colby College. Subsequent gifts made an aggregate of $200,000. J. Seely Bixler, once of Harvard Divinity School, is now president.

Tufts College, Medford, Massachusetts. Charles Tufts was the owner of farm property in the limits first of Charlestown, later of parts of Somerville and Medford. A large portion of his farm, a hundred acres on Walnut Hill, he gave for the founding in 1847 of Tufts College, from the beginning intended to extend Universalist principles. Richard Frothingham, historian of Charlestown, was lecturer at Tufts in history, also a trustee and treasurer.

Not only is Charlestown represented among founders of colleges but also among presidents and professors of colleges:

Edward Everett was president of Harvard College 1846–49.

Reverend James Walker, pastor of the Harvard Unitarian Church, Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Harvard, 1839–53, was president of Harvard College, 1853–60.

Cornelius C. Felton, first an able and popular professor of the Classics at Harvard, was later its president, 1860–62. Felton Hall, a dormitory for students in Cambridge, was named for him, also Felton Street.

Reverend George E. Ellis, minister of the Harvard Unitarian Church, succeeding James Walker, was called to a professorate in the Harvard Divinity School.

Joseph Lovering, a teacher in a private school in Charlestown, and known to President Walker as a schoolboy, occupied a chair at Harvard for fifty years, from 1838 on, in mathematics and natural philosophy.

R. E. Greenleaf, of the Class of 1877 at Harvard, became assistant professor of botany.

Walter Hastings made a gift to Harvard from which was erected the dormitory bearing his name. His portrait hangs in Memorial Hall.

Reverend Wilbur Fisk, first minister of Trinity Methodist Church in Charlestown, incorporated in 1820, was made president in 1830 of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. He was a leader in broadening the outlook of Methodists toward learning.

Reverend Charles R. Brown, pastor of Winthrop Congregational Church, Green Street, was the beloved dean of the Yale Theological School and a frequent preacher in Appleton Chapel at Harvard.

Reverend E. C. Herrick of the Baptist Church, a graduate of Colby, became head of the Andover-Newton Theological School in Newton, Massachusetts.

Streets in Cambridge named for college presidents are: Brewster, Holyoke, Quincy, Everett, Sparks, Walker, and Felton.

Edward Everett. Edward Everett (1794–1865) was born in Dorchester but lived some years in Charlestown, first at the top of Winter Hill, then in Charlestown limits, and later and during the period of his governorship at 12 Harvard Street, in a house still standing. He was active in the affairs of the town and attended the Harvard (Unitarian) Church in the pastorate of Reverend James Walker. At the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill he delivered an eloquent address.

He graduated from Harvard College in 1811 with high honors and was the youngest of his class. After study for the ministry, he was called at the age of twenty to the Brattle Street (Boston) Unitarian Church, which comprised one of the most fashionable congregations in the city.

At the end of a year he was offered the chair of Greek literature in Harvard and immediately went to Europe to spend four years in preparation. He was given the degree of Ph.D. in Göttingen, Germany, the first such degree given to an American. On his return, Emerson was one of his pupils.

An address given by him at the Phi Beta Kappa meeting of 1824, held in the First Parish Church building, then in the Harvard Yard, at which General Lafayette was present, launched Everett on the political phase of his career, resulting in service in Congress from 1825 to 1835. His intense devotion to the cause of unity for the country led him to defer to Southern feeling on the question of slavery. In 1836–39 he served three terms as governor of Massachusetts, a record without conspicuous results. In 1841–1845 he was minister to the Court of Saint James, an office filled very acceptably to the British, but with some criticism at home.

A call to the presidency of Harvard College in 1846 provided an opportune withdrawal from politics. In reference to the college, he adopted English usage and referred to the "university" at Cambridge. The disciplinary and other duties of the office were not to his liking and he resigned in 1849. While in Cambridge, he made associations in civic life, and designed the seal of the city with its motto: "Literis antiquis, novis institutis, decora. (Founded 1630, a city 1846.)" A street in the city is named for him.

On Webster's death in 1852, Everett filled the unexpired term of four months as Secretary of State, and followed this immediately by fifteen months in the Senate of the United States. The slavery issue was at high pitch. While he was opposed to slavery, he deprecated the agitation of abolitionists, fearing it would threaten the stability of the union. There was a strain of timidity in the man which unfitted him to play the fighting part the times demanded. He became uncomfortable in the office and resigned. His passion for this great experiment in government was so great he could not bear the thought of its dissolution. In Everett's Gettysburg address, 1863 (two hours long — Lincoln's was ten minutes), he spoke of influences that ". . . led me perhaps too long to tread in the path of hopeless compromise in the fond endeavor to conciliate those who were predetermined not to be conciliated." However, when the Civil War broke out and the union was at issue, he gave without delay whole-hearted

support to the government. Using his undiminished oratorical power, he traveled through the north, exhorting people to action.

He was of scholarly mind, his diction was finished, he was of radiant beauty, he possessed a wide range of knowledge though he was not original in thought, and he was an ardent American and advocate of the great American experiment in democracy. Much as he owed to his country, he did not die in its debt.[7]

James Walker, August 16, 1794–December 25, 1874, was born in Woburn, Massachusetts (now Burlington and then a part of Charlestown). He prepared for college in a Groton school, later Lawrence Academy. He graduated from Harvard College in 1814. He studied divinity in Cambridge under Henry Ware and was licensed to preach in 1817, ordained in Harvard Church, Charlestown, 1818. In controversy between the Trinitarians and Unitarians, he immediately became a leader among the "liberals." He was an organizer of the American Unitarian Association in 1825. In 1839 he resigned his pastorate to become Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity[8] at Harvard. He became president of the University in 1853. His administration was competent but uneventful. He attempted to retire in 1858, but was requested to remain on grounds of public duty. In 1860 he resigned on plea of advancing years. Though a theological liberal in the 1820's who regarded Theodore Parker as a "phenomenon," Walker was temperamentally conservative and cautious and kept clear of reform activities. He was erudite but not original. Provincial, he traveled out of New England only twice, to deliver ordination sermons in Baltimore and in Cincinnati. His sermons, closely knit and sententious, were criticized for lacking decision, due to covering all sides; but he won men through his sincerity, his dialectical powers, his great physical vitality, and, above all, his handsome and commanding presence. As a preacher he was regarded as second to Channing. President Eliot remarked that as he listened to Walker's preaching, he felt that a prophet was speaking. His years of retirement

[7] A bust of Everett is placed in Memorial Hall. Everett was the last of nine presidents to live in Wadsworth House; his portrait is in a room at the southeast corner. In 1822, when a professor, he lived at Fay House. With Sparks and Longfellow he had lodgings in the house of Mrs. Craigie, Brattle Street, who had suffered financial reverses.

[8] This chair was established by John Alford of Charlestown. It was occupied by Francis Bowen, succeeding Walker, also a man from Charlestown.

were spent in Cambridge, an honored and dignified figure. He left a library and $15,000 to the college.

Cornelius C. Felton. The Felton family came to Charlestown from Newbury and resided on Bow Street. By self-help Felton went through school and college. He became tutor and professor at Harvard and its president, 1860–62. He was one of the most variously accomplished, fruitful, and efficient of the college's presidents. With a passion from boyhood for mental improvement, taught by straitened circumstances, he felt the inestimable value of time. In 1829, two years after graduation, he became tutor, then professor for thirty years in Greek language and literature. He took a scholarly survey of the whole field of Hellenic literature, language, manners, character, and genius. He was no literary recluse; he was companionable, and interested in education down to the district school. He was intimate with Longfellow, with whom he was coming and going at all hours. There was no more genial temperament, no warmer heart; good nature beamed in his eye, kindness of heart was in every word and every look and encircled his countenance with a halo of cheerfulness.

Other figures of Charlestown of prominence in a wide field may be mentioned:

1. Samuel Finley Breese Morse: son of Jedidiah Morse; inventor of the telegraph; artist — portraiture of high rank; distinguished in two careers.
2. Moses Dow: publisher of the *Waverly Magazine*; proprietor of Waverly House, elegant hostelry of its day.
3. Charlotte Saunders Cushman: the second American to go abroad for engagements on the stage; most powerful actress America has produced.
4. Joshua Bates: of financial firm Baring Brothers of London; benefactor of Boston Public Library, where the reading room bears his name.
5. Thomas Starr King: Universalist and Unitarian preacher, Boston and San Francisco; savior of California to the union; lover of nature — his name has been given to peaks in the White Mountains and in Yosemite Park.

6. Samuel M. Felton: brother of Cornelius, president of Harvard; engineer, constructor of Fresh Pond Railroad to transport ice from Fresh Pond to wharves in Charlestown for export; connected with railroads of the West.

7. John Boyle O'Reilly: patriot of land of his birth and of his adoption; in the words of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "He reconciled in this community the Roman Catholic Irishman and the Protestant American." (He will be remembered here as the father of Agnes Hocking. His statue is in the Fenway.)

8. Thomas Ball: sculptor of the equestrian statue of George Washington.

9. Oliver Holden: composer of the tune of the hymn "Coronation."

Charlestown, dismembered to form other towns and reduced to a mere square mile, disfigured to serve the transportation needs of the northerly metropolitan district, deserves to be thought of in terms of its glorious past and deserves from Cambridge citizens a recognition of the contribution to their history. Charlestown does not stand in debt to its neighbors.

ELDON REVARE JAMES

By David T. Pottinger

Read January 25, 1949

ELDON REVARE JAMES was born in Newport, Kentucky, on November 21, 1875, and died in Gloucester, Massachusetts, on January 2, 1949. He was graduated with the degree of B.S. from the University of Cincinnati in 1896 and from its Law School in 1899. After some thirteen years of practice, of teaching in the University of Cincinnati Law School, and of graduate study at Harvard, he received the degree of Doctor of Juridical Science from Harvard in 1912. Then followed a year as Professor of Law in the University of Wisconsin, a year as Professor of Law at the University of Minnesota, and four years (1914–1918) as Dean of the Law School at the University of Missouri. From 1918 to 1924 he was Adviser in Foreign Affairs to the Siamese Government, a position that has other close links with Harvard through Professors Westengard, Strobel, and Sayre. For much of this time he was also Judge of the Supreme Court of Siam and, from 1918 to 1935, the representative of Siam at the Permanent Arbitral Tribunal of the Hague. His services were recognized by the award of the Grand Cross of Siam in 1921 and the Grand Cross of the White Elephant in 1924.

With this extraordinary record as a lawyer and an administrator, he returned to Cambridge in 1923, remaining as Professor of Law and Librarian of the Law School until his retirement in 1942. His contribution to the strength and fame of the Law School was highly significant, especially in bringing the Library to its present outstanding position.

After academic age limitations compelled his retirement in 1942, he spent nearly six years in Washington as Special Assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, attorney in the legal division of the Transportation Corps of the War Department, and finally as law librarian of Congress. In all these capacities he made a vital contribution to the wartime needs of the Republic.

Eldon James was one of the world's great administrators and scholars, a man whose influence touched the confines of America, Europe, and

Asia. Many other organizations will pay tribute to his learning and to the skill with which he guided their affairs. To us members of the Cambridge Historical Society he was the neighbor and friend. We recall with gratitude the fact that he was our Secretary from January 1932 to October 1942 and that he performed this relatively simple task with the same expert care that he devoted to greater offices. We recall his sparkling humor, the keenness of his sympathy, his unfailing courtesy, his winning simplicity and modesty. We recall his unusual sense of the beautiful as manifested in his restrained use of exotic Oriental art in the furnishing of his home as well as in the fact that he and his wife found their favorite relaxation in playing compositions for four hands on their two grand pianos.

When those of a later generation look back to the second quarter of the twentieth century in Cambridge, they may well envy us our intimate personal friendship with this man who stood before kings.

MAUDE BATCHELDER VOSBURGH

By David T. Pottinger

Read January 25, 1950

MRS. MAUDE BATCHELDER VOSBURGH was born in New Hampshire, a member of the Batchelder family which has made notable contributions to this Society, to the city of Cambridge, to Harvard College, and to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. She was a cousin of Miss Mary E. Batchelder; of Mrs. S. M. de Gozzaldi, a founder and for many years the First Vice-President of this Society; and of Samuel Francis Batchelder, our incomparable Secretary and Editor.

In her early life Mrs. Vosburgh studied to be a concert pianist, working under noted teachers both in this country and in Europe. For several years she lived in New York, where she married the late Charles Peter Vosburgh. During the years 1903 and 1904 she lived in France and Italy, and again in 1934 she spent a number of months there with her son. Her interest and her skill in artistic creation were further shown by her long participation in George Pierce Baker's 47 Workshop.

In 1917, after her mother's death, she returned to live permanently in Cambridge and was thereafter identified with many civic interests. She was a member of Hannah Winthrop Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a member of the Women's Club of Christ Church, a member of the Plant Club, a founder of the Cambridge Tuberculosis Society.

Although Mrs. Vosburgh's activities touched Cambridge life at many points, they may all be related to her thoroughly informed love for the historic past of the city. She took a deep interest in the improvement of the condition of the burying ground in Harvard Square and in the WPA work on the records relating to the burying ground. At the time of the Cambridge tercentenary celebration she was a member of the Entertainment Committee; and as a member also of the Committee on Open Houses, she was in charge of the costumes for the various groups who acted as hostesses for the houses. As the mistress of the ancient Vassall mansion, she restored and preserved its former graciousness. She

served on the Council of the Cambridge Historical Society from January, 1936, until her death on March 6, 1949. For several years the Council held its meetings in her parlor. On one memorable evening she entertained the Society at the Vassall house, when Mrs. Gozzaldi, Miss Elizabeth Ellery Dana, and your Secretary read a series of papers summarizing the chronicles of the house. Some of her intimate knowledge of her famous dwelling she distilled into a charming paper, "The Disloyalty of Dr. Benjamin Church, Jr.," which she presented at our meeting on June 14, 1944.

In her active combination of reverence for the past and zeal for the present Maude Vosburgh typified the best of Cambridge. Her place among our worthies is secure.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW DANA

By Robert Walcott

Read May 26, 1950

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW DANA died in his sleep during the night of April 26, 1950, from a heart attack, the possibility of which had been hanging over him for the past nine years and made it necessary for him to limit considerably his activities. With the exception of our two distinguished Vice-Presidents he was the best informed person in our Society or in the City of Cambridge upon the history of Cambridge.

Here his family was prominent from its very beginning for Richard Dana settled in Brighton, then part of our city, in 1631. His grandson Richard graduated from Harvard in the Class of 1718 and died shortly before the breaking out of the American Revolution. Francis Dana, grandson of the latter, Harvard College 1796, was our first Minister to Russia; his biography was written by William Penn Cresson, Esq. Francis Dana's son Richard Henry, Harvard 1808, was the poet and editor. Richard Henry II, Harvard 1837, was the author of the immortal "Two Years Before the Mast," and his son Richard Henry III, Harvard College 1874, had the distinction of introducing the Australian Ballot to Massachusetts, and of serving on the Commission of the Charles River Dam which created the possibility which Mrs. Helen Storrow gave one million dollars to make attractive. I doubt that there has been another family in Cambridge which has over so many generations made so many contributions to public improvement.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana, writer and lecturer, was born in Boston, Mass., Jan. 26, 1881, son of Richard Henry III and Edith (Longfellow) Dana; received his A.B. from Harvard, 1903; A.M. 1904; Ph.D. 1910. He was a man of great ability, graduating *magna cum laude* in 1903, specializing in English. He remained a bachelor.

In 1903–4 he was a teacher at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.; 1904–06 at Thacher School, Ojai, California; 1908–10 he was Assistant Instructor in Comparative Literature at Harvard; 1910–12 Lecteur d'Anglais at the Sorbonne, University of Paris; 1912–17 Instructor in Comparative Literature at Columbia; 1921–32 Lecturer, New School for

Social Research, New York; 1930–32 Cambridge School of the Drama, Cambridge, Mass. He was Trustee of the Washington Allston Fund, Boston, Mass., Massachusetts Member of the Modern Language Association of America, a member of the Cambridge Historical Society and of the Harvard Faculty Club of Cambridge.

Mr. Dana was the author of "The Six Centuries Since Dante," (1926); "Opinions and Attitudes in the Twentieth Century: Shaw in Moscow," (1934); "The Theatre in a Changing Europe: Development of Soviet Drama," (1937); "Handbook on Soviet Drama," (1938); "The Craigie House: The Coming of Longfellow," (1939); "The Dana Saga," (1941); "Longfellow and Dickens: The Story of a Trans-Atlantic Friendship," (1943); "Drama in Wartime Russia," (1943); "History of the Modern Drama; Russia," (1947). He was also editor of "Seven Soviet Plays," (1946); "Two Years Before the Mast," (1946) and a contributor to periodicals including "Soviet Russia Today," "New Masses," "Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society." He lived in the Soviet Union during 1927, '28, '31, '32, '34 and '35.

Among the papers contributed to this Society were those on the painter Washington Allston (whose second wife was a Dana), on the Dana Family, and on past incidents in the history of Craigie House, of which at his death he had a complete history nearly finished. He often entertained the Society at Craigie House, where he made his home after leaving New York. He wrote with distinction and as a lecturer was outstanding in choice of words and in elocution. In his connection with this Society probably his most notable service was for the entertainment of the descendants of the Acadians upon the centennial of the publication of "Evangeline" by his grandfather. For this celebration the arrangements made by him were admirable throughout and the evening at Craigie House was one long to be remembered, since Mr. Dana had taken out of the College Library all the books which his grandfather had taken out and used in the construction of his poem; he had assembled copies of nearly all translations of Evangeline made in a dozen languages, and scores of the many operas and plays founded upon that poem. Besides his own paper, enlivened by letters that passed between Hawthorne and Longfellow, read by grandchildren of each, addresses were made by Acadian descendants, in both French and English, and to crown all French songs were sung by descendants from the Cajun district of Louisiana.

ANNUAL REPORTS

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1948

During the year 1948 the Society has held its usual four meetings. The forty-third Annual Meeting was held at the Faculty Club on January 27, 1948. The host and hostesses were Mrs. J. Bertram Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ingraham, and Miss Mary Deane Dexter; the paper of the evening, by Miss Rosamond Coolidge, was "Coolidge Hill, A Last Bit of Rural Cambridge." At the spring meeting on April 27 the host and hostesses were Dr. and Mrs. W. Stewart Whittemore, Mrs. Thomas Hadley, and Mrs. Maude B. Vosburgh. The meeting was in charge of Mr. H. W. L. Dana, who provided an interesting background for the reading, by various members, of certain letters of George and Martha Washington connected with the General's residence in Cambridge. The third meeting of the year was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip P. Sharples on June 1; Dr. Samuel A. Eliot read a paper on the Cambridge Synod of 1647 and the Cambridge Platform. For the autumn meeting the host and hostess were Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Jackson at their home, 145 Brattle Street. Mr. Bernard J. Bothmer read a most interesting account of his great-great-great-grandparents, the Baron and Baroness Riedesel.

The Society is deeply grateful to all these various members and guests who have helped carry on our activities. Nor is this statement a merely conventional expression of thanks. Our meetings have been more largely attended and our papers more vividly informative than at almost any other period; but in these days the difficulty of entertaining a group of nearly a hundred people, even with the relatively impersonal assistance of the Faculty Club, is a very considerable task. Not lightly, therefore, do we

express our appreciation to those who have so generously contributed to the year's success.

During the year 1948 we have lost through death the following six members: Miss Bertha Hallowell Vaughan, Mr. Paul Gring, Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook, Mrs. George H. Bunton, Mrs. Arthur B. Nichols, and, on January 2, 1949, Mr. Eldon James.

We have accepted, with regret, the following eight resignations: Mr. and Mrs. Albert F. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram K. Little, Dr. and Mrs. James W. Sever, Mr. DeLancey Howe, and Mr. Marcus Morton, Jr.

We have welcomed to membership Mr. Thomas Henri de Valcourt, Mrs. Irving B. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lane Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. Dows Dunham, Mrs. George Edwin Brown, Mr. Stewart Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Hollis G. Gerrish, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Sanborn, and Mr. Livingston Stebbins, a total of thirteen.

Mrs. Edgar V. Seeler has been transferred from active membership to life membership.

We now have 215 active members, 4 associate members, and 6 life members; a total of 225.

The Council has held seven sessions, which have mainly considered routine matters of arrangements for meetings of the Society and the like.

The Secretary wishes to record here his gratitude to Mr. Roger Gilman for his kindness and his efficient skill in acting as Secretary *pro tem* for the months of April, May, and June.

Respectfully submitted
DAVID T. POTTINGER
Secretary

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1949

During the year 1949 the Council has held six meetings. At one, a resolution was adopted expressing the interest of the Society in the repair and preservation of the spire of the First Parish Meetinghouse in Harvard Square. At another, Mr. Bremer W. Pond was appointed to fill the vacancy in the Council caused by the death of Mrs. Maude B. Vosburgh. At another, it was voted that in view of greatly increased costs a fee of one dollar should be asked for each guest at a meeting.

Much of the discussion at Council meetings has centered about the two perennial problems (1) of speakers and papers, (2) of hostesses and places of meeting. In regard to the first point, members should realize that the kind of paper we ordinarily want is not a piece of documented research comparable to a doctoral dissertation. We want, rather, reminiscences, extracts from family papers, biographies of famous citizens of the near as well as of the remote past, accounts of well-known or more intimate organizations, accounts of various sections of the city, and other discussions that might well result from the personal knowledge or the interested investigations of our members. Officers of the Society will be glad to confer with any member who would care to have suggestions for papers or who would consider writing on topics of their own.

As for hostesses and places of meeting, the officers of the Society again will be happy to have specific offers and to help with plans. The Council would point out that several times prospective hostesses have found it pleasant to unite in groups of three or four, thus making the costs and the labor more manageable for the individual. Our present type of meeting, which has been adhered to for many years, seems most successful in every way. It should not, however, become too great a burden for any member or group of members.

During the past year the Society has held three regular meetings. On January 25, 1949, we were the guests of Mrs. George Edwin Brown at her home in the old Riedesel house, 149 Brattle Street; Mrs. James B. Ayer of Milton gave a most interesting paper on her grandfather, Dr. John Gorham Palfrey, and other members of the Palfrey family. On

April 25 we met at the Faculty Club as guests of Mrs. Allyn B. Forbes, Professor and Mrs. William A. Jackson, and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Macomber; Miss Howe read a paper on the history of Garden Street. On May 31 we were the guests of Mrs. Kingsley Porter at Elmwood; Mrs. Porter read a paper on the owners of Elmwood. To all these hosts and speakers we would express our sincere thanks. The October meeting was omitted because it was impossible to find a speaker and a paper.

We have regretfully accepted the resignations of Miss Caroline E. Bill, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cronkhite, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin T. Fuller, Jr., Mrs. DeLancey Howe, Mrs. Edward F. McClennen, and Mr. Marcus Morton, Jr. We have lost by death Miss M. E. Cogswell, Mr. Frank DeWitt Washburn, Mr. Eldon R. James, Mrs. Maude B. Vosburgh, and Edward Ingraham. Mr. James had been our Secretary from 1932 to 1942. Mrs. Vosburgh and Mr. Ingraham had both been members of the Council for many years and had given unstinted time and devotion to the well-being of this Society. The loss of them is a severe one.

We have welcomed to membership Mrs. George W. Cram, Mr. and Mrs. James G. King, Mrs. Susan T. Low, and Mr. Livingston Stebbins.

On December 31, 1949 we had 206 Active Members, 5 Associate Members, and 6 Life Members.

Respectfully submitted,

David T. Pottinger,

Secretary

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1948

Cash on hand January 1, 1948		$1,356.71
Dues and Initiation Fees		710.00
Sale of Proceedings		9.50
Sale of Index		5.00
Withdrawal from Bowen Savings Bank Account		621.88
Maturity of U. S. Government Bonds		7,000.00
		$9,703.09
Printing and Stationery	$ 67.45	
Clerical Services and Postage	120.65	
Allowance to Hostesses	100.00	
Over-payment of Dues	1.00	
Moving records to Widener Library	35.12	
Chairs for Meetings	23.00	
Dues Bay State Historical League	4.00	
Vault Rental	6.00	
Binding Vol. 29	32.25	
Transferred to Life Membership Fund	50.00	
25 shs. First National Bank	1,296.88	
25 " Second " "	3,125.00	
25 " State Street Trust Company	1,625.00	
5 " Merchants National Bank	1,575.00	8,061.35
Cash on Hand December 31, 1948		$1,641.74

Maria Bowen Fund

Investments	*Cost*	*1/1/48 Book Value*	*Bot*	*Matured*	*Cash Income Received 1948*	*12/31/48 Book Value*	*Account to which Income was Credited*
U. S. Savings Bonds	$ 5,250.00	$ 5,250.00		($7,000.00)	0.	0.	None
50 sh. 1st Nat'l Bk.	1,868.75	1,868.75	25 shs.	1,296.88	$137.50	$ 3,165.63	Camb. Sav. Bk.
25 sh. State St. Tr. Co.	1,295.00	1,295.00	25 "	1,625.00	75.00	2,920.00	Camb. Sav. Bk.
5 sh. Merch'ts Nat'l Bk.	1,715.00	1,715.00	5 "	1,575.00	90.00	3,290.00	Camb. Sav. Bk.
2nd National Bk.			25 "	3,125.00	50.00	3,125.00	Camb. Sav. Bk.
Camb. Sav. Bank	2,241.32	4,972.35		(621.88)	112.94	4,815.91	Camb. Sav. Bk.
Camb'p't " "	1,500.00	1,811.24			36.40	1,847.64	Camb'p't Sav. Bk.
E. Camb. " "	1,500.00	1,830.78			36.79	1,867.57	E. Camb. Sav. Bk.
	$15,370.07	$18,743.12		$7,000.00	$538.63	$21,031.75	

George G. Wright Fund

	Date a/c Opened	*Bal. When Opened*	*Bal. 1/1/48*	*Int. Rec.*	*Bal. 12/31/48*
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	$ 200.00	$ 251.29	$ 5.68	$ 256.97

Life Membership Fund

Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	$ 760.22	$ 972.75	$ 22.24	$ 1,044.99

1 Membership $50.00

Historic Houses

Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	$2,149.82	$3,158.44	$ 71.03	$ 3,229.47

Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest

Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	$ 60.00	$ 221.67	$ 2.22	$ 223.89
		$3,170.04	$4,604.15	$101.17	$ 4,755.32

Book Value of All Funds 12/31/48 — $25,787.07
Total Income — $639.80

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS, *Treasurer.*

REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1949

Cash on hand January 1, 1949		$1,641.74
Dues and Initiation Fees		648.00
Sale of Proceedings		17.50
H. W. L. Dana, his proportion of Printing Proceedings for 1943		142.64
Guest Fees returned by Mrs. Kingsley Porter		10.00
Frank Gaylord Cook Legacy		1,006.67
		$3,466.55
Printing and Stationery	$ 45.75	
Clerical Services and Postage	106.57	
Allowance to Hostesses	50.00	
Over-payment of Dues	4.00	
Chairs for Meetings	11.00	
Dues Bay State Historical League	4.00	
Vault Rental	9.00	
Flowers for Mrs. Vosburgh's funeral	8.00	
Purchase of Proceedings of Union Engine Company	8.50	
Bank Service Charge	.82	
Publication of Proceedings for 1943 and 1945	1,399.98	
Cambridge Savings Bank, to open Frank Gaylord Cook Fund	1,006.67	2,654.29
Cash on Hand December 31, 1949		$ 812.26

Maria Bowen Fund

Investments	*Cost*	*1/1/49 Book Value*	*Cash Income Received 1949*	*12/31/49 Book Value*	*Account to Which Income Was Credited*
75 shs. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston)	$ 3,165.63	$ 3,165.63	$168.75	$ 3,165.63	Camb. Sav. Bank
50 shs. State St. Tr. Co.	2,920.00	2,920.00	100.00	2,920.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
10 shs. Merchants Nat'l Bank	3,290.00	3,290.00	120.00	3,290.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
25 shs. 2nd Nat'l Bank (Boston)	3,125.00	3,125.00	100.00	3,125.00	Camb. Sav. Bank
Camb. Sav. Bank	2,241.32	4,815.91	110.29	5,414.95	Camb. Sav. Bank
Camb'p't Sav. Bank	1,500.00	1,847.64	37.13	1,884.77	Camb'p't Sav. Bank
E. Camb. Sav. Bank	1,500.00	1,867.57	37.53	1,905.10	E. Camb. Sav. Bank
	$17,741.95	$21,031.75	$673.70	$21,705.45	

George G. Wright Fund

	Date a/c Opened	*Bal. When Opened*	*Bal. 1/1/49*	*Int. Rec.*	*Bal. 12/31/49*
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/29/38	$ 200.00	$ 256.97	$ 5.80	$ 262.77
Life Membership Fund					
Cambridge Savings Bank	1/10/34	$ 760.22	$1,044.99	$ 23.63	$1,068.62
Historic Houses					
Cambridge Savings Bank	5/ 3/40	$2,149.82	$3,229.47	$ 73.05	$3,302.52
Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest					
Cambridge Trust Company	2/ 7/40	$ 60.00	$ 223.89	$ 2.25	$ 226.14
Frank Gaylord Cook Bequest					
Cambridge Savings Bank	5/16/49	$1,006.67	$1,006.67	$ 2.10	$1,008.77
		$4,176.71	$5,761.99	$106.83	$5,868.82

Book Value of All Funds 12/31/49 — $27,574.27
Total Income — $780.53

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS, *Treasurer.*

LIST OF MEMBERS, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952

Marion Stanley Abbot
Lilian Abbott
Sarah Cushing (Mrs. G. M.) Allen
Charles Almy
Elizabeth Gardner (Mrs. C.) Almy
Mary Almy
Harriet Hastings (Mrs. O. I.) Ames
James Barr Ames
Mary Ogden (Mrs. J. B.) Ames
Oakes Ingalls Ames
John Bradshaw Atkinson
Louise Marie (Mrs. J. B.) Atkinson
Ellen Nealley (Mrs. G.) Bailey
Gage Bailey
Helen Diman (Mrs. I. W.) Bailey
Alethea Pew (Mrs. E. J.) Barnard
Edmund Johnson Barnard
**J. Dellinger Barney*
**Elizabeth Chadwick (Mrs. J. H.) Beale*
Ruth Richards (Mrs. A.) Beane
Florence Barrett (Mrs. R.) Beatley
Ralph Beatley
***Mabel Anzonella (Mrs. S.) Bell*
***Stoughton Bell*
Pierre Belliveau
Annie Whitney (Mrs. J. C.) Bennett
Marion Gordon (Mrs. M. B.) Bever
Michael Berliner Bever
Alexander Harvey Bill
***Caroline Eliza Bill*
Marion Edgerly (Mrs. A. H.) Bill
Helen Thomas (Mrs. H. L.) Blackwell
Howard Lane Blackwell
**Albert Henry Blevins*
Beatrice (Mrs. A. H.) Blevins
Frank Aloysius Kenney Boland
Velma Louise Gibson (Mrs. F. A. K.) Boland
Charles Stephen Bolster
Elizabeth Winthrop (Mrs. C. S.) Bolster
Jessie Waterman (Mrs. Wm. F.) Brooks
Martha Thacher Brown
Mildred Hunter (Mrs. G. E.) Brown
**Josephine Freeman Bumstead*
**Bertha Close (Mrs. G. H.) Bunton*
**George Herbert Bunton*
Eleanor Sheridan (Mrs. D. E.) Burr
Douglas Bush
Miriam Shepard (Mrs. C. R.) Cabot
Bernice Cannon
**Carroll Luther Chase*
Hazel Cleaver (Mrs. D.) Bush
Chilton Richardson Cabot
Louise Fletcher (Mrs. C. L.) Chase
Edith Hemenway Eustis (Mrs. W. H.) Churchill
Winthrop Hallowell Churchill
Dudley Clapp
Elizabeth Neill (Mrs. D.) Clapp
Roger Saunders Clapp
Winifred Irwin (Mrs. R. S.) Clapp
***Frances Snell (Mrs. H. L.) Clark*
**Margaret Elizabeth Cogswell*
Kenneth John Conant
Marie Schneider (Mrs. K. J.) Conant
Julian Lowell Coolidge
Theresa Reynolds (Mrs. J. L.) Coolidge
Gardner Cox
Phyllis Byrne (Mrs. G.) Cox
***Elizabeth (Mrs. G. W.) Cram*

* Died

** Resigned

Abby Chandler (Mrs. J. F.) Crocker
John Franklin Crocker
***Bernice Brown (Mrs. L. W.) Cronkhite*
***Leonard Wolsey Cronkhite*
Gerda Richards (Mrs. I. B.) Crosby
Katharine Foster Crothers
Esther Lanman (Mrs. R. A.) Cushman
Robert Adams Cushman
Sally Adams (Mrs. C. F.) Cushman
Gardiner Mumford Day
***Katharine Bennett (Mrs. G. M.) Day*
Thomas Henri DeValcourt
***Avis MacVicar (Mrs. B.) DeVoto*
***Bernard DeVoto*
**Mary Deane Dexter*
Frank Currier Doble
Helen Dadmun (Mrs. F. C.) Doble
Mabel Higgins (Mrs. W. B.) Donham
Wallace Brett Donham
George Lincoln Dow
Arthur Drinkwater
Dows Dunham
Marion Jessie (Mrs. D.) Dunham
Walter Frank Earle
Elizabeth Lee (Mrs. F. M.) Eliot
Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.) Eliot
Frederick May Eliot
Marion Eliot
**Samuel Atkins Eliot*
***Benjamin Peirce Ellis*
Frances White (Mrs. Wm.) Emerson
Mary Fife (Mrs. L. E.) Emerson
William Emerson
Mary Lillian (Mrs. R. C.) Evarts
Richard Conover Evarts
Pearl Brock Fahrney
Claire (Mrs. P.) Faude
Anna Griswold (Mrs. A. W.) Fletcher
Arthur Warren Fletcher
Eleanor Tyson Cope (Mrs. H. W.) Foote
Henry Wilder Foote
Lois Whitney (Mrs. A. B.) Forbes
Edward Waldo Forbes
Alden Simonds Foss
Dorothy Tenney (Mrs. A. S.) Foss
Frances Fowler
Ingebord Gade Frick
Francis Edward Frothingham
Claire MacIntyre (Mrs. R. N.) Ganz
Robert Norton Ganz
Alice Howland (Mrs. H. G.) Garrett
Catherine Ruggles (H. G.) Gerrish
Hollis Guptill Gerrish
**Jane Bowler (Mrs. R.) Gilman*
Roger Gilman
**Josephine Bowman (Mrs. L. C.) Graton*
Louis Caryl Graton
Louis Lawrence Green
**Virginia Tanner (Mrs. L. L.) Green*
Dusser de Barenne (Mrs. J. D.) Greene
Jerome Davis Greene
Lillian Helen (Mrs. T.) Hadley
Catherine Russell (Mrs. F. T., Jr.) Hammond
Franklin Tweed Hammond
Franklin Tweed Hammond, Jr.
Mabel MacLeod (Mrs. F. T.) Hammond
Charles Lane Hanson
Mary Caroline Hardy
**Mary Davis (Mrs. F. B.) Hawley*
Harriet LaPierre (Mrs. T. D.) Hayes
Truman Davis Hayes
Christina Doyle (Mrs. R. H.) Haynes
Robert Hammond Haynes
Florence Wilhelmina (Mrs. N.) Heard
Nathan Heard
Lucy Gregory (Mrs. R. G.) Henderson
Robert Graham Henderson
Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey
**George Milbank Hersey*
Georgiana Ames (Mrs. T. L.) Hinckley
Eleanor Holmes Hinkley
Janet Elliott (Mrs. R. B.) Hobart
Richard Bryant Hobart
***Pinckney Holbrook*
***Sybil Collar (Mrs. P.) Holbrook*
Anna Coolidge Davenport (Mrs. C. M.) Holland
***Clara May (Mrs. Wm. D.) Howe*
Lois Lilley Howe
Rosamond Coolidge (Mrs. G. W.) Howe
Eda Woolson (Mrs. B. S.) Hurlbut

* Died ** Resigned

*Edward Ingraham
Elsie Powell (Mrs. E.) Ingraham
Dorothy Judd (Mrs. Wm. A.) Jackson
Pauline Fay (Mrs. A. L.) Jackson
William Alexander Jackson
**Julia Johnson
Reginald Hathaway Johnson
Ethel Robinson (Mrs. W. S.) Jones
Llewellyn Jones
*Mabel Augusta Jones
Susan Wilbur (Mrs. L.) Jones
Wallace St. Clair Jones
Frances Ruml (Mrs. W. K.) Jordan
Wilbur Kitchener Jordan
Albert Guy Keith
*Edith Seavey (Mrs. A. G.) Keith
*Justine Frances (Mrs. F. S.) Kershaw
James Gore King
Julia Hurley (Mrs. J. G.) King
Helen Boyden (Mrs. R. K.) Lamb
*Robert Keen Lamb
Louise Higgins Langenberg
Rowena Morse (Mrs. W. L.) Langer
William Leonard Langer
Thatcher Payne Luquer
Frank Lyman, Jr.
Jeanne (Mrs. F.) Lyman
Ella Sewell Slingluff (Mrs. G. A.) Macomber
George Arthur Macomber
Dorothy St. John Manks
Gustavus Howard Maynadier
**Mary Crane (Mrs. E. F.) McClennen
**Ethel May MacLeod
Elinor Gregory (Mrs. K. D.) Metcalf
Keyes DeWitt Metcalf
**Stewart Mitchell
Helen Bonney (Mrs. H.) Montgomery
**Hugh Montgomery, Jr.
Alva Morrison
Amy Gallagher (Mrs. A.) Morrison
**Marcus Morton
James Buell Munn
Ruth Crosby Hanford (Mrs. J. B.) Munn
Helen Whiting Munroe
Mary Liscomb (Mrs. H. A.) Nealley
Elizabeth Flint (Mrs. F. H.) Nesmith
Fisher Hildreth Nesmith
Arthur Boylston Nichols
Emily Alan Smith (Mrs. J. T. G.) Nichols
John Taylor Gilman Nichols
*Albert Perley Norris
Grace Wyeth (Mrs. A. P.) Norris
Penelope Barker Noyes
Mary Woolson (Mrs. J. L.) Paine
Nancy Johnson (Mrs. S. B.) Parker
Stanley Brampton Parker
Frederica Watson (Mrs. Wm. L.) Payson
William Lincoln Payson
Barbara Welch (Mrs. E.) Peabody
**Fanny Carleton (Mrs. Wm. H.) Pear
**William Hesseltine Pear
Elizabeth Bridge Piper
Bremer Whidden Pond
Lucy Kingsley (Mrs. A. K.) Porter
David Thomas Pottinger
Mildred Clark (Mrs. D. T.) Pottinger
Peter Egon Pratt
Alice Edmands Putnam
Mary Clement Parker (Mrs. H. W.) Read
*Harriette Byron Taber (Mrs. F. A.) Richardson
Fred Norris Robinson
Katharine Wetherill (Mrs. L. W.) Rogers
Alfred Sherwood Romer
Ruth Hibbard (Mrs. A. S.) Romer
Edith Parker (Mrs. T. S.) Ross
Thorwald Salicath Ross
**Clyde Orval Ruggles
**Frances Holmes (Mrs. C. O.) Ruggles
Gertrude Swan (Mrs. J. C.) Runkle
*John Cornelius Runkle
Paul Joseph Sachs
Charles Rodney Sage
Marjorie Llewellyn (Mrs. C. R.) Sage
*Mary Ware (Mrs. R. deW.) Sampson
Agnes Goldman (Mrs. A.) Sanborn
Cyrus Ashton Rollins Sanborn
Henry Hallam Saunderson
Laura Dudley (Mrs. H. H.) Saunderson
Mary Parkman Sayward
Erwin Haskell Schell

* Died ** Resigned

Esther Sidelinger (Mrs. E. H.) Schell
Edgar Viguers Seeler, Jr.
**Martha Sever*
Eugenia Jackson (Mrs. P. P.) Sharples
Philip Price Sharples
Helen Davis (Mrs. W.) Shumway
Joan Hopkinson (Mrs. Wm. A.) Shurcliff
Clement Andrew Smith
Margaret Beal Earhart (Mrs. C. A.) Smith
***Katherine Vosburgh Spencer*
Mary Louise (Mrs. P.) Sprague
Phineas Sprague
Livingston Stebbins
***Emme White (Mrs. H. P.) Stevens*
***Horace Paine Stevens*
Dora Stewart
Arthur Eugene Sutherland
Susanne Adams (Mrs. A. E.) Sutherland
Ellamae McKee (Mrs. W. D.) Swan
William Donnison Swan
Charles Lincoln Taylor
Elsie Brewster (Mrs. E. W.) Taylor
Hannah Chamberlin (Mrs. C. L.) Taylor
Helen Ingersoll Tetlow
Alice Allegra Thorp
Mabel Henderson (Mrs. W. E.) Vandermark
**Maude Batchelder (Mrs. C. P.) Vosburgh*
Mary Richardson (Mrs. R.) Walcott
Robert Walcott
John Reed Walden
**Frank DeWitt Washburn*
Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. F. D.) Washburn
Henry Bradford Washburn
Frederica Davis (Mrs. T. R.) Watson
***Melinda Jarozewski (Mrs. W. B.) Wheelwright*
***William Bond Wheelwright*
Harriet Eaton (Mrs. T. N.) Whitehead
Thomas North Whitehead
Charles Frederick Whiting
***Alice Babson (Mrs. Wm. S.) Whittemore*
***William Stewart Whittemore*
**Olive Swan (Mrs. J. B.) Williams*
Constance Bigelow Williston
Emily Williston
Samuel Williston
Grace Davenport (Mrs. H. J.) Winslow
Henry Davenport Winslow
Henry Joshua Winslow
Katharine Nichols (Mrs. H. D.) Winslow
Mary Andrews (Mrs. R. L.) Wolff
Robert Lee Wolff
John William Wood
Charles Conrad Wright
Charles Henry Conrad Wright
Elizabeth Hilgendorff (Mrs. C. C.) Wright
Elizabeth Woodman (Mrs. C. H. C.) Wright

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Sylvia Church (Mrs. I.) Bowditch
Ethel Harding (Mrs. F. C.) Durant
**Francis Chester Durant*
Alvin Clark Eastman
Francis Apthorp Foster
**Elden Revare James*
***Phila Smith (Mrs. E. R.) James*
***Rupert Ballou Lillie*
Susan Taber Low
***Winifred Smith (Mrs. M. W.) Mather*
Mary Wellington (Mrs. K. S.) Usher
Jane Revere Coolidge (Mrs. W. M.) Whitehill
Walter Muir Whitehill

LIFE MEMBERS

Mary Emory Batchelder
Mabel Hall Colgate
**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana*
Helen McQuesten (Mrs. P.) Gring
Bradford Hendrick Peirce
Katherine PerLee (Mrs. E. V.) Seeler
Eleanor Gray (Mrs. H. D.) Tudor
**Alice Maud (Mrs. M. P.) White*

* Died ** Resigned

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